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HOUSE & GARDEN

MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING

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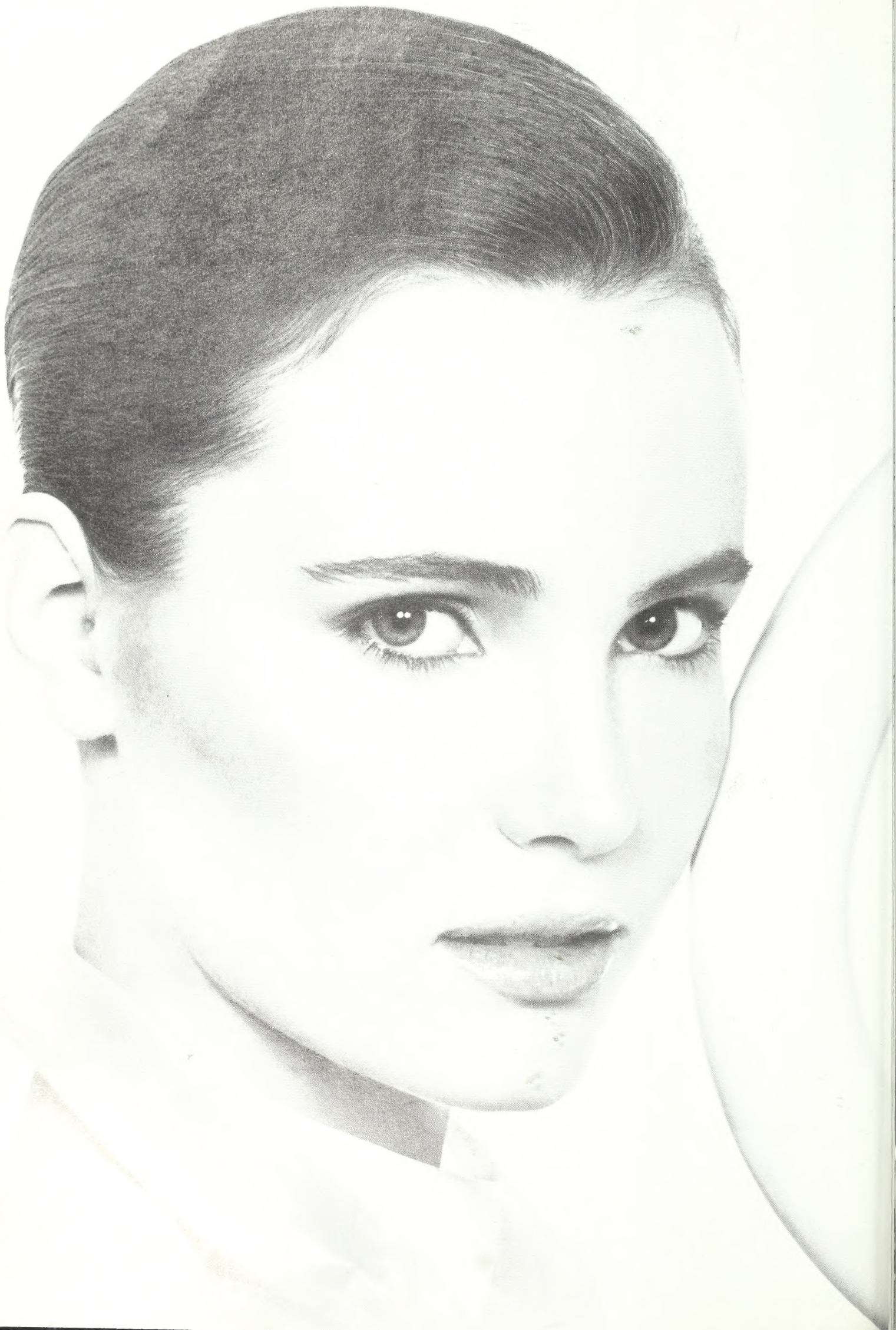
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January 1984

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THE MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING

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Italian eighteenth century armchair and table, its top painted by Balthus, in the director's salon at the Villa Medici. Photograph by Evelyn Hofer.

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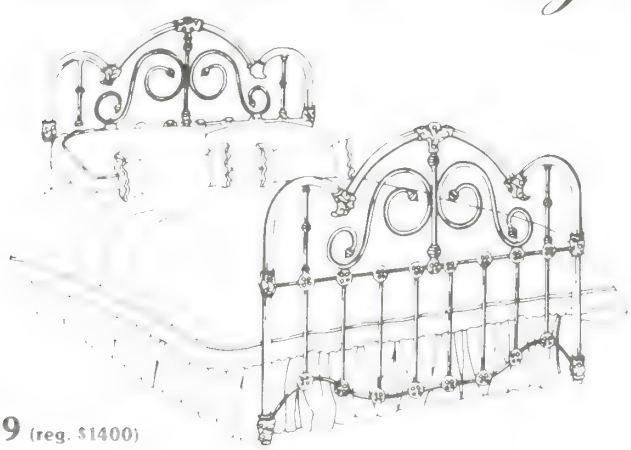
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE



The Three Sisters, 1953–54, by Balthus, 23⅝ by 47 inches

There are many reasons why we are particularly pleased to have our cover story, "Balthus at the Villa Medici," in this issue of House & Garden. First there is the visual delight of Evelyn Hofer's exquisite photographs of the Villa itself, then the fascination of seeing the work of the painter Balthus in relationship to the Villa, where he served as director of the French Academy in Rome, and finally the anticipation of the Balthus retrospective that is scheduled at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. But for us at House & Garden there is another, more personal and human connection to this particular story. One of our contributing editors, Marie-Pierre Toll, modeled for Balthus as a young girl, and his studies of Marie-Pierre and her two sisters turned into a series of monumental paintings. Marie-Pierre met Balthus when her father, the art dealer Pierre Colle, mounted the first Balthus show in Paris. Balthus became a friend of the family, and as he spent time with them he made a series of pencil sketches and oil studies of the three adolescent Colle daughters that resulted, about ten years later, in five versions of *The Three Sisters,* some of which were painted at the Villa Medici in Rome, some at the Colle family home. All of the paintings show Marie-Pierre seated on a sofa with her youngest sister, Beatrice, on the left and her middle sister, Sylvia, reading in a chair at the right. Marie-Pierre confides that the basket of fruit on the floor in the painting here was actually a box of chocolates in the original studies, given to the girls by Balthus to keep them at their post. Our text by Jean Lemayrie, the present director of the Academy of France in Rome, gives the history of the Villa, the growth of the Academy there, and the important contributions of Balthus during his sixteen-year tenure after being named director of the Academy in 1961. Obviously, we are all going to be looking for *The Three Sisters* when the Met's Balthus retrospective opens February 29.

Decorator Michael Myers's "restoration" of the Lalaurie House in New Orleans demonstrates that an exact restoration isn't always in the best interest of the current occupants. Analysis of the house had exposed an original trim finish of polychrome and gilt with walls of Empire greens and reds. You will see how much better are the soft, earthy paint colors Myers chose, as they set off the handsome wood and plasterwork in a new coat of white that works beautifully in defining the original ornamentation.

Ludwig Mies van der Rohe built only three houses in the United States, and we show one of them in this issue. Our story was triggered when the house changed hands and New York architect Peter Gluck was asked to add guest quarters, entertainment space, and a pool to the original house. Needless to say, Gluck's assignment was a unique one for a modern architect, and the successful completion of the addition is a measure of his considerable skill and respect for the work of Mies. To make sure that Mies's dictum, "God is in the details," would be equally apparent in his addition, Gluck himself served as contractor on the project, which we show beginning on page 104.

This issue's counterpoint to the Miesian "less-is-more" house is our story on Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown, photographed at their family home outside Philadelphia. In his text, Martin Filler reminds us of Venturi's famous quote "less is a bore" and adds that one can say, after looking at the Venturi–Scott Brown house, that "more is not too much." And it isn't, at least in this instance, as you will see in our portfolio beginning on page 90. A new house by the firm Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown has just been photographed and will be shown in House & Garden this spring.

For a beautiful story on a beautiful woman, be sure to read Steven Aronson's profile of Dorothy Norman, Tastemaker. Mrs. Norman's life and the story of her friendships with artists, poets, and politicians is a perfect way to prepare for a new and, we hope, full year. May it be a peaceful one, as well.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief



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THE ART OF THE EVERYDAY

In fashion once again, portraits of rooms and their inhabitants provide an intimate visual record of family life

By Nancy Richardson

When the new edition of Mario Praz's *Illustrated History of Furnishing* first came out last year the sensation of the book was a group of nineteenth-century watercolors of interiors. Often by unknown or minor artists, these portraits of rooms gave off an atmosphere of everydayness and immediacy. Not intended as "art," they satisfied a need for a record more substantial than the frozen moments offered by the then infant art of photography. There is no single term for these little works of art, and it would be easy to assume that they were an isolated phenomenon that occurred mostly in Europe and England in the nineteenth century when a class of the talented idle—housewives or amateur artists—flourished during the Industrial Revolution. On the contrary, these interior views were actually a small part of a significant body of work done by artists in many periods in which a house-owner as well as family and surroundings were the subject of a portrait. These portraits were called conversation pieces, and especially in England in the eighteenth century, the term meant something quite specific. Conversation pieces were small canvases in which the figures were normally no more than twelve inches tall and the details of the decoration, the clothes and jewelry of the sitters were painted as carefully as their facial features. In fact these paintings could be read rather like a map or a pictorial inventory of treasured and familiar possessions. They were studies of rooms and a life rather than character analyses of people. Optimistic pictures, they celebrated a world that was reasonable, enlightened, beautiful, and safe.

Above: Frederick Spencer's *Family Group,* 1840, details an American Biedermeier sitting room. Overturned hats and baskets, a view through an open door, the black and white of the sitters' clothes all add to the painting's charm. Brooklyn Museum, New York.

By 1971 Mario Praz had devoted a whole book to *Conversation Pieces* (Pennsylvania State University Press, 1971) as they occurred right along—from Jan van Eyck's *Arnolfini Marriage* in the fifteenth century, to Velázquez's seventeenth-century masterpiece *Las Meninas,* on down to the 1870s when a little-known painter, Lucius Rossi, did a conversation piece for the William Astors. Praz's scouring of the history of painting in behalf of his topic produced hundreds of examples that justified his fascination with the depiction of the small *beer*—his term—of everyday life. Vehemently he lamented the rise of Impressionism with its emphasis on light rather *(Continued on page 20)*

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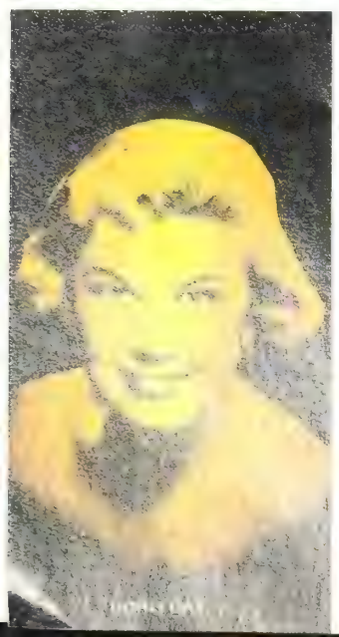


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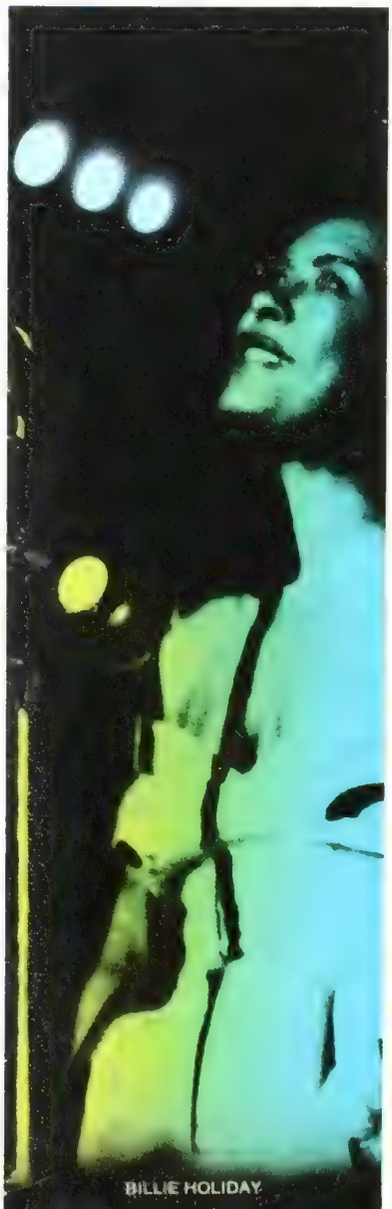
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The quintessential English conversation piece of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews by Gainsborough sets forth the beady-eyed nonchalance of the English squire and the elegant prissiness of a squire's wife

(Continued from page 14) than specific detail—an emphasis that was to exclude the conversation piece from the mainstream of contemporary art for the first fifty years of the twentieth century.

Even in the early twentieth century, however, the conversation piece had some substantial admirers. In the thirties Sir Sacheverell Sitwell revived to a certain extent a taste for English conversation pieces. Along with Sir Philip Sassoon, Sitwell mounted private exhibitions of long-neglected examples by William Hogarth, Arthur Devis, and Johann Zoffany. Sitwell's text convinced many that the conversation piece should occupy—along with the miniature and the landscape—a position at the very core of eighteenth-century English painting.

Praz loved conversation pieces for their *stimmung*—mood. Sitwell liked the English conversation piece for English reasons. He approved because they were not allegorical works of art and as such did not generalize. And though they grew out of a Dutch tradition, they were not like Dutch still-life and genre paintings which for all their translucent air, richness of detail, and fine brushstrokes often portrayed idealized rooms and unspecific people. Eighteenth-century English conversation pieces showed actual country squires and their actual wives against real Georgian interiors. The quintessential English conversation piece of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews by Gainsborough sets forth the beady-eyed nonchalance of the English squire and the elegant prissiness of a squire's wife. It is not a cozy painting. The viewer is offered a look into the Andrewses' lives but not invited into it. Praz found the atmosphere in these English pictures magical, cold, and typical.



The Malcolm Forbes family after Easter lunch, 1983, by Julian Barrow, Coe Kerr Gallery, New York. Christopher Forbes stands by his mother at the far end of the table. Malcolm Jr. is by the sideboard; Malcolm Forbes sits at the head of the table.

Hogarth's rather masculine treatment of the format provided paintings devoid of nonsense and fussiness while still recording the peacockery of English gentlemen and the relative sobriety of their wives. Arthur Devis, who unlike Hogarth painted conversation pieces and only conversation pieces all of his life, offered meticulously rendered interior views of bare Georgian houses peopled by owners he painted partly from life and partly from the jointed wooden dolls he used in the studio. After the middle of the century Zoffany came to England and began to beat the English artists at their own game by painting the most elegant conversation pieces to that date not only of the country squires who had been commissioning them steadily for forty years but also of members of George III's court. In Zoffany's picture of Queen Charlotte at her dressing table, he combines high-style detail with a candid composition. An enormous family dog moves in under the queen's elbow, the children are in costume and perhaps have just climbed off their mother's lap moments before.

John Cornforth and John Fowler relied on conversation pieces to illustrate their text on eighteenth-century English decoration, choosing Zoffany's painting of *Sir Lawrence Dundas and his Grandson* to point out how paintings were hung in a small drawing room as well as how bronzes ought to be grouped on a chimney piece. Although Gainsborough painted a number of small-format pictures of couples in a landscape that qualify as conversation pieces, it is Zoffany who has left a large group of paintings that qualify as important works of art while still answering our questions about costume and the arrangement of rooms in the most attractive English houses of his time.

In the thirties Sitwell thought of the conversation *(Continued on page 22)*

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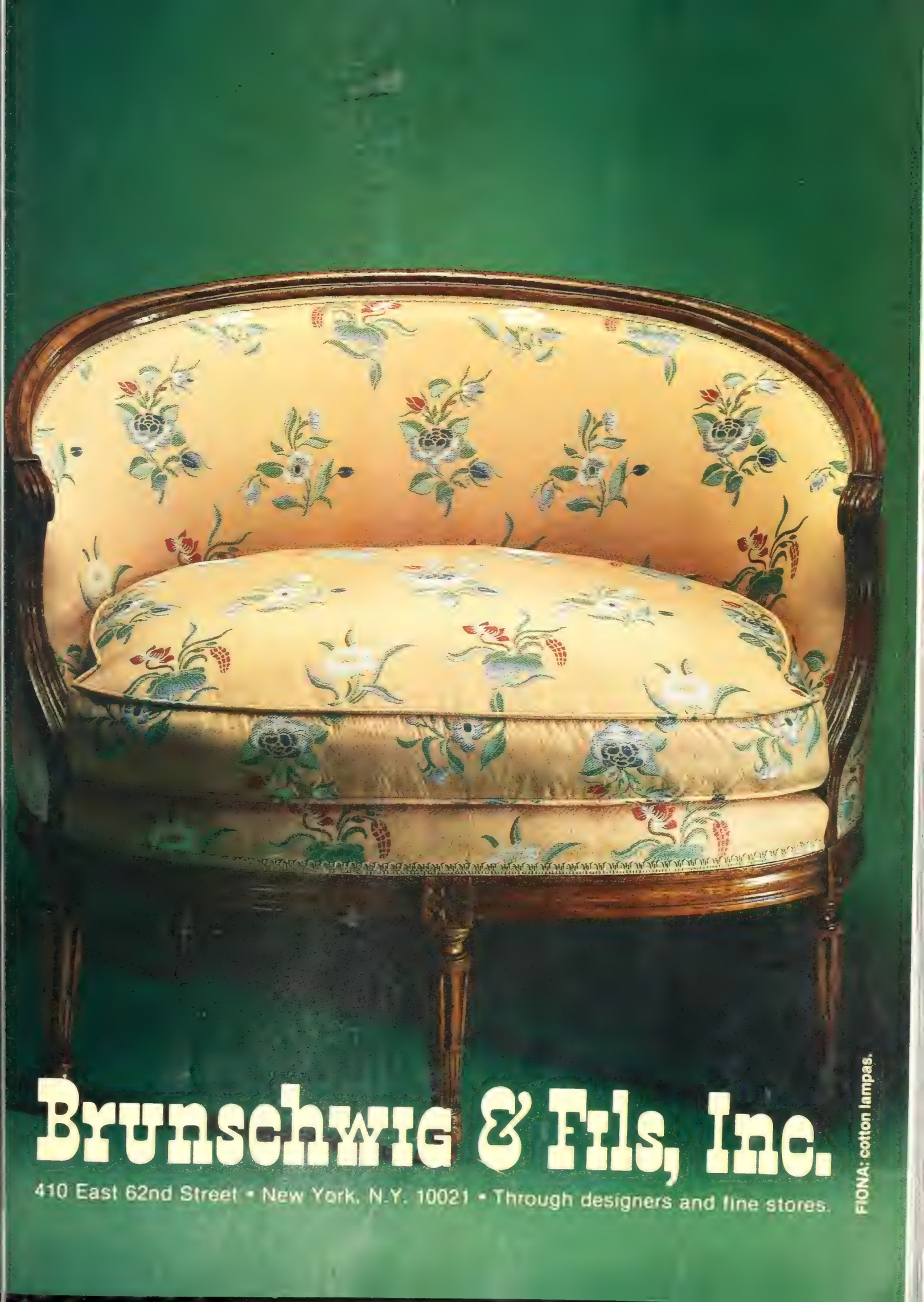
Eighteenth-century English conversation pieces showed actual country squires and their wives against real Georgian interiors

(Continued from page 20) piece as principally an eighteenth-century phenomenon. Today we can see that the form survived heartily in the nineteenth century but without so many big-name painters as exponents. Apart from Turner's conversation pieces done at Petworth and the odd Winterhalter, the conversation piece in England as well as in France became a charming cottage industry cheerfully churned out by a legion of lesser-known painters. The look of their work had evolved considerably from its eighteenth-century antecedents. At the beginning of the eighteenth century families had sat in rooms to which the painter added made-up Palladian windows or in front of landscapes that rarely represented their own land holdings. As the century progresssed conversation-piece backgrounds came to be the very ones of their owners who in turn were painted as they actually looked. By the beginning of the nineteenth century families were shown not against high-falutin landscapes but in gardens and at breakfast tables—messy *gemütlich* breakfast tables at that.

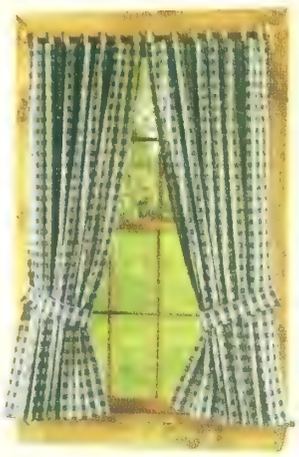
Nineteenth-century conversation pieces have appealed recently to twentieth century collectors because they are decorative and because—unlike their eighteenth-century predecessors—they are relatively inexpensive. The major and enduring interest on the part of the twentieth-century collectors, however, has been in eighteenth-century English conversation pieces. Many of the most important examples remain in the families who commissioned them in the first place. But in the last thirty years American collectors influenced perhaps by Paul Mellon have steadily collected what was available. The Leger Gallery in London has just finished an exhibition of conversation pieces that included a Zoffany, a Devis, and a Gainsborough, each of which cost up to $400,000. Many of Mr. Mellon's conversation pieces are at the Yale Center for British Art and were the focus of a loan exhibition in 1980, *Arthur Devis and his Contemporaries,* with a catalogue by Ellen D'Oench. Many "big" American collectors have shared Mr. Mellon's taste over the years *(Continued on page 24)*



Conversation piece of the William Astor family by Lucius Rossi, New York, 1878, courtesy Mrs. Vincent Astor.


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(Continued from page 22) and numbers of their purchases have found their way into such museum collections as the Kimbell in Fort Worth; the Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, Massachusetts; the Art Institute of Chicago; the Huntington Art Gallery in San Marino, California; and the Fine Arts Museum in San Francisco.

For a certain group of people in England and America the conversation piece has always been something to commission rather than collect. John Koch painted families like the Edgar Garbisches and the Malcolm Forbeses every ten or fifteen years. Simon Elwes and Aaron Shikler also did successive paintings of certain families. Julian Barrow, an English painter, has been coming to America to do conversation pieces since the late sixties. His recent painting of eighteen members of the Forbes family records two of Koch's early conversation pieces where they hang over the Forbeses' dining-room mantel.

Barrow paints people and rooms at their ease. His realism has nothing to do with a warts-and-all school but rather with the treatment of light as it enters a room or with the characteristic postures that so immediately identify his sitters. He groups figures not according to a theory of composition but, as John Ward, another English painter of conversation pieces, advises, by putting the ones who sit the best in front. Though Barrow abandons the eighteenth-century convention of men standing with their ankles crossed or seated cross-legged, Barrow's sitters reflect the correct nuances of social behavior just as Arthur Devis's did.

David Posnett, the director of the Leger Gallery in London, has just commissioned Theo Ramos, a London painter who teaches at the Royal Academy, to do a conversation piece of his family. "There I am," he laughs, "doting on my wife who is playing the piano. My ankles are crossed. I haven't got a gun under my arm only because we're indoors and it's London and not the country. But I do look as though I've just come back from the Grand Tour with all my best pictures and furniture around me. My wife doesn't think much of the idea, but I had a tremendous desire to have everything recorded." □


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FIRE AND ICE

Actual light and the very idea of light are the glittering gifts that a crystal chandelier brings to a room

By Elaine Greene

To encyclopedia connoisseurs, the Eleventh Edition of the Britannica (1910) is a special treat, not only for its deep, broad coverage, but for its endearing lack of objectivity. Naturally this Edwardian authority-on-everything had a firm opinion on crystal chandeliers: "The rapidly growing use of electricity as an illuminating medium [has] pushed into the background an appliance which. . . has become out of character with modern ideas of household decoration."

Well, yes, in 1910. But ideas of household decoration change every decade or two, and the crystal chandelier has blazed and dimmed in and out of favor throughout our century. In the eighties it is shining brightly. Nancy Nesle, who works with her father, Albert, the world-famous chandelier dealer of 57th Street in New York, says, "We used to sell almost entirely to architects and decorators, who only occasionally brought in a client, but in recent years private individuals have been coming in greater and greater numbers. They are restoring a house or apartment, working hard to learn about its design history and the kind of lighting that used to be there. People are now putting chandeliers in—a few years ago they were removing them." These days Nesle Inc. is selling antique chandeliers (and reproductions made on their second floor) nationally, although in the past nearly all their customers were local.

The ceiling of the Charles J. Winston antiques shop in New York sparkles with a profusion of antique and reproduction chandeliers hung as close together as the space allows. John Winston, son of the founder, also remarks on the renewed interest in chandeliers. "In the past, the chandelier was chosen at the very end of a design project, but in recent years my designer customers have been choosing this element first, with greater care than before, asking us to store it for six months or a year." Winston also reports that younger people are looking at chandeliers now. "They seem less inhibited than their parents. They have the courage to respond to the appeal of a crystal chandelier."



Detail of a French rock-crystal and gilt-bronze chandelier, circa 1790, at the Metropolitan Museum. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman.

And appealing they are: made of minerals from the earth—rock crystal, leaded glass, metals—and worked into forms that remind us of waterfalls, tiaras, and ice palaces, crystal chandeliers shed usable light while they evoke the very idea of light. A good chandelier in the right place is sheer opulence and glamour. Surely Anna and Vronsky met under a chandelier, and Becky Sharp and Scarlett O'Hara whirled around the dance floor under such a glitter.

The chandelier was invented in medieval times and was originally made of wood or metal. The first records of chandeliers hung with rock-crystal drops are found in a few sixteenth-century inventories, most notably that of Catherine de Médicis, queen of Henry II of France, who died in 1589. Most sixteenth- and early-seventeenth-century chandeliers were hung with just a few crystal pendants. It took a little time before people began to appreciate and exploit the boost in luminous energy that faceted crystal gave the light of candles, but when they did there was a design explosion. French chandelier forms became more and more elaborate, and in the eighteenth century, glass from the Baccarat factory replaced or was combined with the mined crystal.

Seventeenth-century Venetians made glass chandeliers, not those we think of today but bronze fixtures studded with glass flowers and leaves. English glass workers fabricated the first, early-eighteenth-century chandeliers in Britain, and there, as everywhere, elaborations came quickly: curving branches of faceted glass, spire finials, garlands, *(Continued on page 29)*

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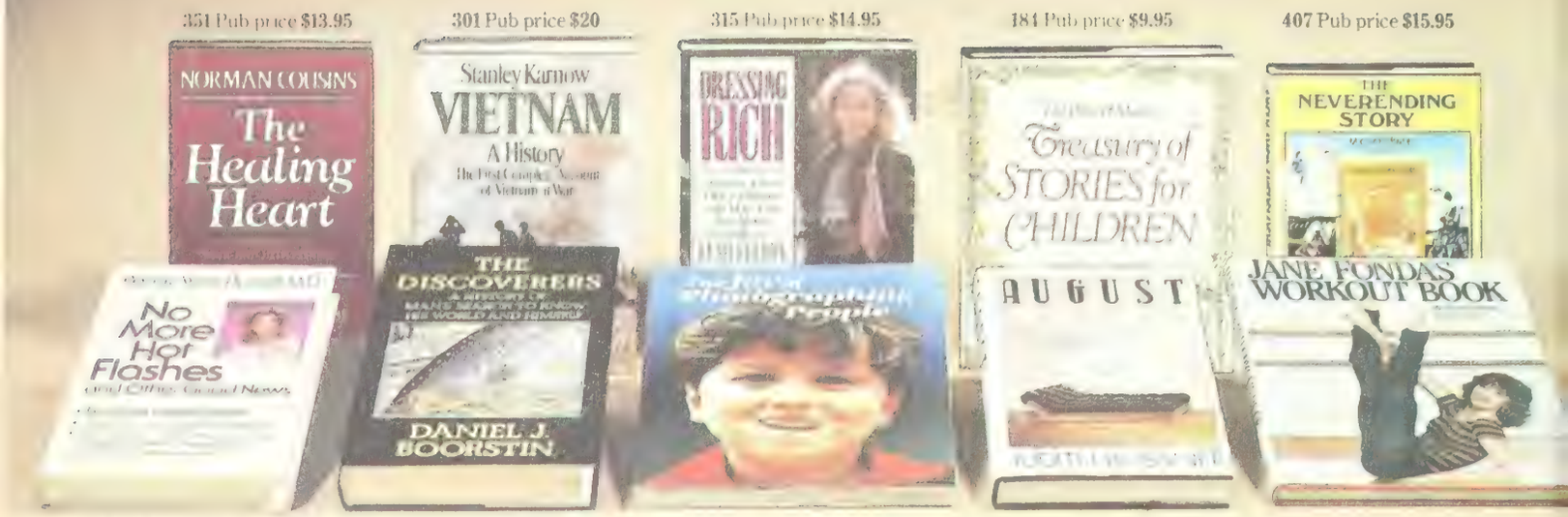
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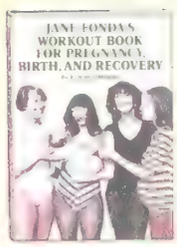
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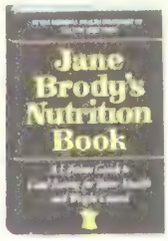
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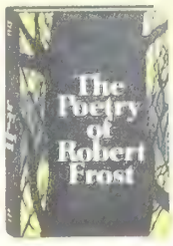
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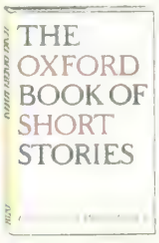
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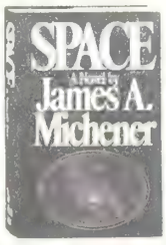
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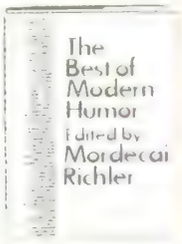
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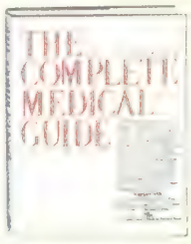
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(Continued from page 26) and swags. As the knowledge of glassmaking spread from country to country, other Europeans produced chandeliers, but those of France and England are most easily found today.

If you shop for antique chandeliers you can find examples of the major historic styles: Louis XV, Louis XVI, and the English Georges. You will also see fixtures showing the bead-formed basket of the French Empire and English Regency styles, the Adam designs with their urn-shaped standards, the pieces in the Czarist Russian taste with yards of delicate crystal fringes made of narrow iciclelike pendants, and the chandeliers made in England for the Indian nabobs: huge, ostentatious, often made of colored and overlaid glass.

American decorators admire crystal chandeliers. In his own apartment, Mario Buatta has a nineteenth-century piece in the Venetian style of gilt wood, metal, and crystal prisms that once belonged to Nancy Lancaster. Buatta sometimes restores electrified chandeliers back to candlepower, but he is able to tolerate electric lights if a dimmer is used. The designer warns that a low ceiling (under nine feet) makes a chandelier out of the question.

Mark Hampton also cautions about ceiling height. "I have seen big Waterford chandeliers jammed against a ceiling with one link of chain showing. It looks terrible." Something else that looks terrible to him is incorrect placement. "In the dreadful decoration of the fifties, you often saw a chandelier put over a dining table in the corner of an L-shaped living room. A chandelier, like a fireplace or an overdoor, is an element of architecture. The fixture has to be hung in the center of a defined space." In American rooms, Mark Hampton often uses a Dutch brass chandelier, but he also likes "simple, early, grayish Waterford bearing just a few glass branches and little dripping ones from them," the classic French rock-crystal pieces that have "a wonderful confusion about them," and "great big Georgian pieces with spires and swags and cascades." He recently installed such a specimen, eleven feet high, in a twenty-foot-tall room in Caracas—achieving the opulence and glamour that a good chandelier in the right place promises. □



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Built for the royal family of Naples and thousands of bureaucrats, Caserta was the largest palace of the eighteenth century

By Hugh Honour



A drawing of Caserta by architect Luigi Vanvitelli for Don Carlo of Bourbon. Building went quickly forward until 1759 when Don Carlo became Charles III of Spain and left for Madrid.

ARCHITECTURE, POETRY, AND NUMBER IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT CASERTA
George L. Hersey
The MIT Press, 318 pages, $37.50

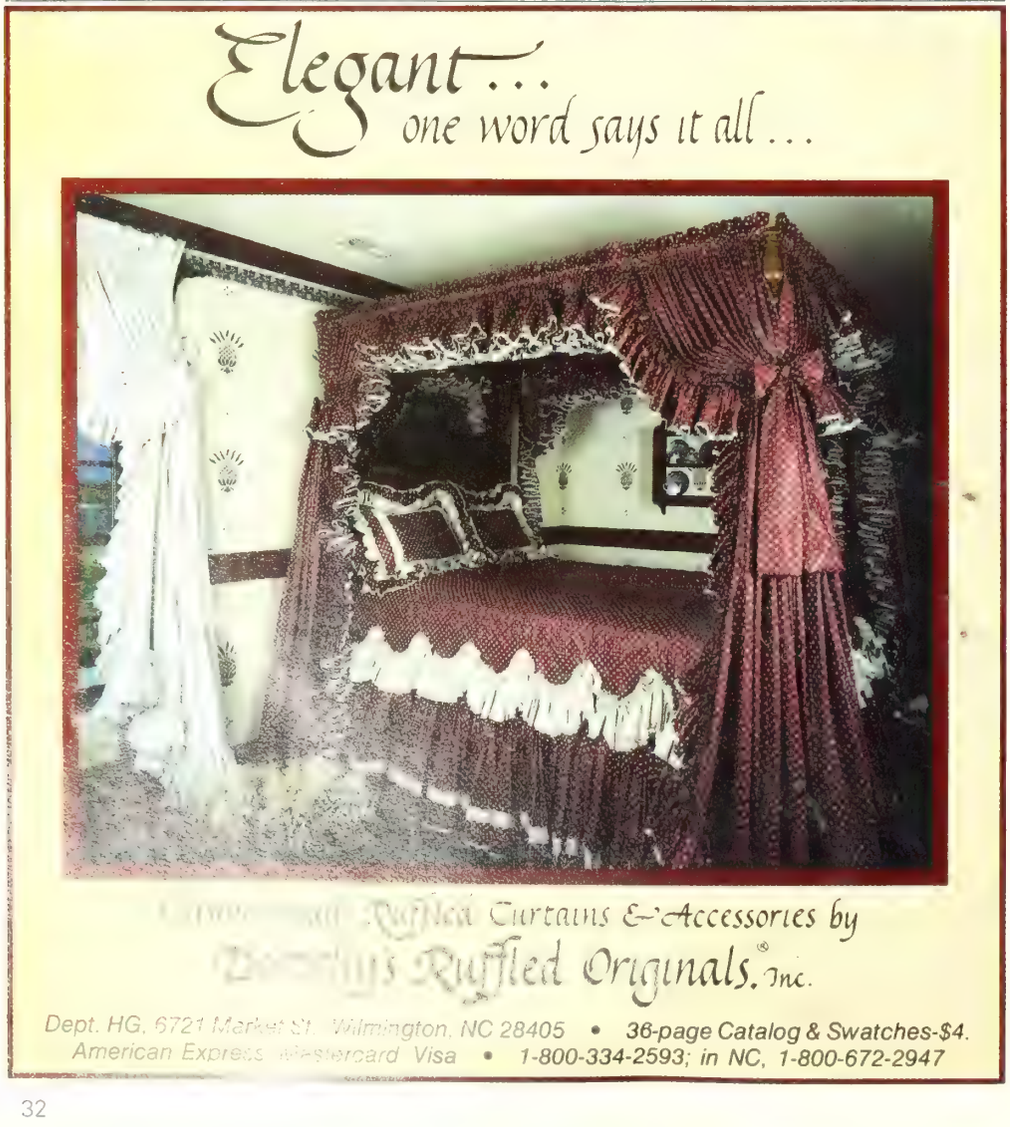
It is only relatively recently that the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century palaces and villas of Italy have begun to attract the popular attention formerly reserved for ancient Roman remains and the great medieval and Renaissance buildings. In the early fifties they were seldom open to the public: very few tourists went to see them. They had changed little since the beginning of the century when the vistas of dark ilex and lichened stonework of their gardens charmed a select company of American and English visitors, including Henry James and Edith Wharton. They had "a beauty that is indescribable," Sir George Sitwell wrote, "with their air of neglect, desolation, and solitude, in spite of the melancholy of the weed-grown alleys, the weary droppings of fern-fringed fountains, the fluteless Pans, and headless nymphs and armless Apollos." No longer neglected nor deserted, they now have signposts to direct hordes of tourists through what was once a "wilderness," as well as fences to prevent them from tracing dusty tracks across the lawns. The showiest of flowering plants brighten the parterres, statues have been mended, fountains and water-surprises repaired and made to function. If most of what Edith Wharton called "Italian garden magic" has been lost, something may have been gained in other respects. The same can be said of writings on the subject.

Georgina Masson's *Italian Villas and Palaces* of 1959, followed by her still more interesting *Italian Gardens* of 1961, marked the beginning of a new epoch. These pioneering works have been succeeded but not entirely superseded by more academic publications which now tend to go beyond the factual and informative to open ever wider (and wilder) perspectives of interpretation, with varying degrees of plausibility. Gardens are now being subjected to the same strenuous iconographical analysis as paintings. All the "strategies" of structuralism, semeiology and hermeneutics—and all the related jargon—are being employed to demonstrate that a formal garden is not "correct, ridiculous, and charming" as Paul Verlaine thought, but politically, sociologically, and psychologically meaningful. Professor George L. Hersey's *Architecture, Poetry, and Number in the Royal Palace at Caserta* takes this type of study to its furthest extreme.

The Royal Palace at Caserta, some sixteen miles north of Naples, was designed for Charles, usually known as Don Carlo, of Bourbon (a younger son of Philip V of Spain) who became king in 1734 of the realm later to be called the Two Sicilies. Naples was once more the capital of an independent kingdom. But its run-down royal palaces must have seemed woefully inadequate to the young king who was accustomed to the palaces of Spain. He wanted to live where his days could be conveniently divided between official duties and his favorite *(Continued on page 32)*


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(Continued from page 30) sports of hunting and shooting. In 1738 a new palace was begun at Capodimonte, above the city. Another was erected for him at Portici; but this, as a contemporary remarked, "was too near the Vesuvius and subject to tremors and eruptions, and too near the sea for an enemy surprise attack." While it was going up in 1742, indeed, he was humiliated by the commodore of a small British naval squadron who threatened bombardment to extort a declaration of nonintervention in the War of Austrian Succession. This incident may perhaps have prompted him to contemplate building a new residence, and even a new capital city, inland.

At Caserta the king was able to obtain more land in an area still richer in game than either Capodimonte or Portici. Water, lacking at Capodimonte, could be brought there by aqueduct. A flat site permitted building on the grandest scale his treasury could afford. No monarch of the time was more strongly infected by the notion summed up by Colbert, first minister to Don Carlo's great-grandfather Louis XIV of France: "Apart from striking actions in warfare, nothing is so well able to show the greatness and spirit of princes than buildings, and all posterity will judge them by the measure of the superb habitations which they have built during their lives." A local architect, Mario Giofreddo, provided a design for what would have been, perhaps, the largest palace ever built anywhere. Although this was rejected, it had some influence, as Professor Hersey shows, on the building begun in 1753 to the design of Luigi Vanvitelli, less megalomaniac in scale but still the largest palace of the century, combining an administrative center with a setting for court ritual and a royal residence. Work proceeded fast until 1759, when Don Carlo succeeded as Charles III of Spain and left for Madrid, and then fitfully until 1774 when the structure we see today was completed, though the interior was never finished.

Professor Hersey claims that "the history of modern architecture, from the Crystal Palace in London of 1851, and through its many colossal progeny, into the modern era of vast factories and vaster office buildings, is a history that partly stems from Caserta: for Caserta was *(Continued on page 34)*


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The garden or northern façade at Caserta. The matching southern façade opens onto town.

(Continued from page 32) intended among other things as an office building, a self-sufficient plant that would house and maintain thousands of servant-bureaucrats who governed the kingdom of Naples. It is an early monument to central control, to the manipulation of the masses." This is hardly less far-fetched than his publisher's description of Caserta as "an archetypal expression of absolute monarchy." In fact, the knell of absolute monarchy sounded while it was going up—in the period of the American Revolution. So far from being an archetype, Caserta stands at the end of a long tradition of palatial architecture, nor does it foreshadow in function or form later developments of the industrial age.

All the essential elements of traditional palace architecture were incorporated in the design of Caserta (though some had to be omitted for economy). A central dome—an attribute of royalty before it was adopted for churches—was to have crowned the building and would have appeared to hover above the niched window where the king could show himself to his subjects. From the dauntingly tall main entrance below, a vaulted colonnade with views into four interior courts leads to a marble-clad staircase ascending to a domed vestibule of ingeniously complex design which gives access to the magnificent chapel and three sets of state and private apartments, for the king, queen, and crown prince. Behind the palace, the park was laid out on an appropriately grand scale stretching straight up-hill, past fountains peopled with marble statues, to a point two miles away where water channeled along an aqueduct dashes down a rough cascade. It is the largest and last of the great Italian formal gardens.

Grandeur of scale, the use of expensive materials, inflexible symmetry of planning, and strong axes which control movement are features which Caserta shares with palaces throughout the world. It is unusual mainly because it was built (like the Escorial) to a single predetermined plan and not piecemeal (like the Hradshin in Prague, the Hofburg in Vienna, and even the Louvre and Versailles where the outward appearance of symmetricality is deceptive). Such a rigorously symmetrical plan as the site of the Caserta permitted demands skillful articulation, the simultaneous division and integration of interdependent parts, to avoid barrack-like monotony. Professor Hersey will have us believe, however, that such problems were conceived and solved at Caserta in no such simple terms. Ideas about mathematics, law, and monarchy developed by the great Neapolitan philosopher Giambattista Vico were involved, he claims.

In the perspective of history, Vico towers above most other European and all other Italian philosophers of his time (1668–1744). Yet he had few immediate followers even in Naples and his work was little understood until the early nineteenth century. His was an almost unique instance of nearly total contemporary neglect and then of slowly increasing posthumous fame. He is like a mountain whose grandeur can be appreciated only from a distance. Professor Hersey will have none of this, claiming that the iconographical program of Caserta "can be usefully interpreted in terms of the Vichian atmosphere that prevailed at the court." The idea is novel. It is not, in fact, known whether Carlo of Bourbon or Luigi Vanvitelli ever read Vico's major book *(Continued on page 36)*

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(Continued from page 34) *La Scienza Nuova,* or "The New Science"—far less whether a "Vichian atmosphere" prevailed at the Neapolitan court in the 1750s or later when the paintings and sculpture at Caserta were executed.

Of course, at Caserta as in practically all European palaces, few of the paintings and sculptures were merely decorative. Some were straightforwardly allegorical, celebrating the monarch's ancestry, virtues and power, though many were perhaps intended to do little more than enhance the regal magnificence of the place. Professor Hersey is bent on weaving them all into a seamless fabric of frequently rather abstruse meaning. Statues of Antinous and Germanicus in the lower hall, for instance, are not simply copies of two much admired antiquities (like those similarly placed at Wentworth Woodhouse in Yorkshire), but, he tells us, "stand for legal and civil institutions, for continuity with the imperial past, and for heroic and absolute family laws." Ceres, the protectress of agriculture and the fruits of the earth—an appropriate subject for a garden statue—expresses for him "what Vico calls the oneness of property, tenancy, bonitary lordship, and monarchy." The dramatic group of Diana and Actaeon in the highest basin of the waterway is not simply the representation of a subject that had for long been popular with painters and sculptors and was obviously suitable for a fountain, but alludes to Vico's belief that the myth recorded "the origin of religion in the fear of divine waters."

The meanings which Professor Hersey descries beneath the planning and embellishment of Caserta seem to have passed over the heads of contemporaries, at any rate of all those who have left records of what they thought about it, not to mention its many later visitors and admirers.

Already by the 1760s, when taste was changing rapidly, the palace looked out of date to some of them. The fashion-conscious young architect James Adam pronounced it to be "great in its whole and of good and durable construction, but wonderfully defective in its detail." To "judge from the model and from Vanvitelli's other works," the decoration "must be execrable," he wrote. The staircase which he allowed to be no more than "something pretty and noble" was, however, generally praised for its size and richness—"very handsome in the old style," an early-nineteenth-century visitor remarked. The gardens seemed still more old-fashioned, "laid out in a manner one would rather term savage than natural," wrote Dr. Johnson's friend Mrs. Piozzi. To a visitor in 1801 they appeared "extensive and regular and, if we except a part in the English style, uninteresting."

The addition of this "English garden" with a Gothic chapel, ruined temple, and abundance of exotic trees, though dismissed in a footnote by Professor Hersey, is highly significant. It was planted in the 1780s for the queen of King Ferdinand (Don Carlo's successor), a sister of Marie Antoinette who found refuge from the formal park at Versailles in her *petit hameau.*

The popular King Ferdinand had little taste for ceremony and no desire to be surrounded by his civil servants. Leaving government to his ministers and his wife, he showed no interest in the mystique of absolutism or, indeed, anything apart from his sports, preferring the fields, woods, and the streets of Naples to his palaces—except for a little house on a lake island where he helped to prepare his own food. Despotic though they may have been, his successors also favored a life of unpretentious domesticity. By the 1850s, as Sir Harold Acton has written, "amid the architectural splendors of Caserta the Victorian homeliness of the king's family life seemed oddly out of place. Linen was hung up to dry in marble halls; the children romped with the servants and played crude practical jokes on their tutors and governesses; the queen sat over her sewing near the cradle of her latest infant, while the king rocked another babe in his arms and distributed lollipops." It was a far cry from the life Don Carlo had expected to lead there just a century earlier. The palace was functionally obsolete as well as stylistically out of date long before 1860 when the Bourbons were expelled from Naples and the first constitutional king of Italy handed the great white elephant over to the new state as a museum and barracks. Its significance and appeal today is perhaps mainly that of a monument to lost illusions. □

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DOROTHY NORMAN

For over thirty years, her landmark house has been a kind of intellectual sanctuary—one of the grand salons of New York

By Steven M. L. Aronson

"Dorothy Norman is a collector of souls," Harold Clurman once observed. "She was magnetized by outstanding personalities and proceeded to cultivate them; she possessed a gift for recognizing them from the first." Mrs. Norman's nuclear balm—her special gift for intimacy—has over the years drawn a motley host of artists, poets, educators, philosophers, and statesmen to her house in the East 70s and made of it a kind of intellectual sanctuary, one of the grand salons of New York. There, the likes of Lewis Mumford, Max Lerner, Edward Albee, Lewis Thomas, Indira Gandhi, Ananda Coomaraswamy, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and Edgard Varèse have commingled, amid some of the beautiful pictures of our century.

"I'm not a collector," Mrs. Norman protests. "I don't collect. I never started out to make a *collection* of anything. Things have just ...accrued. As I went through life, these people appeared. I didn't know Stieglitz's name even, I didn't know who Marin *was;* I went to work for Freedom for India—I didn't know I was going to meet *Nehru.* All of these things were unplanned."

Born in Philadelphia in 1905, educated at The Barnes Foundation, where her life in the arts began, each week Dorothy Norman was given the same advice by her maternal grandmother: "Never wear glasses and never marry anyone who isn't Jewish." Dorothy Norman married Jewish—and well; her husband was the son of a founder of Sears, Roebuck.

She came to New York in 1925. At once a beauty *sui generis* and an incorrigible bluestocking, she reached out to everything. Ahead of her lay not one but half-a-dozen careers. She was to become the publisher of *Twice A Year,* a semiannual journal of "Literature, the Arts and Civil Liberties"; the editor of *Selected Writings of John Marin*; the author of *Alfred Stieglitz: An American Seer;* a columnist for the *New York Post;* and a widely exhibited photographer. She would also be appointed by Edward Steichen to choose the captions for his celebrated "Family of Man" photographic exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art—captions that her friend Lewis Mumford wrote her "seemed to carry the show over the soft and thin places, where the sentiment—which was always right—was not supported by an idea.... Fortunately, at a critical moment, the pictures would pull me back to your quotations, or the quotations would lift me back into the pictures."



Dorothy Norman with Jawaharlal Nehru in the fifties

"Years ago Ben Sonnenberg took me to lunch at Voisin," Mrs. Norman recounts, fixing her visitor with her clear, unswerving eyes. "He wanted to be public relations man for me. He said, 'You know, you're an interesting and up-and-coming young woman and you've got to make the most of it.' I said, 'Well, I don't want to make *anything* of it,' and he said, 'You're very foolish, because you could be famous.' I said, 'I don't *want* to be famous.' I'll al- *(Continued on page 42)*

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(Continued from page 40) ways remember what Edith Sitwell once told me: 'If you achieve fame during your lifetime, as it grows, it leaves you less and less time for yourself. And then, after you are dead, all anyone really cares about is digging up the details of your private life.' " Mrs. Norman frowns, settling into an armchair in the drawing room of her town house, which has achieved fame during *its* lifetime. A landmark of modern architecture, it was voted the city's best new building of its period; architecture students often stood in front, studying and sketching it.

"In all fields I gravitated to art that was breaking new ground," Mrs. Norman expounds. "In 1941 my husband and I commissioned William Lescaze to convert a run-down Victorian brownstone into a clean-cut, light-filled house. He moved the front of the building as far forward as was permissible, and slanted the rear to admit the greatest amount of daylight. For the exterior walls he chose glass brick surrounded by light-gray glazed bricks because they kept out the cold, kept in the heat, and allowed yet more light to come through. He also restructured the interior space imaginatively."

Everything in the house, Mrs. Norman emphasizes, was a personal choice. At the beginning, the interior was yellow and gray because that seemed the most satisfyingly neutral combination. "But then somehow the plants took over and there was this feeling of green, so I had the draperies and banquettes covered in a soft grayish green that seemed just as neutral but more alive than the yellow and gray. I wanted the room to be neutral so that *any* color would be its own vibrant self against it. I felt that my pictures and objects should feel free there."

One of Mrs. Norman's most passionately held convictions is that art should not stay put. "I've always loved shelves for propping pictures up," she explains. "You can change them around so you always have different ones to look at." On the shelves of this drawing room where art can be approached on its own terms rest a Marin mountain range evoking a Gothic cathedral, a blaze of Demuth tulips, a Morris Graves winter bouquet; and everywhere, reflecting her long and close association with Alfred Stieglitz, his photographs of poplars, mountains, and cloud-laden skies, his cityscapes, and his "equivalents." Where, Mrs. Norman is asked, are the famous portraits Stieglitz did of *her*? "I don't have them out," she replies, "though I do have my hands—near the piano." She gestures toward Stieglitz's study, *Hands, 1932*. The Marin, the Graves, and most of the Stieglitzes were gifts from the artists.



Dorothy Norman as photographed by Alfred Stieglitz in the thirties.

"For me this room has a sense of the sacredness of art and life," Mrs. Norman comments. "I was invited to have an exhibition of my own photographs at The Cathedral of St. John the Divine this past year and I called it 'A Sense of the Sacred,' and that's really the feeling I have about my home."

It was Stieglitz who instilled in Dorothy Norman this urgent sense of the sacredness of art. "He represented an approach to life I had been seeking in the world around me but had not found," she has written. "Like some great force of nature, he had attracted to him and helped generate much of the most vital and life-enhancing work of our time." She and Stieglitz fell headlong in love—she would see him every day, and he would write her passionately as many as twelve times a day—but they determined not to let their love interfere with the rest of their lives or with the lives of those closest to them.

"Today people who never knew him are writing about him," Mrs. Norman deplores, "and they write lies. They want to find flaws. They can't imagine that there was a great man in our time." A moving spirit behind Stieglitz's gallery, An American Place, Dorothy Norman went on to found The Alfred Stieglitz Center at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, of which she is an honorary trustee. "I've given them many of my Stieglitzes already, and the ones I still have will go there eventually."

Through Stieglitz, Dorothy Norman met John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, Paul Strand, Waldo Frank, Aaron Copland, e e cummings, Marianne Moore, Clifford Odets, Carl Van Vechten, and other "heraldic presences" of the modern spirit. Yet the next grand friendship of her life was not with an American artist but with a statesman from another world.

"I never had a real love affair with Nehru," she volunteers. "He was in love with me, yes, and I was in love with him, but it was never a sexual thing. Without doubt he was the most beautiful man in the world. None of his photographs give any inkling of his radiance. That unforgettable face haunts me still—its every feature and nuance. I saw him for the last time in 1962. I showed him my two-volume book about him and after he read it he said that he had discovered things in it about himself that he'd forgotten, and he wept."

The two met in 1949 when, as an old "India hand"—as those who had worked for Indian Independence through the India League were called—Dorothy Norman was asked on twenty-four hours' notice to call together a group of distinguished intellectuals to meet Nehru, who was here as an official guest of President Truman. "All *(Continued on page 44)*

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(Continued from page 42) I could think of was would I be able to pronounce 'Jawaharlal' effortlessly when I introduced him," she recalls. "The occasion was a great success, and Nehru invited me to accompany him and his daughter Indira to Boston the next day. I had never flown before, and my first flight took place on a windstill October day, with Nehru."

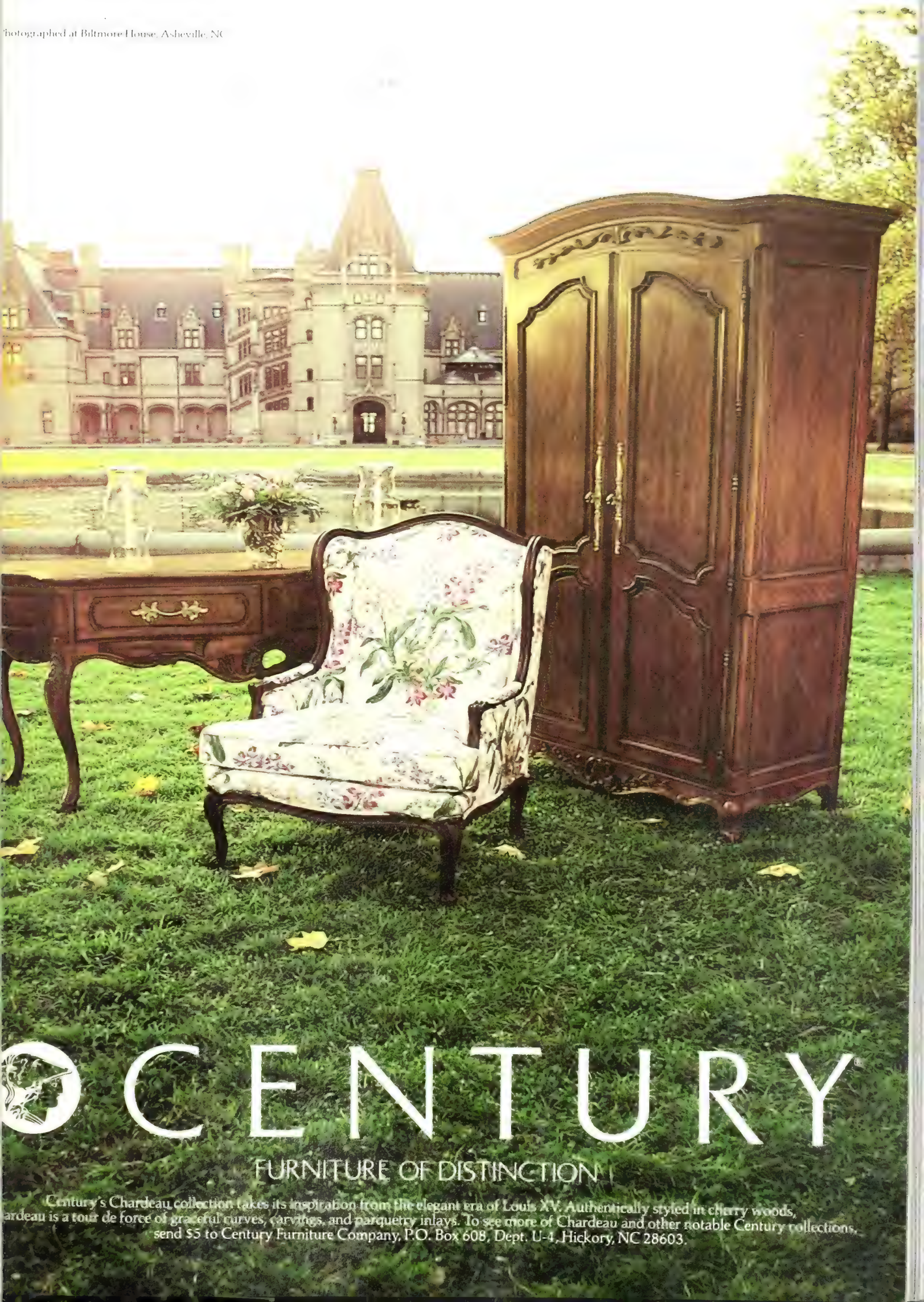
The next year Nehru invited Mrs. Norman to India for the Founding of the Republic celebrations; she stayed at the Prime Minister's House in New Delhi, in rich simplicity, for almost two months. Lady Mountbatten was a fellow guest. "During one of our teatime conversations, Edwina wryly reminisced about Empire: 'It must have been like innocently gathering shells, and then suddenly, to your surprise, you found you had a lot of them.' " Another day, Mrs. Norman remembers, Nehru and his entourage returned from some ceremonial event and were walking through the entrance hall of the Prime Minister's House toward their offices when suddenly Nehru stopped and stood on his head. "The others, walking in front, didn't see what he had done. He winked at me. I had to use all my will power not to laugh."

Dorothy Norman left India much moved by the art, the temples, the handcrafts, the supernal beauty of the landscape and the flowers, but also by the sufferings of its people. Home, she headed for Washington to plead for aid to India.

She has vigorously maintained her Indian connection. "Indira Gandhi and her husband and their two small sons lived down the hall from my room at the P.M.'s house, where our friendship developed and deepened. We both adored our children; and we both loved the primitive and the modern, the marvelous crafts of India, its traditional dance, and good films—*All the King's Men* was one of Indira's favorites. After she saw it she wrote me that 'most people here in New Delhi seem to have missed the point of the whole thing, which irritates me intensely.' Now isn't *that* ironic! She also once asked in a letter, long ago, 'Can you imagine me being an "elder statesman"?' Indira and I corresponded until—well, until I organized a manifesto against her 'Emergency,' and held meetings at my house for dissidents. I refused to be in touch with her during that time—a silence I broke only when her son was killed, that small boy who had lived down the hall. I wrote her a letter of condolence, I couldn't *help* it—she was an *old* friend of mine, having nothing to do with *power*. She then invited me to London for the Indian Festival, all expenses paid. I didn't go—I couldn't be *had*. I felt that if I was to see Indira again, it had to be on my own ground and not as a *guest*. The next time she came to America, out of the four days she spent here she kept one just to see me. We met and it was as though nothing had happened between us—we talked, she had this terrible heartache. She's a *lovely* person really. That 'Emergency' was something that I could not believe." And how would Nehru have reacted to his daughter's decree, Mrs. Norman is asked. She replies, bright with indignation, "He would have turned over in his grave."

If India had been a catalyst for Dorothy Norman's *amitié amoureuse* with Nehru, later it became a catalyst for something rather more—a *roman d'amour*. It was back when she was in Washington for talks with the State Department about India that she met the *(Continued on page 46)*

Photographed at Biltmore House, Asheville, NC



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(*Continued from page 44*)French diplomat and Nobel Prize–winning poet Alexis Saint-Léger Léger, also known as Saint-John Perse.

After one of their meetings, Dorothy Norman left behind a pair of gloves. Perse wrote her, romantically, that their presence was "not like a farewell, but plumage shed in full flight." "That was a *real* affair," she exclaims.

"Alexis was full of poetic tales. He once told me of an incident in the Gobi Desert. Water was running out. He was with the most civilized individuals he had ever known. The question arose: should the dwindling supply be saved entirely for human consumption or should a fair amount be given to the flowers that were dying, and to the goldfish—the beautiful goldfish—that also would perish if deprived of water? The final decision was made without hesitation. The last water was given to the flowers and the fish. 'That,' Alexis said, 'is civilization at its highest point.' If anybody else had told me that story, I would have questioned it.

"I am essentially a person who should be in love," Mrs. Norman reflects. "I've been in love all my life—until now. No, I don't think age has anything to do with it. I can imagine falling in love with someone *tomorrow*. But these days my love affair is with my East Hampton garden. I spend half the year in my white house there. I love white. I love white flowers—*single* peonies, moonflowers, white roses, lilies and water lilies and lilies of the valley, white blossoms in spring, begonias. I love the *feeling* of white, that purity of feeling.

"Years ago I had this recurrent dream of a marvelous little piece of land at the base of Manhattan Island—wooded, secluded. There was nothing around it that was commercial or ugly, and there was a little white house. And then I'd wake up, thinking, '*Why* can't I live there? It's so pure and beautiful.' I'd have that dream again and again. I told it to an artist friend of mine, Robert Beverly Hale, and he said, 'Isn't that strange! I have the same dream, and it's recurrent.' And within two or three years, both of us were out in East Hampton, Bob Hale in his snug house



In front of her East Hampton house in 1983.

in The Springs and I in *my* white house, with trees, near the ocean. I found it fantastic that we *both* should end up in exactly what we dreamt about."

Dorothy Norman has always been adventurous and imaginative in her houses. Her East Hampton place was once a traditional meeting house. "I was driving along the Montauk Highway one day," she recalls, "and I saw this abandoned building, a pure, classic, white Federalist structure, under the trees. I had photographed meeting houses in New England and loved them. This one didn't have a spire, so I felt I could live in it without seeming pretentious." Mrs. Norman bought it and eventually had it moved to a potato field that stretched unbroken to the sea. "Standing in the unplowed field without a tree or bush in sight, the little meeting house, unpainted, was one of the bleakest sights I have ever beheld," she has written. "But then, freshly painted white, the structure looked beautifully austere and three times as large."

Today the house is surrounded by pines, laburnums, and silver willows. And by an extraordinarily flowery garden, remarkable for color and texture as well as profusion. The whole house is in fact a garden, with pots of flowers and nosegays ingeniously arranged in every room. (The meeting house functions as the structure's central room. "I wanted the rest of the house not to compete with it, *not* to be white, so I added a wing of gray cedar, very simple.")

Dorothy Norman's entertaining extends to East Hampton; hers is a movable salon. Saul Steinberg, Constantino Nivola, Alfonso Ossorio, and Lee Krasner, widow of Jackson Pollock, congregate often in her meeting-house living room. "The first time Lee and Jackson came to my house," she recalls, "he walked about picking up shells and examining them. As he put each shell down, he said, 'That's real.' On another occasion Jackson looked at me with tears in his eyes and whispered, 'I am like a clam without a shell.' I told this to Isamu Noguchi, who retorted, 'Every artist feels that way.' "

At Dorothy Norman's, artists and others congregate not only to talk but also to savor the pleasures of her famous table. I remember a lunch party some years ago when a towering confection of profiteroles, homemade strawberry ice cream, and spun sugar was presented—it was so eyeblindingly splendid everybody clapped.

I last lunched with Mrs. Norman on her terrace, in the bright, cool heat of early summer, her garden sending out its "fine golden puffs of seed power" upon the breeze. The hors d'oeuvre tray was laden with gravlax in a mustard dill sauce, local caviar reserved for Mrs. Norman by Stuart's Seafood in nearby Amagansett ("They don't get it in too often, so eat it while you can," she advised), tahini, and niçoise olives. A cooling gazpacho heralded a succulent steamed lobster ("It hasn't been fed the right things—there's no green in it," Mrs. Norman laughed), which was accompanied by an artichoke vinaigrette and followed by a salad of garden greens, which in turn was followed by carmelized *oeufs à la neige* and fresh lichees ("...brought out from New York but grown in Mexico—they're messy but wonderful!"). Lunch ended redolently with madeleines.

Her appetite for life undiminished, mouthful for mouthful, Dorothy Norman at almost eighty ate me under the table! □

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Spiegel

APRÈS SKI IN SARAJEVO

Unveiling the charms of a city that has even more to offer than the Winter Olympic Games

By Vera Mijojlic



Narrow cobblestone streets and tile-roofed shops crowded side-by-side flavor Sarajevo's bazaar, the Bash-Tcharshia.

The average high-school student knows that Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, is where Gavrilo Princip fired the shot at Archduke Franz Ferdinand that precipitated World War I; perhaps some are even familiar with the footprints in the sidewalk that mark the spot from which the notorious bullet flew. But to many Sarajevo means little else. Though it had ancient beginnings, it is not as famous as many Italian and Greek historical sites; it has never been a fashionable resort like Dubrovnik, on the sea; never poor enough nor rich enough to tempt tramps with cultivated eyes to curve their world-touring routes to stop by. Sarajevo, with its half-million souls, is hidden in the center of Yugoslavia, in a narrow Balkan valley surrounded by mountains, rivers, and springs. To approach the city isn't an easy job. Airplanes literally dive into a tiny passage between mountains to reach the runway. Why then would anyone come all the way to Sarajevo? The 1984 Winter Olympic Games are only a recent and isolated reason; the more compelling one is that the people of Sarajevo are practiced at making curious visitors feel completely at home.

This town has its cabinet-in-shadow of old Turkish town pashas and young patrons who formerly passed some time moving around Europe as soccer players, always paid well to shoot a ball for foreign teams, or boys with another talent—smuggling themselves into European royalty circles bearing the title "Profession Unknown." The truth is that the people of Sarajevo, whoever they are or were, have always been devoted to style and have never done anything that lacked a touch of class. Once you get there and meet them in the restaurants, coffee shops, or pizzerias that they run today, they will tell you the countless famous stories about this small town and its professors who studied at ancient European universities, its scientists who are the only experts invited from the mid-European region to take part in world conferences, its thieves who were often well self-educated and almost never got involved in "indecent crime," and its cab drivers who have been known to regale their passengers with Henry James stories.

As to hosting the 1984 Winter Olympic Games, it took nothing but optimism from the Sarajevo people, who never think anything is impossible, to nominate the town for the '84 WOG. Never mind that Sarajevo had almost none of the required objects at the time, and will no doubt be feverishly finishing them in time for the games; their optimism has seen them through more than a millenium of change.

Yugoslavia in general and Sarajevo in particular have never belonged to European or global blocks nor taken part in their schemes or traditions: Yugoslavia is a socialist country, but it is void of the Eastern-monolith atmosphere, climate, and aesthetic—no gray-block buildings are to be found here. Western elements are apparent but the country has been neither a purveyor of Western elegance nor a diplomatic coquette. Sarajevo itself was a neolithic dwelling (2400 to 2300 B.C.), a Roman spa (first centuries A.D.), a Turkish trade and caravansary center (fifteenth to late nineteenth centuries) and Austro-Hungarian protectorate (1878–1914). Today it is the relatively modern admin- *(Continued on page 52)*

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There are simply some songs one should experience for oneself.

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THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

(Continued from page 50) istrative center of the republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It has felt the impact of, but not been overpowered by, its past.

Throughout its history, the holy law of bloodshed that saw Christians burned in ancient Rome, Moslems and Hindus butchered by each other in India and Pakistan, Jews meeting pogroms wherever they lived has been denied in Sarajevo. Inexplicably, perhaps, Catholics, Orthodox Christians, Moslems, Jews, and two indigenous sects—Evangelists and Adventists—live a sort of ecclesiastical fairy tale. Sephardic Jews came to Sarajevo with the Turkish invasion, escaping Spain and the royal wrath of Philip II. The Turks used the Jewish talents and protected the Jewish people. It became a tradition, not only for the ruling class but also for the common Moslem, Croatian (Catholic), and Serbian (Orthodox) as well. The coexistence of a sixteenth-century Sephardic cemetery and an old Turkish cemetery testifies to the tolerant spirit of the Sarajevans: an open-mindedness rooted in Bogomil ("Dear to God"), the founding religion of Sarajevo. Bogomil tombstones from the twelfth century lie in the garden of the National Museum, and the very diamond of Jewish culture, the Haggadah codex from the fourteenth century, is intact inside. Only once, during World War II, was the ideal swept away.

Apart from the Olympic events, you will find that the real charm of a stay in Sarajevo is in the heart of the Bash-Tcharshia, Sarajevo's bazaar, a well-organized, clean Lilliputian town in which light and eye are allowed to inspect the intrigue of every corner, where doll-size shops share the street with a few larger buildings, mosques, markets, and schools. The old town hall, built in 1896, has a pseudo-Moorish flavor, the National Museum, founded in 1888, a Renaissance touch. The old Orthodox church is a strange building compared to the Serbian examples to the east of this peculiar Eden: rebuilt through the centuries, its base (supposedly from the fourth to sixth centuries) remains untouched, while the rest of the building illustrates Sarajevo's unique present—trans-

entific, or political conventions.

Sarajevo still has numerous traditional craftsmen who share the sidewalk with modern businesses in the Bash-Tcharshia. Ninety percent of the goldsmiths' street is given over to private shops, and they say that the tradesmen still conduct their business according to ancient ethical codes: there is no visible glamour—the real treasures are safely locked in back rooms—and only native Sarajevans can start businesses in this bazaar. If such a person should get into financial trouble, the other merchants will gather in his shop to "have a coffee." No one talks about the real purpose of this meeting. When the coffee ritual is over and the guests are gone, the host picks up the pillows on which his guests were sitting and finds cash beneath them. It is a gift. He is, however, wise to remember the amount and the source of each donation in case he becomes a guest at a similar quiet meeting.

Although the world of old pashas is dying, new bazaar patrons and kings often copy the good old law, and the bazaar, hence Sarajevo, still belongs to the old order. Four hundred and sixty coffee bars, discotheques, and pizzerias are in their hands and eclipse the so-called "socialist sector" restaurants. Fashion boutiques also reign. These little factories of money and power are sophisticated and tasteful in design, and no two are the same. Old Clock is decorated with a collection of real clocks, Bugatti with a noble combination of white walls, dark wooden beams, and drawings of old aristocratic cars, Nava with models of sailboats. Modern owners pay many thousands to have their little bars so designed. Nevertheless, the bazaar still has a lot of old-fashioned coffee shops with Turkish sofas and carved tables and chairs. Together, these creations are a typical Islamic mosaic. Yet that is only the open, visible Sarajevo; a more intriguing reason for the trip lies behind the screens, in the world of the unofficial, the nontourist. I have tried visiting the official institutions (places that promote Sarajevo as "The Golden Egg of Tourism"), but I wound up in the coffee bars, talking to the older citizens who are the living encyclopedia of Sarajevo's history. There is no other way to see the real town.

If you are not the kind of person who would simply go into any shop in the Bash-Tcharshia and ask its owner to help you find discreet Sarajevo, look for Miss Marina Mikulic, an employee of Centrotrans agency, close to the Hotel Europa in Turkish City. Her friends can take you to private apartments with more authentic ambience than the ethnographic showrooms in the museums. Kreso Martinasevic from General-turist agency on Cathedral place is another source. If you are in Sarajevo during the Olympic Games, the general of the press army, Paul Lukacs, is your man: he was born in Sarajevo and is completely devoted to its charms. The Vienna Caffee in the Hotel Europa is a meeting place for many Sarajevans who love their city, and you can meet the doyen of Sarajevo guides, Uncle Ibro, there. Sarajevo can provide discreet limousine escort, taxi planes to Dubrovnik, and, best of all, take care to organize your stay in the right places. As for the arrangements for the well-publicized Olympic Games, you may find that the tourist trade in this town doesn't run as smoothly as Swiss timing. But that is not what this story is about; Sarajevo is your town when you don't want to feel like a tourist, and most likely, it will not make an industry of itself for a long time to come.

I was walking one evening from café to café in the Bash-Tcharshia and watching the crowds in front of them. People were sitting on the sidewalk. It reminded me of something, but I couldn't remember what. It wasn't until I left on an early train that it fell into place: the last time so many young people sat in the streets, listening to music, was in the sixties, when all the world was traveling and teen-agers were still interested in things. I wouldn't say that teen-agers in Sarajevo are hippies, but they do live in a town where almost anything is possible, even the American dream. It is a place where a poor man who has worked as a waiter can still someday buy a shop of his own. Whatever one dreams of somehow appears to be available in Sarajevo. And though you'll never outwit its terrific gamblers, you'll love the game. □



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—Melinda Florian Papp and William James Papp, Jr.

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HOUSE & GARDEN, JANUARY 1984

BALTHUS AT THE VILLA MEDICI

The Renaissance Roman villa transformed with love by a modern master

BY JEAN LEYMARIE PHOTOGRAPHS BY EVELYN HOFER





Founded in 1666 under Louis XIV, the Academy of France in Rome is the oldest and most important institution of its kind in Italy. After having occupied several sites, it was established in 1803 under Napoleon in the marvelous setting that is still its headquarters and contributes so much to its renown: the Villa Medici. Depicted or described by so many great artists and writers, it is at present the object of a systematic study entrusted to a group of specialists, which has resulted in some fascinating discoveries. To the art lover privileged to live in it for several years while undertaking the responsibilities of its direction, nothing is more agreeable than to show its beauties on the spot to visitors, but nothing is more difficult than to evoke these same beauties in a few lines for far-away readers. Evelyn Hofer's excellent photographs, taken with great care for House & Garden, are deliberately concentrated on some of the rather discreet aspects of the interior to the exclusion of the highly decorated apartments, but they reveal even better the charm and the purity of its ambience.

The Villa Medici forms with its annexes and protected gardens an exceptional historic ensemble inseparable from its site. It rises in fact on the Pincian Hill, a favorite promenade from which one discovers the best views of Rome and which in ancient times was called the hill of gardens. The most famous gardens then were those of Lucullus, who brought back from his Asian campaigns a feeling for luxury and refinement. His villa had its back to the hill right in the space between the Villa Medici and the neighboring convent of Trinità dei Monti. Recent excavations, which should be continued, have uncovered vestiges of it and clarified its layout.

After a long period of abandon linked to the decline of Rome the hill of gardens came to life again at the end of the fifteenth century with the installation of monasteries for the religious orders and rustic houses or *casinos* for dignitaries of the Church. It is from one of them, the casino Crescenzi with its tower, that the Villa Medici was developed in two successive stages by two powerful ecclesiastical builders, whose private apartments were ornamented with frescoes bearing their arms. In 1564 Cardinal Giovanni Ricci, to whom we also owe the Sacchetti palace on the Via Giulia, undertook the necessary construction—living quarters, gardens, the bringing-in of water—directed by the architects Nanni de Baccio Bigio and his son Annibale Lippi. In 1576 Cardinal Ferdinando de Medici, councillor of popes, Third Grand Duke of Tuscany on the death of his older brother Francesco, acquired the Ricci domaine, and with the taste for splendor characteristic of his family decided instantly on the enlargements and embellishments necessary to him. He brought his compatriot, the Florentine architect Bartolomeo Ammannati, who created the entry portals; transformed brilliantly the former rectilinear loggia into an arcaded one; moved the *piano nobile* up; built, on the south for symmetry, the second belvedere tower; added, on the garden side, a wing at right angles as protection from the wind. This latter became the gallery for the antiquities passionately collected by Ferdinando. Sculptures also garnished the garden loggias and every available niche, and a striking series of bas-reliefs from sarcophagi, altars, and important monuments was embedded in the interior façade among the masks, the garlands, and the Medician emblems. This complex

Preceding pages: The Villa Medici at sunset: magic harmony of golden stone and the purity of the Roman sky. The lateral wing, formerly the gallery of antiquities, is today the library. Between the towers and the splendid void of the loggia, the façade offers a historied display of statues, bas-reliefs, friezes, garlands, masks, and emblems. The obelisk fountain on the esplanade is the symbol of the elements and the axial pivot of the gardens. *Left: Nude in Profile,* 88 by 79 inches, was painted by Balthus at the Villa Medici 1973–1977.



An angle of the grand salon with its subtle harmonies between the walls and the floor tiles. Two eighteenth-century Italian armchairs in wood painted gray-green and picked out in rose: their original colors. *Overleaf left:* Passage between the salon and the library in the director's apartment. A handsome seventeenth-century Florentine desk in waxed wood, and eighteenth-century Genoese painted yellow chairs with their original brown leather upholstery. *Overleaf right:* False window in the two-story grand salon in the central part of the building. Its door opens onto the garden loggia, and its balcony overlooks Rome.











décor with all its symbolism has remained sealed in the stones of the walls, but the other original and movable sculptures, partly replaced by casts, were sent to Florence at the end of the eighteenth century.

With its severe palace façade overhanging Rome, its airy orchestration above the gardens, its silhouette inscribed in the panorama of the hills, the Villa Medici is a major example of the Italian villas of humanist conception devoted to entertainment, to aesthetic enjoyment, to meditation. Itself a vast *cabinet d'amateur,* it also had its *studiolo,* its chapel, its library, its secret enclosures, its pavilions to dream in, where today are scattered the ateliers of the fellows, winners of the Grand Prix de Rome. The garden with its two paths of approach invites the kind of contemplative promenade inspired by a place of pilgrimage, with pauses to look carefully at the various loggias, two of which were painted by Velázquez in views of Rome now in the Prado. Velázquez is one among the illustrious guests—popes, sovereigns, princes and dignitaries, scholars and poets, artists and musicians—who haunt these grounds overflowing with history and legend. The fountain esplanade in front of the central loggia's superb thrust both defines and joins together the two parts of the garden. The garden on the terrace is the *Bosco,* wild and sacred, planted in holm-oaks, acanthus, and laurels with their Vergilian intimations; it leads to a mysterious little house that exactly surmounts, it seems, the little Roman temple that crowned the villa of *(Text continued on page 166)*

Left: The Turkish Room, 71 by 52½ inches, 1955–1956, is owned by the Musee National d'Art Moderne, Paris. *Above:* The Turkish room that is the setting for the Balthus painting is at the top of the north tower. Its exotic decoration was created by the painter Horace Vernet, director of the Villa Medici from 1829 to 1834, just at the beginning of the fashion for Orientalism of which he was one of the most celebrated representatives.



In the director's apartment. *Above:* In the salon-library the mirror, mantel, and banquettes are in the Italian eighteenth-century style; the velour armchairs are by Henri Samuel. *Opposite:* Salon's furniture of varied provenance is brought into harmony by the subtle balance of the colors. Sardinian folk-craft rugs are based on ancient designs. Balthus painted the coffee table's top, and one of Giacometti's last busts is on the green and gold console. *Below:* Dining-room doors are painted in *faux marbre;* eighteenth-century chairs from Lucca in polychrome with floral decorations.







Among the famous antique sculptures collected with passion by Ferdinando de Medici was the Hellenistic group called the Niobides the originals of which are in the Uffizi Museum in Florence. It has been reconstituted with copies and placed not in the perspective of an allée but under the great trees in one of the garden rectangles. Water flows and murmurs under the rocks and the carpet of ivy. *Overleaf left:* The eighteenth-century painted-wood Italian armoire in the director's dining room was acquired in Palestrina. *Overleaf right:* In the interior of the loggia under the terrace of the Bosco are a herm and a copy of the lion sculpted for Ferdinando de Medici by Flaminio Vacca after a classical lion. The originals are in Florence.









LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT

A collector embraces the sensuous forms of forties and fifties furniture

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY BOWLES



On a balcony overlooking the living room of Barbara Jakobson's New York house, two Italian designs epitomize their period: a 1950 vinyl-upholstered armchair by Carlo Mollino and a 1958 painted-glass table signed Peretti. The hand-carved glass bowl by Hans Model is c. 1955; the unsigned American ceramic vase is roughly contemporary. Flowers throughout arranged by Mark Isaacson of Fifty-50.





Left: Barbara Jakobson in a portrait by Horst; she is wearing a black-and-white printed Greek cotton strapless dress designed by Christian Dior in 1952. *This page:* Set against Charles Eames's red aniline-dyed molded plywood screen of 1946 (also seen behind Mrs. Jakobson at left), a 1946 table by Isamu Noguchi holds a still life composed of a British ceramic vase by Poole Pottery, c. 1957; a glass bowl by Arte Nuova of Milan, 1958; and an American glass serving dish holding stuffed olives (that quintessentially fifties food) by Blenko, c. 1955.

Absence not long enough to root out quite all love/Increases love at second sight." Those words of the seventeenth-century English playwright Richard May seem particularly apt to describe one New York collector's new enthusiasm for the furniture and decorative objects of her years as a young wife setting up house: the early fifties. There is, of course, a common tendency for us to reject the interests of our early adulthood as our tastes expand and change. Later, it is not unusual for us to regard those youthful infatuations with the same fond nostalgia we have for our first love affair; but it is something else to find new meaning in them all over again.

Yet that is precisely what Barbara Jakobson has done. Mrs. Jakobson is an omnipresence in the New York art world and could be variously introduced as a trustee of The Museum of Modern Art, a board member of the Architectural League in New York, an exhibition curator (of the 1980 *Houses for Sale* show at the Leo Castelli Gallery in New York and its 1983 exhibition *Follies: Architecture for the Late Twentieth Century Landscape*), or an author (under the pseudonym of B.J. Archer, of catalogues for the Castelli shows and *Anderson and Archer's SoHo: The Essential Guide to Art and Life in Lower Manhattan*). Yet she prefers to call herself "an observer of the culture," and that provides the key to explaining her reawakened appreciation of a period of design that is now emerging from two decades of critical neglect and public scorn.

As Barbara Jakobson tells it, "I've



The two-story living room is anchored by an Axminster carpet designed by Edward McKnight Kauffer, 1929–30. The extravagantly shaped sofa was designed by Vladimir Kagan in 1955 for a house by Walter Gropius. Within its voluptuous curve is Isamu Noguchi's 1946 coffee table for Herman Miller. To the right is a 1947 Jens Risom table for Knoll, with a ceramic lamp by Design Technics, c. 1948. In the right foreground is a 1947 molded plywood chair by Jean Prouvé. On the wall at right is Frank Stella's *Felsztyn III*, 1971; on the wall at left, Brice Marden's pale green *First Bond Street Painting*, 1970, and Ad Reinhardt's black 1955 *Triptych*.





Above: Kenny Scharf's 1983 painting *Architongueture* provides a playful analogue to the biomorphic forms throughout the house. The molded plywood chairs below it are Charles Eames's 1946 classics for Herman Miller. *Opposite:* Barbara Jakobson's 1953 engagement portrait by Hal Phyfe is illuminated by a plaster lamp by Alberto and Diego Giacometti. The 1945 Italian glass vase and the ashtray are both by Ercole Barovier. Next to them is a Bambara ceremonial headdress. The sculptural fragments at left are all by Robert Graham. The chair is one of a set by Carlo Mollino made in 1950 as a wedding present for Lisa Ponti, daughter of architect Gio Ponti.



never considered myself a collector on a grand scale. I'm not one who constantly lusted after objects and had to keep fueling the collecting passion. Yet the acquisition of things seems to have come upon me almost as a necessity at various points along the way, and so, out of impulse, I slowly, very slowly, assembled the things that I have. Rather than creating a collection, I put together a series of temptations."

The temptations to which she wisely surrendered include a small but well-chosen selection of modern paintings ranging from works by such long-established figures as Ad Reinhardt, Jasper Johns, and Frank Stella to such masters-of-the-moment as Julian Schnabel and David Salle to such young upstarts as Kenny Scharf. Most were bought well before those artists became famous, an indication of Mrs. Jakobson's canny eye for spotting trends on the horizon of art. But she is quick to add, "I'm delighted, of course, that the painters whom I felt were so wonderful early on have come to extraordinary acceptance in the institutions of high art, but I've never bought something because I've thought about its future validation in the marketplace."

In fact, as she explains, her new interest in forties and fifties furniture was stimulated primarily by recent painting, much of which has been influenced to a notable degree by the aesthetics of the fifties. "I perceive the world visually and take my clues to the culture from the visual arts, especially painting. By the late seventies I began to notice that several younger painters were *(Text continued on page 167)*



Above the fireplace in the balcony room is Robert Mapplethorpe's 1982 portrait of Barbara Jakobson. Reflected in its bottom strip of mirror is a detail of Julian Schnabel's 1980 mixed-media work *What to Do with a Corner in Madrid (Part II).* To the left of the fireplace are *The Einstein Chair,* a 1977 brass wire sculpture by Robert Wilson, and a detail of David Salle's *The Hardness of Style,* 1981. To the right of the fireplace are two small but superb early encaustics by Jasper Johns: *Colored Alphabet,* 1959 (above), and *Target,* 1956 (below). The uppermost painting above the bookshelves at the right was painted by the Belgian Constructivist artist Josef Peeters in 1922.





LIGHT IN THE VIEUX CARRÉ

Decorator Michael Myers brings a refreshing point of view to a restored New Orleans house



BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES

New Orleanians all know the Lalaurie House, a refined, luxurious, and unusually large French Empire mansion. Even tourists on a two-hour run through the French Quarter are taken to the building and told a lurid history that often distracts them from the beauty of the architecture. The present owner himself was once such a tourist.

The most famous, and infamous, inhabitant in the past was Mme. Lalaurie, born Delphine McCarty, daughter of a rich and titled Scot who owned land in Santo Domingo. Delphine lived and entertained regally in the circa-1825 mansion for two years, until she and her husband fled on an April night in 1834. Mme. Lalaurie, whose previous husband was a friend of the pirate Jean Lafitte, turned out to be a female Simon Legree who chained, tortured, and starved her slaves.

This horror was revealed when the abused cook set fire to the kitchen. Neighbors rushed in to help fight the flames and discovered and rescued seven chained victims. Said a local newspaper at the time, "The sight was so horrible that we could scarce look upon it." The next day an angry mob surrounded the house and the couple fled in a carriage that charged the crowd and made its escape. Mme. Lalaurie died in Paris many years later. An English traveler's American journal, published four years after the Lalauries' departure from New Orleans, described their house, "its ruined state . . . its gaping windows and empty walls."

City records show that a new owner remodeled extensively in 1841, when the third floor was added and the elaborate plasterwork embellishments were installed. Samuel Wilson Jr., New Orleans architect and historian who advised the present owner in the early stages of restoration, believes that Mme. Lalaurie's house was probably a red-brick Federal structure and that the Empire features date from 1841.

The house served as Union headquarters during the Civil War occupation, later as a gambling house, and then as a gathering place for derelicts and counterfeiters, who fostered the building's reputation as a haunted house so that they could remain there without being disturbed.

After the Vieux Carré's slum years early in this century, the Quarter began the climb to its present status as a choice neighborhood, rich in old-world charm. The Lalaurie house had to wait until the early seventies for its renascence. A physician from Arkansas bought it and returned it to its early splendor and its original purpose as a single-family residence.

As a hospital intern, he had fallen in love with New Orleans, and he returned there as soon as the Navy and other duties allowed. The city's colorful history fascinated him, and so did its continuing vitality: commercial, social, musical, culinary, architectural. "I wanted to settle in New Orleans and felt it was pointless to live there in anything but an old house."

Already living in the Vieux Carré in 1969, the physician bought the Lalaurie house, which then consisted of fifteen apartments in the main building and former slave quarters in back. He spared no effort in returning the house to its original state, working with Koch and Wilson, a New Orleans architectural firm that specializes in historic restoration. Fortunately, much of the ornamental plasterwork remained, and gaps were filled by making molds of original details. All the mantelpieces were still in the house. Michael Myers, the interior designer, is still involved in filling out the French antique furnishings. His complex goals were to honor the architecture of the old mansion yet create a comfortable home for a collector of contemporary works of art.

Like any good New Orleans house,

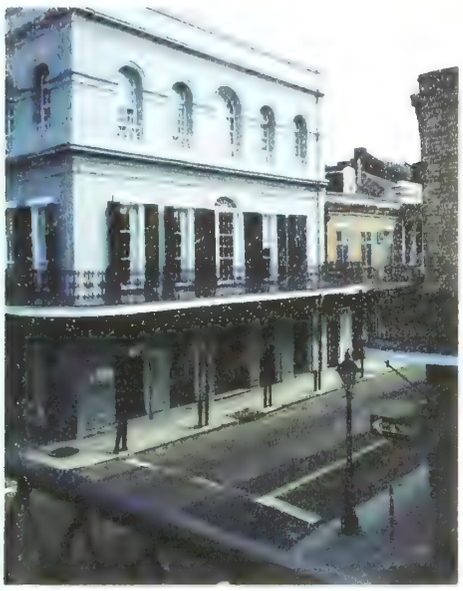
Preceding pages, left: The center hall from the front drawing room. Bronze head, *Galina,* by British sculptor Gerald Laing; Robert Grody painting, *Forest Fire with Grays, Beiges, and Oranges.* Persian kilims are antiques. *Preceding pages, right:* The hall seen from the dining room, originally a music room. Plasterwork installed in 1841 depicted the purposes of the rooms, hence this plinth adorned with a lyre. Architectural historians have recently found the French pattern book on which these door reliefs are based. *Right:* The hall seen from the stair. Alex Katz sculpture, *Anne,* is lifesize, painted back and front on thin steel.





Cooling air moves freely through the house and so does the eye: from this rear drawing room can be seen the adjoining front drawing room, the center hall, and the dining room across the way. Twin Empire chandeliers of bronze doré and crystal light the drawing rooms, which share a pale-putty wall color. Antique dhurries in both rooms from Patterson, Flynn & Martin. Louis XVI painted fauteuils are signed Henri Jacob 1779. Custom-made table in Parsons style by Karl Springer is an exotic wood inlaid with ivory.





this one makes the best of a hot and humid climate and was planned to exploit any breeze in the neighborhood. Michael Myers had the climate in mind when he chose cool leather for seating and flat weaves for the rugs. He used soft, earthy paint colors not only to set off the white details and the works of art but also to bring a quiet tranquility. The colors reflect a conscious decision not to attempt an exact restoration, for analysis had exposed an original trim finish of polychrome and gilt with walls of Empire greens and reds—not the proper background for this client and his art collection.

What the conscientious team of professionals has achieved is a respectful and affectionate compromise between history and life today. The owner thinks that this house may be passing through the best years it has yet seen. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

Right: Insulated balloon shades of Scalamandré silk protect west windows in the front drawing room. Regency book cabinet is black lacquer and brass; Louis XVI guéridon is marble and bronze doré. P.E. Guerin coffee table has Robsjohn-Gibbings legs. Sofa is done all in velvet—tan cotton and linen from Clarence House; checked silk from Brunschwig & Fils. *Above:* The revitalized Lalaurie house: restuccoed and painted, its gallery floor replaced, its lacy ironwork mended.





The dining room is the place of greatest splendor, embellished with a frieze that represents the angels of a heavenly choir and signals the room's original purpose as a music room. The grandest chandelier, another Empire example, hangs here. Standing on an antique Mahal rug, a Regency mahogany three-pedestal table, surrounded by Louis XVI chairs. Striped curtain fabric, inspiration for wall color, from Scalamandré.



NEIL SELKIRK

PERSONAL PATTERNS

Pioneers in the revival of ornament and decoration, architects Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown have made their own home into a living laboratory of design

BY MARTIN FILLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES

Above: Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown in their Philadelphia office. *Opposite:* In the living room of their home, a polychromed table made for the Traymore Hotel in Atlantic City, c. 1915, holds a characteristically Venturian array of objects (from left): a glazed earthenware bowl by George Timock, 1974–76; an eighteenth-century French-style marble and ormolu urn; and a museum reproduction of a head by Elie Nadelman.



Throughout the house is evidence of Venturi and Scott Brown's greatest talent: unexpected juxtaposition of familiar elements to make us look at them afresh

There are two American architects today under the age of sixty who are already assured of a permanent place in the cultural history of our times: Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown. It is now twenty years since they broke onto the American architectural scene with a series of startling designs and a body of provocative writings that have profoundly influenced not only the look of contemporary architecture, but also the very way we see it. The dramatic changes in architectural thinking that have occurred since 1960—now becoming apparent to the public at large with such new structures as Michael Graves's Portland Building in Oregon and Philip Johnson and John Burgee's AT&T Building in New York—can be traced directly to the new attitudes fostered by Venturi and Scott Brown.

Their radically new approach to the built environment was expressed most eloquently in Venturi's landmark 1966 book, *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture,* widely acknowledged as one of the two most influential architectural texts of this century (along with Le Corbusier's revolutionary *Vers une architecture* of 1923). In its first chapter, "Nonstraightforward Architecture: A Gentle Manifesto," Venturi sets forth his articles of design faith in strong, almost Whitmanesque cadences: *"I like elements which are hybrid rather than 'pure,' compromising rather than 'clean,' distorted rather than 'straightforward,' ambiguous rather than 'articulated,' perverse as well as impersonal, boring as well as 'interesting,' conventional rather than 'designed,' accommodating rather than excluding, redundant rather than simple, vestigial as well as innovating, inconsistent and equivocal rather than direct and clear. I am for messy vitality over obvious unity. I include the* non sequitur *and proclaim the duality."*

Those were fighting words to the architectural establishment, but they were truly prophetic, sounding the death knell for the bland Corporate Modernism that had become our national architectural style in the years since World War II. In its place, the small Philadelphia firm of Venturi and Rauch (now Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown) offered some unexpected alternatives: public buildings that drew inspiration not only from great architecture of the past, but also from commercial roadside architecture; houses with pitched roofs, discrete rooms, and clearly defined doorways, in contrast to the flat-roofed, open-plan, glass-walled houses typical of the fifties; walls of patterned brick, tile, or paint, rather than the blank surfaces of the late International Style; designs that were (in Venturi's own terms) "ugly" and "ordinary," in defiant contrast to mainstream modern buildings that embodied a moribund ideal of beauty and an exaggerated sense of the extraordinary.

Needless to say, those ideas did not win instant acceptance. But although they were denounced for years as cynics, jokesters, and purveyors of camp, Venturi, Scott Brown, and their associates have weathered the critical storms (and the resultant drought of commissions). The passage of time and the completion of a number of notable works have confirmed their preeminent stature among the leading high-art architects at work today. Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown now enjoy a unique position in their medium: they are the Old Masters of the permanent avant-garde, a role equivalent to that of Jasper Johns in painting.

Venturi and Scott Brown, who were married in 1967, are even more noteworthy among their peers for their deep interest in furniture and interior design. One of the most pronounced characteristics of postwar Modernism was its apathetic approach to interiors. Architects concentrated on the exteriors of buildings, but often considered interior design beneath them, leaving it to be dealt with by non-architect specialists. Architecture schools largely ignored the subject, deepening the rift that would have been unthinkable to earlier architects such as Frank Lloyd Wright and Charles Rennie Mackintosh, who believed that the design of a building, inside and out, is an indivisible unity. So believe Venturi and Scott Brown, and they were among the first of their generation to seriously reconsider the traditions of pre-modern decorating. Their own home in a suburb of Philadelphia shows how successfully they have given that older vision new life. The rooms in which they live are nothing less than the synthesis of all they have set out to do in their art: to stimulate, enrich, surprise, instruct, and delight.

For the first few years after their marriage, the Venturis lived in a most un-Venturian setting: I.M. Pei's Society Hill Towers, the resolutely modern concrete-and-glass monoliths that rise high above the Philadelphia historic district's red-brick Colonial town houses. Surprisingly, they did not find the experience at all unpleasant. "We had an austere, modern, concrete setting, and we played dark wood against it—Colonial, Chippendale, Queen Anne, even Victorian things," explains Denise Scott Brown. "And then against that we put very stark Pop Art posters. We had also inherited a Persian rug, but that was about all. It was probably too simple a vocabulary for us, and we were ready to be enticed into doing something different."

The imperative to do so came about as a result of two unrelated events: the birth of the Venturis' son, Jimmie, in 1971, and the couple's *(Text continued page 159)*

The Venturi-Scott Brown house abounds with subtle and illuminating visual connections. The precise placement of an eighteenth-century English side chair against a dark oak doorframe in the library emphasizes the unusual disk motif of its back splat, which relates both to the Benday-dot pattern of Roy Lichtenstein's 1964 lithograph *Crak!* and to the checked segment of wall stenciling framed by the back of the chair.


CRAK
NOW, MES PETITS... POUR LA FRANCE!



This page: The library of the Venturis' house has as its focus a spectacular Art Nouveau *repoussé* copper chimney piece. *Opposite:* The house, built in 1910 to the designs of architect Milton B. Medary, is an amalgam of German *Jugendstil* and English Arts and Crafts influences.




Algiers
HOTEL



The risky game of mixing many styles and piling pattern on top of pattern is carried off with the consummate assurance of the true artist

The living room of the Venturis' house is a rich compendium of their broadly ranging enthusiasms. The walls and chimney piece are stenciled with a pastel floral motif that provides a surprisingly receptive background for such a diverse collection. The sofa and lavender velvet club chair are from the Traymore Hotel; the orange plastic stacking chair was designed by Joe Colombo in 1967; the orange armchair is a reproduction of a 1911 Josef Hoffmann design. The right corner is dominated by an exuberant French Art Nouveau marquetry cabinet by Louis Bruhot of Nancy, 1902. Next to it is a floor lamp by Louis C. Tiffany. In the right foreground, a wreath-bearing Wiener Keramik cherub representing winter (one of a set of the four seasons), made by the Vienna Secession ceramicist Michael Polowny in 1908. Visible on the dining-room wall through the door at left is Andy Warhol's 1964 lithograph *Liz*.

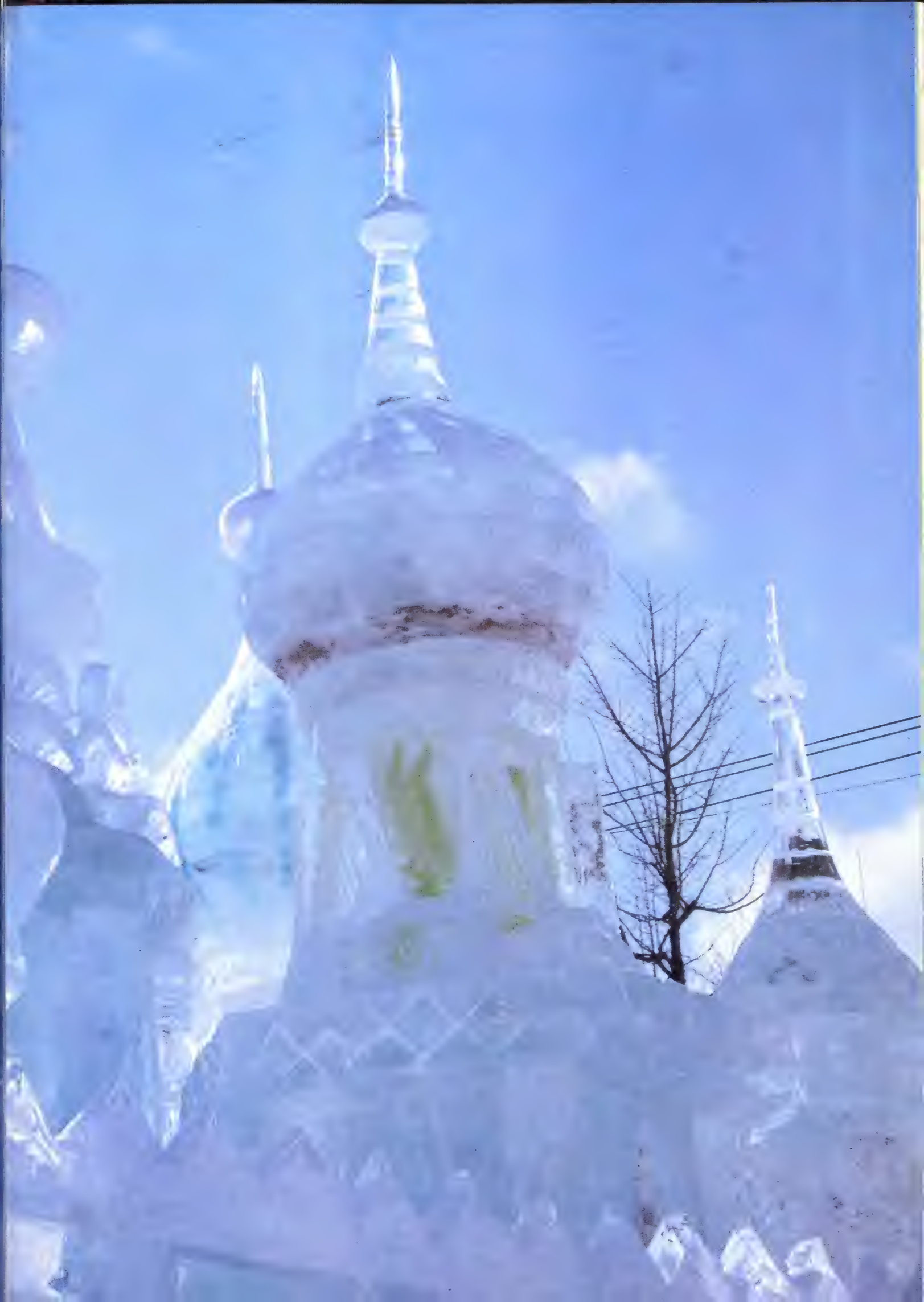

TOSCANINI · LOOS · VANBRUGH



Opposite: The dining room is encircled by a frieze with the names of the Venturis' culture heroes; beneath it are prints on the alphabet by William Nicholson. The oak dining table is set with dime-store china and glassware; chairs are from the Traymore Hotel. *This page:* On the terrace, a cherub by sculptor Tex Schiwetz blows a silent fanfare.

Gone with the Thaw







Preceding pages: Moscow's Vasily Blazhenny Cathedral built by the Japanese Cooks' Association in Sapporo in 1978 as part of the Sapporo Snow Festival, started in 1950. *Above:* Architect A.C. Hutchison designed the 1884 Montreal ice palace. *Right:* 1887 Gothic structure in St. Paul, built by architect C.E. Joy for $7,500; its highest turret was 140 feet high. Here it is illuminated by two hundred large electric bulbs.

First built in Russia in the eighteenth century, these transparent feats of engineering, designed by architects and carved from ice, reached the height of splendor over a hundred years later at winter carnivals in Canada and America. A niece of Peter the Great, the sadistic Empress Anna, had the first documented one built: an ice villa on the banks of the Neva for the wedding night of an out-of-favor prince. Next came the fortresses of the 1880s and the Art Deco palaces of the 1930s—some of which were the size of a football field with towers fourteen stories high; constructed in Montreal, Ottawa, Québec, St. Paul, Minnesota, and Leadville, Colorado, they were often the setting for a mock battle, "the storming of the ice palace," which ended with a dramatic firework display. At night they were lit from within and their glow could be seen for miles. The tradition, which has continued in Sapporo and Québec, is explored in a new book, Ice Palaces, *by Fred Anderes and Ann Agranoff from Abbeville Press.*





Architect Peter Gluck adds to a classic house by Mies van der Rohe

A MASTERFUL MEETING

BY MICHAEL SORKIN PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES



Ludwig Mies van der Rohe designed a small house in 1955 for a site on a Connecticut river, one of only three built by the architect in the United States. His client was the brother of a Chicago developer who had commissioned Mies's great apartment project on Lake Shore Drive. Family ties did not end here. The little house incorporated into its façades the same pattern of mullion and glass used in the Chicago apartments—suburbanized with a coat of white paint—and even used surplus materials from the Chicago job site.

This borrowing was no simple economy. Rather, it was expressive of a central preoccupation. Mies, the great apostle of "less is more," was a Classicist, a believer in universal values, and his was a search not for variety but for perfection. The Connecticut house not only resembled the Lake Shore apartments, it was a virtual twin to a 1951 row-house design meant as a prototype for urban mass housing (a vision, it seems, that fired the enthusiasm only of the rich). But even beyond such similarities as these, it is the hallmark of the Miesian system that every work accomplished according to its rules is a little *summa,* making conspicuous in all its parts the tenets underlying its construction. In the Connecticut house, the simple plan, with its unimpeded flow of space, the reliance on a gridded geometry, the frank, unadorned use of materials, the penchant for glass and steel, are not just immediate particulars but emblems of a life's work.

Not long ago, the property changed hands, and New York architect Peter Gluck was hired to add guest quarters, entertainment space, and a pool to the compact original, which together would considerably exceed the size of the existing house. Gluck's was a double challenge. First, he faced the preservationist imperatives of dealing with an impeccable given. And second, he was to be designing a response to a specific architectural ethic now widely seen as barren of domestic charm. Fortuitously, this latter difficulty pretty much solved itself. The new owner was looking less for a comfy primary domicile than for a place to entertain, not for domestic privacies but for poolside party pavilions that would take full advantage of a lovely wooded site. It was a set of requirements that virtually invited glass houses, and Gluck—responding to the scale and spirit of the original—provided two.

Dealing with the first problem was considerably trickier. To simultaneously respect a seminal idiom and satisfy his own designer-hubris, Gluck had to avoid apishness and self-obliteration. His solution proved to be a piece of design that is clearly in the manner of Mies; but it incorporates gestures and elements that are both deferential and fresh.

Gluck's additions begin with the idea of celebrating the quintessential components of Miesness. The transcendent icon of the master's rationality is the grid, and undergirding the plan of the new construction is a classic tartan pattern. This serves both as an organizing principle for the disposition of spaces and as an expressive motif. The grid appears in the pattern of the stone paving that knits the new pool and structures together and in a long sculpted steel screen that more literally links Gluck's two pavilions. Most important, Gluck uses the grid as Mies did, to generate form and spirit. One reads in the project's cruciform columns the very idea of intersection. In the rectilinear quality that suffuses the work is an almost religious striving for a legible perfection. Mies's mighty aphorism, "God is in the details," means exactly this: heavenly order is revealed in the smallest elements, in the ability of the system to find consistent and logical expression down to the tiniest bit.

In building the addition, Gluck was himself caught up in the search, becoming a dedicated—if temporary—apostle of the Miesian aesthetic. As he recounts it, he found himself trying to "out-Mies Mies," and as a result, the project grew to be a greater and greater technical challenge, a quest for a scrupulousness of construction that would match the precision of the idea behind it. This called for enormous sophistication in the craft of building, and Gluck finally chose to take on the role of contractor himself, riding attentive herd on a building process that stretched over a period of two years.

Perhaps the most seminal work in the Miesian canon is the celebrated Barcelona Pavilion of 1929. Almost more than any other modern building, this was an act of pure composition, architecture as sculpture. It set a demanding standard against which Mies's subsequent work had to be judged. If Mies's architecture is generally associated with the "form follows function" dictum, this was a building that was essentially functionless, a building "about" such ineffables as clarity, order, the sensuality of materials, and the flow of space, concerns that remained the architect's highest preoccupations, whatever the mundane function to be accommodated.

But the Barcelona Pavilion also crystallized a type. To

GRID LOCK

Preceding pages: The meeting of architecture by Mies, at right, and Gluck, at left, on a Connecticut river site. *Opposite:* A scrupulously detailed corner of the entertainment pavilion. Within, a cruciform steel column emerges from the intersection of grid lines. Raised floor and dropped ceiling define a sense of enclosure.



CARTESIAN COORDINATES

A corner of one of the pavilions shows ranks of tracks for the sliding glass panels that permit virtually the entire structure to be opened to the outdoors. Seemingly, even shadows must conform to the right-angle perfection of the Miesian idiom.





THE BRIGHT PAVILIONS

Entertainment and guest pavilions are arranged at right angles around a swimming pool. Josef Hoffmann chairs from Galerie Metropol surround a table designed by Peter Gluck. The small sculpture is by Max Ernst, from Suellen Haber Gallery.





SPATIAL DELIVERY

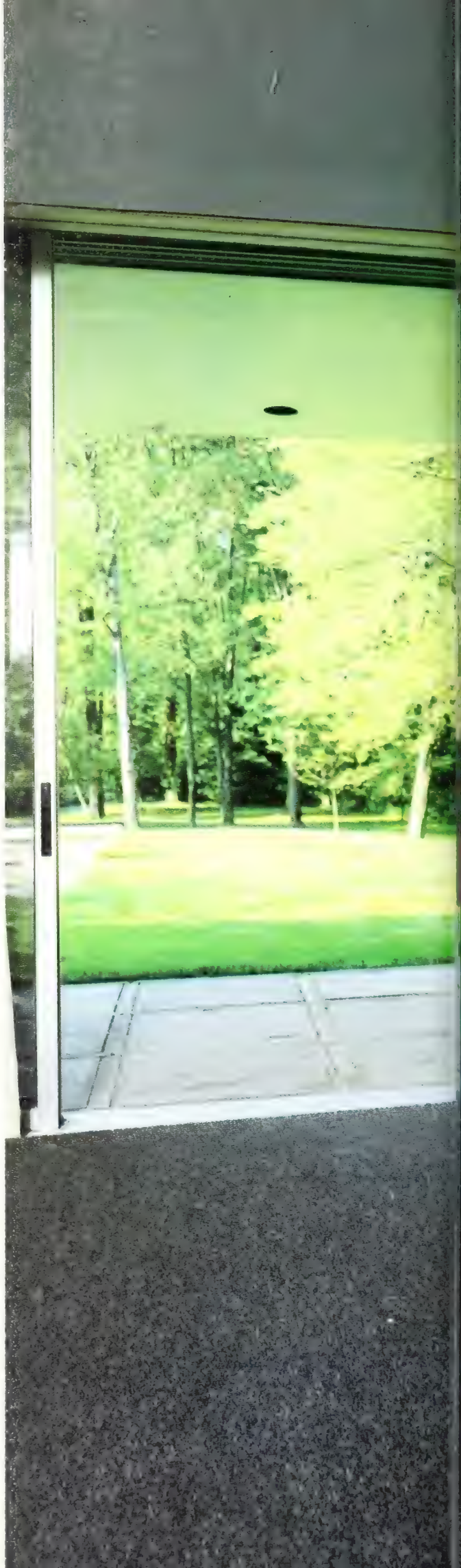
Linking the two pavilions is a steel screen wall that reflects the dimensions of the planning grid, here visible in the pattern of the stone pavers. Walls of glass create reflection, dematerializing the building's edge.

the last, Mies was preoccupied with "pavilions," with a sort of secular analogue to the classical Greek temple. Both of these types take as their "problem" the enclosure of a simple space with measured means, striving for a universality of expression in the quest for absolute proportion. In his own Connecticut pavilions, Gluck has used Barcelona as a major source but has tempered his borrowings with references to subsequent work. The structure housing sauna, bathing facilities, and guest bedrooms explicitly alludes to the Barcelona plan, a relationship continued in the placement of the swimming pool, reminiscent of Mies's reflecting pool at Barcelona.

The Spanish project is also evoked in the way the newer structures exploit the play of planes of materials of varying densities: tile, wood, glass, steel. Their perimeter is composed of sliding panels of glass and screen mesh. As one panel is slid behind another, the buildings can be opened to the outdoors, erasing the barrier between inside and out and abetting the flow of space that is a hallmark of Miesian modernism. As they stack up, though, the panels themselves are transformed, their density and reflectivity subtly altered. With a screen behind them, moiré patterns are created and the layers of glass begin to look almost like polished stone.

This system of panels—even though constructed of modern materials in the service of a rigorously Modernist image—is reminiscent of the movable walls in traditional Japanese architecture. This is not coincidental. In much of his work, Peter Gluck has drawn on Japanese sources, and the Connecticut additions are no exception. Indeed, Gluck sees Miesian and Japanese systems as linked at the source, kin through a common focus on the Classicizing refinement of post-and-beam construction—and, one might add, through a shared concern with the materiality of space and with the idea of impermanence and flux. Finally, the two ways of building find equal fascination in temples and pavilions: Gluck's works would serve happily as teahouses.

Peter Gluck's Orientalization of Mies proceeds in several ways. First come those panels and their powers of modulation over light and enclosed space. Second, the architect has dropped ceilings and raised floors within the pavilions by several inches. This step up and floating plane above are classic *(Text continued on page 165)*



ARCADIAN CORNER

A Josef Hoffmann desk from Galerie Metropol looks out on a verdant landscape framed by a deep roof overhang. The single column signals the building edge and further frames the view, pulling the verticality of the trees into the larger composition.







DIPLOMATIC LUXURY

Francis and Mercedes Kellogg at home

BY MARGARET MORSE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

It's a city apartment where the decoration has been carefully cultivated for over a decade, like a garden. Francis L. Kellogg, then Special Assistant to Nixon's Secretaries of State and an ambassador to international organizations, gave to the newly acquired apartment a nucleus of heirloom furnishings and paintings. Mercedes Kellogg, a bride, brought a sure eye for mixing furnishings from several traditions—including the always modern-looking Oriental pieces the Kelloggs would acquire. She assumed the role of decorator; her husband, that of client. Their decorating ideal, says Mrs. Kellogg, was, and is "a warm, cozy room of things you can look at and live with," where "nothing hits you in the eye and you can discover each object for yourself." For them, atmosphere is the stuff and substance of a room: "If you have a room where everything is perfect, something misses the mark."

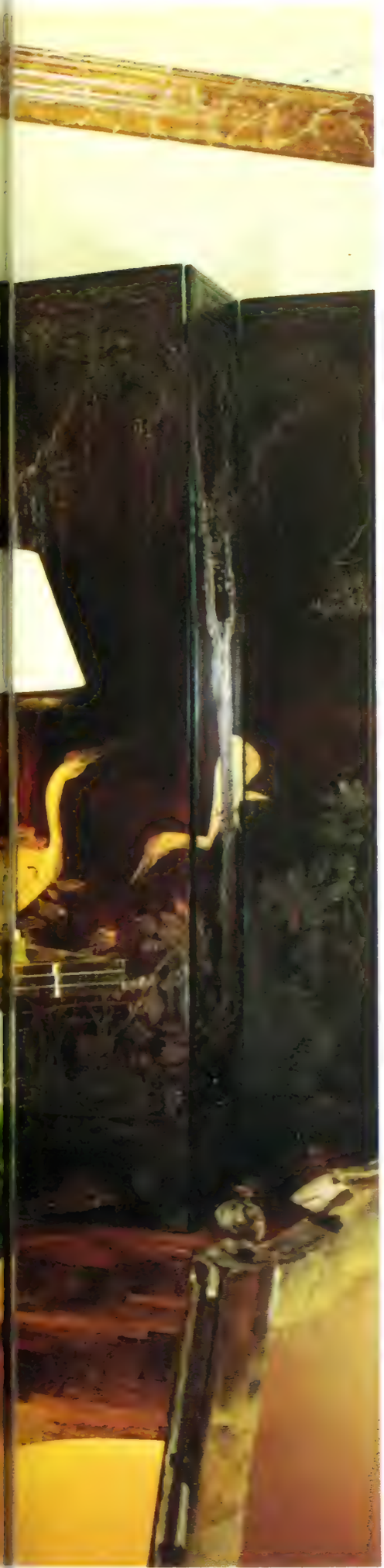
Mercedes Kellogg, fluent in Farsi, French, and English, has created a beautifully balanced setting for their life alone and with friends. Since she likes "guests and their beautiful dresses to provide the color" in a room, she chose to use neutral-toned rugs and fabrics with urbane woven patterns. Drawing-room curtains are of coppery dressmaker silk taffeta. Caught in low tie-backs and allowed to break on the floor, the fringed curtains evince a *fin de siècle* opulence. In the Bourbon epoch, chairs were placed back to the wall, and, for economy's sake, their backs were upholstered in rustic linen check. Mrs. Kellogg puts her French eighteenth-century chairs in the middle of the room to define seating areas—and lets the checkered linen take the same pride of place as the satin on the front.

Entertaining is of capital importance in the Kelloggs' life. If cocktails are served in the library, after-dinner coffee is served in the drawing room—in winter, by a fire of birch logs from the Kelloggs' country retreat, Mill Pond Farm. Sometimes there are musicians playing in the foyer, for listening or dancing. Mrs. Kellogg keeps menus simple: "I think guests are happier if you avoid fancy food and serve the same dishes you eat *à deux*." She orders fragrant speciosum lilies or freesia for the beginning of the week, so that by party time most buds have opened and the arrangements look more relaxed.

Mercedes Kellogg believes that "proper decorating is never finished. The last thing I want to hear is 'you've redecorated.' I try to change things very slowly, so the apartment doesn't lose its atmosphere. I want guests to feel as if they've come from home to home." □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

Above: Mercedes Kellogg, in a Givenchy gown, photographed by Horst. Table holds malachite objects, real and trompe-l'oeil. *Opposite:* A 1906 portrait of Mr. Kellogg's mother, Emily Baker, by fellow artist C.Y. Turner, over a Louis XVI *lit de repos*. Jardinière is Chinese, and the figures are considered Cambodian. At large parties, guests are encouraged to sit on the lacquered Karl Springer table.







Left: The foyer displays a two-part Coromandel *Seven Cranes* screen and a bronze goose, both Chinese. *Faux marbre* moldings and baseboards were Mr. Kellogg's welcome-home surprise for his wife after a trip to Europe. *Above:* Mr. Kellogg's great-grandfather Charles Henry Leonard is the fisherboy by Lake Nyack. The original oil belongs to Mr. Kellogg's sister-in-law in Spain, who had a student at the Prado paint this copy for him. Carved bull is a memento from New Delhi. *Overleaf:* The drawing room exemplifies Mrs. Kellogg's love of Louis XV and XVI furniture. She had existing mirrored niches marbelized to match the fireplace, added pier mirrors to reflect a treasured Beauvais tapestry. Over the mantel is a Frieseke nude.



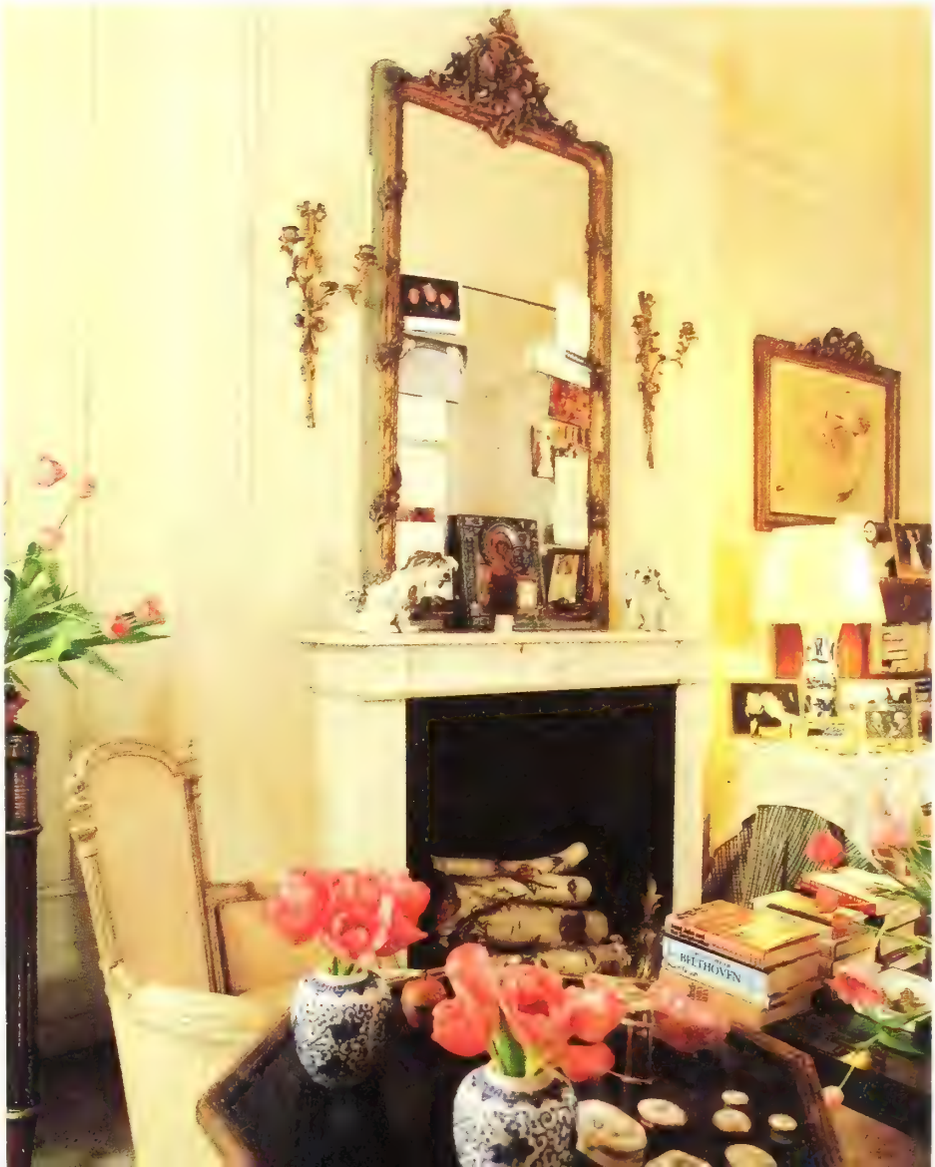






Above: Beauvais tapestry, *The Chinese Astronomers,* is one of a series woven around 1700. Thai figure is a nineteenth-century Deity Calming the Waters. Georgian-style table holds a Louis XVI clock, a pencil sketch of a satyr attributed to Clodion. *Right:* In the dining room, under the gaze of Mr. Kellogg's forebears, dessert is served on favorite Meissen. Also on the table: ancestral American glassware, a French vermeil pot, a tablecover of Perceptive Concepts malachite cotton. Chinese red provides a backdrop on other walls for paintings of game and live fowl, and, lit by palm torchères, of Vesuvius aflame.





Above: In the master bedroom, upholstered Louis XV screen was a Washington, D.C., find. A tablecloth used as a blanket cover and squares Mrs. Kellogg lined in peach and sewed up into pillow-covers are heirlooms. Antique Italian desk with adjustable back holds a cloisonné lamp. *Left:* In the sitting area of the room, upcoming social invitations are tucked in the mirror frame above a Russian icon. Mrs. Kellogg's reading includes biographies, diaries, love letters—"romances that really happened." Meissen dogs resemble the Kelloggs' Shih Tzu. Crayon drawing is by Paul Helleu. Both striped and plaid fabrics by Brunschwig & Fils.





Juan Montoya designs a cool retreat for a couple's city life

MANHATTAN SUMMER HOUSE

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



Preceding pages: Indian rams lead the way into the spacious living area. Sterling silver airplane by Trova is poised for takeoff on an Eileen Gray table. *The Lady* is a bronze sculpture by Botero. *Above:* Korean Koroyo bronze urn, 918 B.C., is on a Montoya-designed travertine marble table. Whalebone sculpture is from Africa. *Opposite:* Edda dance mask with kneeling female, at left, and Yoruba dance headdress are also African. *Rabat,* 1970, by Helen Frankenthaler. Lalique horse on pedestal overlooks the often-used Yamaha piano on South American calfskin rug.

Not everyone who summers in New York City is a tourist. There are natives who remain just because everyone else is away. Such is the case with the owners of this apartment high in the Hotel Parker Meridien. They spend Mondays through Thursdays in New York because "we get in to see and do everything," then have their weekends in the country and winters in Florida.

It was their life in Florida that determined the feel they wanted in the New York apartment—summery, light, open. Designer Juan Montoya approached the seven-thousand-square-foot shell with only two structural requests from the owners—a self-contained guest room and maid's quarters. The three main living areas branch out from the hallway/gallery. These rooms in turn are subdivided not by walls but through the use of practical alternatives. For example, a column that has been rounded and covered with white vinyl and inlaid with brass separates the sitting area from the music area, the latter often used for dancing. A seven-foot-high island in the master bedroom defines the sleeping and sitting areas and houses televisions for both sides of the room.

More than a haven from the streets below, the apartment was also designed as a showcase for the couple's collection of sculpture and contemporary American paintings. A clean white background was created with industrial glass for the walls and terrazzo flooring.

Brass friezes are found throughout the apartment, an accent that changes to chrome in the den. Montoya explains: "The juxtaposition of elements creates a transition of mood." In the case of the den, it's a change from activity to rest—a hard-to-find state in New York City. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

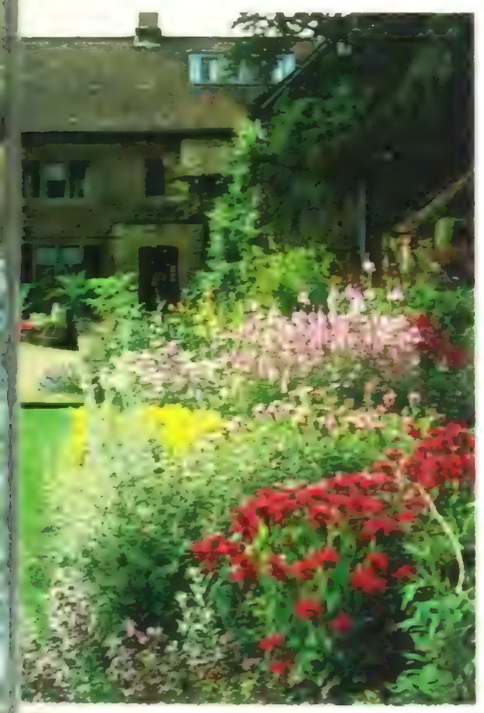




A GARDEN IN SOFT COUNTRY COLORS

Mary Watson's garden at Hermitage, begun almost forty years ago, was inspired by the famous garden at Hidcote but shaped for a special terrain, the rolling green farm country of Warwickshire

BY SUSAN LITTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY HARPUR



Nestled at the foot of an emerald green Warwickshire hill, midway between the village steeple and a sloping pasture dotted with cows, Hermitage is a quintessentially English place: a seventeenth-century house of local honey-colored stone surrounded by a series of gardens with tall trees, sheared hedges, broad grass paths, and a profusion of herbaceous plants.

Like many gardens in England and elsewhere, this one is a variation on the theme of garden rooms that was pioneered so successfully by Major Law-

Opposite: Beyond a bed of lavender tanacetum, snapdragons, and one red poppy is a beech hedge that surrounds the entry court. *Left:* The herbaceous border. *Right:* Fall-blooming cyclamen and crocuses beneath an old walnut tree.









Preceding pages: The water garden is a study in greens and whites, with golden *Hosta Fortunei* 'Albopicta', yellow-flowering *Euphorbia polychroma,* lamium, primula, and the striated leaves of *Iris pallida* skirting a pool around an old willow. Topiary gate leads to the herbaceous border. *Above:* Pinks pattern the rhododendron walk, with ground-hugging heathers, bergenia, azaleas, rhododendrons, a crab apple, and at the top of the path, a Kwanzan cherry. Evergreens and small trees such as *Parrotia persica* are woven into the beds to give structure; a weeping birch marks the entry to an oval garden with a vine-covered summerhouse that Mrs. Watson calls the Temple. The millstone was found at a local sale. *Opposite:* The flowering crab is a tangle of pink blossoms in the spring.

rence Johnston. "We owe it all to Hidcote," Mrs. Mary Watson acknowledges, "with its separate gardens, where you go around a corner and always see something different."

Hermitage had been a "small holding"—a farm where someone lived and kept a few sheep and perhaps a cow; but by 1944, when Mr. and Mrs. Watson arrived, it was a dilapidated, ivy-covered house in the midst of five acres of unkempt fields. They set out to make the house livable, and began to plan a garden that could hold a great deal of variety; for he loved autumn and she loved spring and together they admired a great many different plants. A series of gardens seemed the best solution: but even though the Watsons did model Hermitage on the gardens at Hidcote Manor, theirs is a far less architectural interpretation, tailored to suit the informality of the surrounding countryside and their own particular garden tastes.

Mrs. Watson has always believed that a garden should instill a clear sense of purpose, and here she wanted points to walk to with views and comfortable places to sit. They began by converting part of their field into a lawn that rolled down the hill in gentle contours to a broad herbaceous border at the bottom, just in line with the back door. Gradually nettles and field grasses were cleared and other gardens were added: a white garden at the top of the lawn, a rhododendron walk nearby,



ıd a woodland path in the shelter of a ense barberry hedge that fends off ɔld winds and marauding cattle. A ater garden was shaped around an xisting pond and a gnarled willow ee, with a bog garden close by.

In plan the garden fits its site, but the lanting was designed to stand out om the surrounding landscape. This is farming country," Mrs. Watɔn explains, "and there is an overowering amount of green. For relief, e felt that contrast was important." he contrast is subtle, however, for Irs. Watson believes that brilliant colrs belong in towns. For country plantıg, she uses a soft, restful palette full f bluish-greens, silvers and grays—hich are a challenge to grow in her heavy soil—and pale pastels. "Grays are cooling," she points out, "and golden things give sunshine," which is always welcome in the damp English climate.

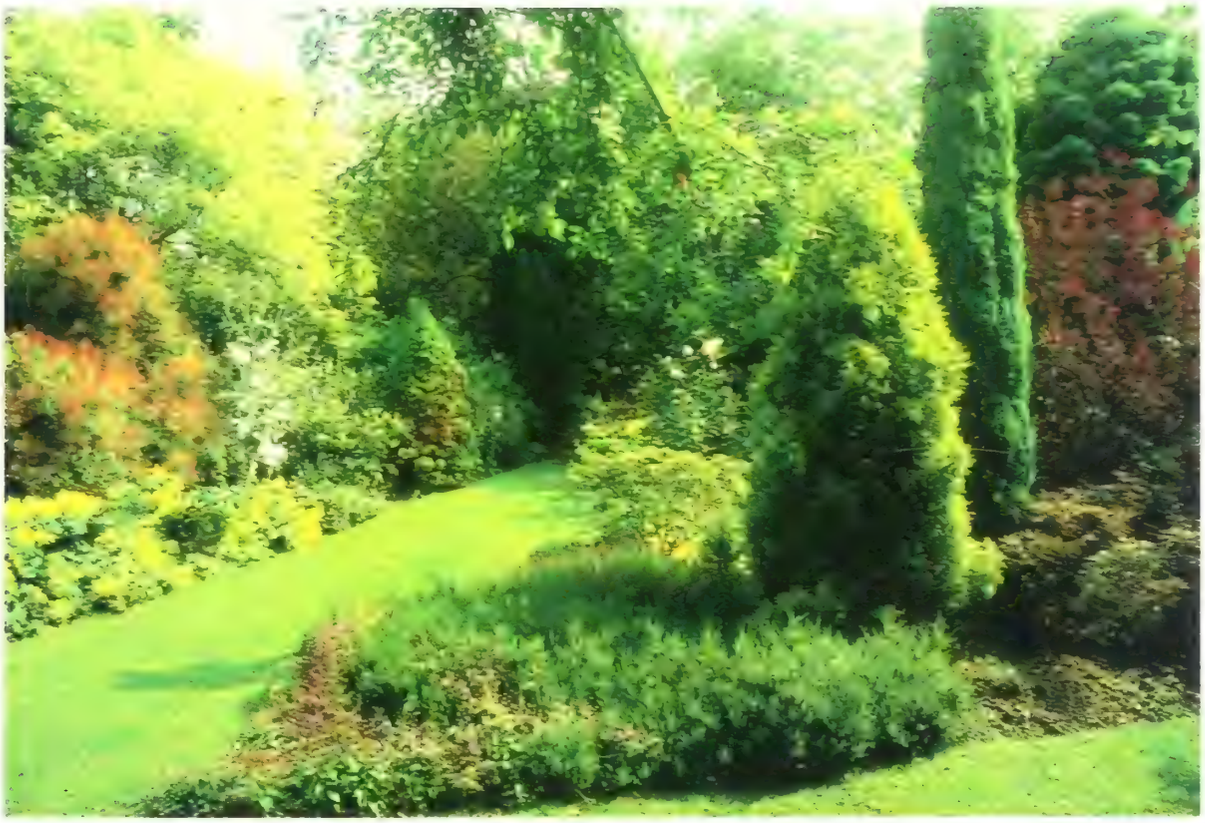
Colors and plant combinations look as if they were composed by an experienced watercolorist, but Mrs. Watson has never done any painting. She is a flower arranger, and Hermitage is her cutting garden and her largest bouquet. She particularly loves roses and has them throughout the garden—climbing walls, scrambling over terraces, sitting in beds alongside shrubs and herbaceous plants. The varieties that she likes best are gathered within easy reach of the back door: pink 'Cecil Brunner', a miniature and "a flower arranger's dream"; 'Compassion', a grand salmon-colored climber; and 'Garnet', a lovely white that "never stops flowering." 'Lavender Lass' combines beautifully with gray and silver foliage; 'Papa Meillard' is deep red and redolent of an exotic potpourri.

Plants spill over each other, covering every patch of available soil. In early summer, the terrace is a field of blue flax, self-seeded in cracks between the paving stones. A 'Pink Chiffon' rose blooms with pink lavender and fuchsia, lacy rue, and silvery dusty miller; marguerites and snapdragons wave white flowers above a bed of gray and blue-green groundcovers. "It mustn't be too tidy," Mrs. Watson suggests. "After all, *(Text continued on page 168)*





Top: Yellow panicles of laburnum grace virtually every English garden in early summer—at Hermitage, they provide a visual crescendo at the end of the flower border. Alongside, five-hundred-year-old rickstones made to support stacks of hay echo topiary. *Above:* A woodland path abloom in pink and blue hydrangeas, with pale spikes of hosta repeated across the way in the feathery spires of astilbe. In the distance a birch tree captures light, marking the transition from shaded woods to sunny lawn beyond.





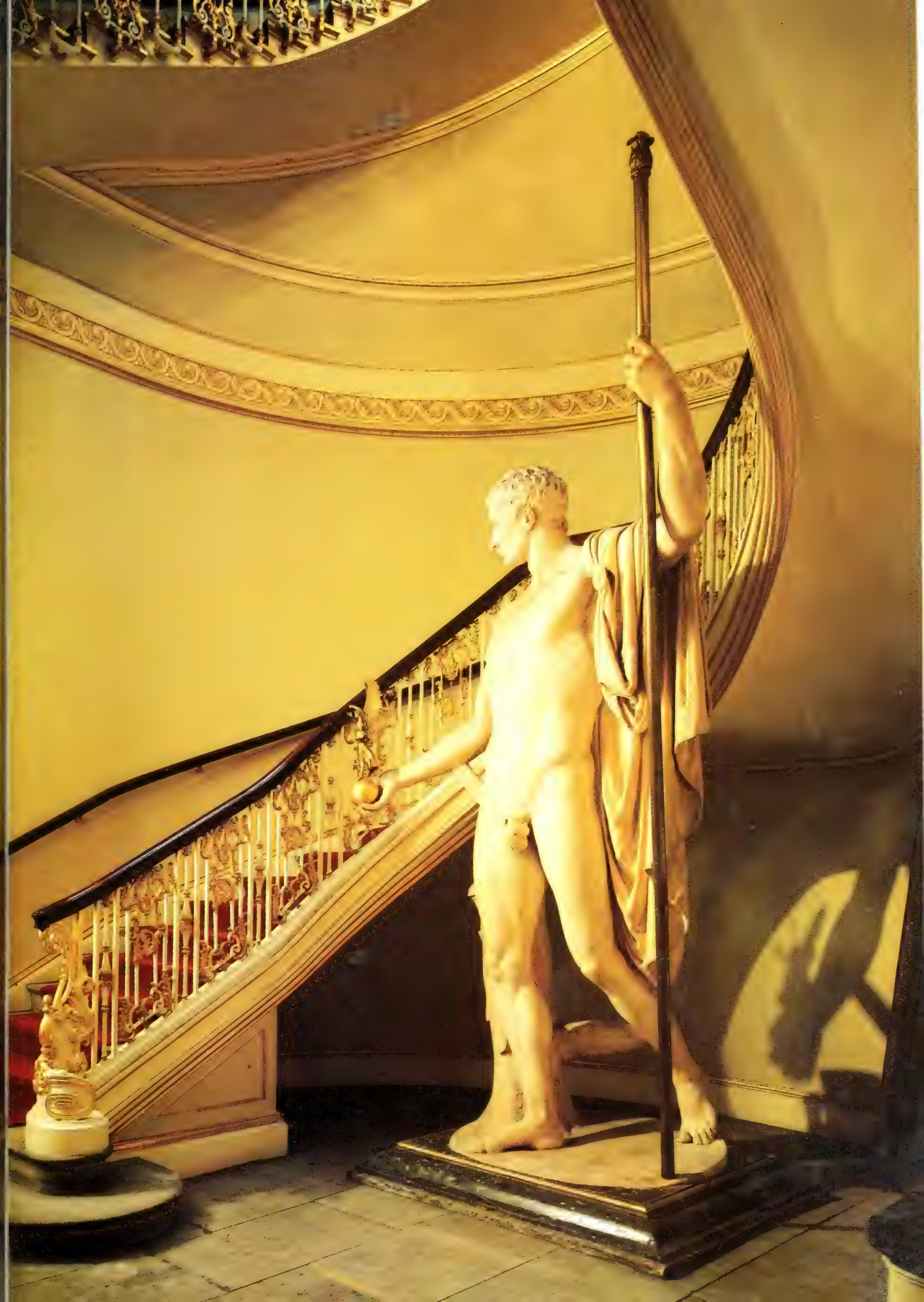
Top: A pair of junipers—one fastigiate, the other short and full—anchors a bed of low-growing heathers and frames a garden view. *Above:* On the terrace, stone troughs offer the chance to combine choice plants in places where they can be admired and easily tended. Mrs. Watson's penchant for pastels and gray foliage is evident here, with geraniums, artemisia, and helicrysum.

Overleaf: At the top of the rhododendron walk, a Kwanzan cherry heralds springtime with a fountain of double pink flowers.

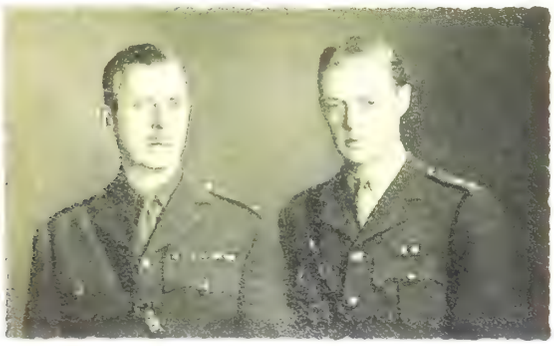





NUMBER ONE LONDON







APSLEY HOUSE: AFTER THE IRON DUKE

BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Preceding pages, left: The Wellington Boot, a caricature by Heath, one of many exhibited at Apsley House. *Preceding pages, right:* Canova's heroic nude of Napoleon stands in the staircase well. *Above:* Snapshot of the present Duke with his father Gerald, Seventh Duke of Wellington, in Cairo, 1942. *Top:* A lithograph of Apsley House by Dillon, 1853. *Opposite:* The Duke of Wellington in the entrance hall of Apsley House. Behind him, a copy of a painting by Lawrence of the first Duke.

On September 16, 1943, a young British officer, still in his twenties, was killed in heavy fighting on the beaches of Salerno in Italy, in circumstances of great gallantry. His name was Henry Valerian George, Sixth Duke of Wellington, Marquess of Douro, Marquess and Earl of Wellington, Viscount Wellington of Talavera, Earl of Mornington and Viscount Wellesley, Baron Douro, Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo, and a Grandee in Spain, Duque da Victoria, Marques de







THE WATERLOO GALLERY

The Waterloo Gallery is the most famous room at Apsley House both for the collection of paintings that hang there and for the annual banquets the Iron Duke gave in that room for his fellow officers at Waterloo. An enormous dining-room table ran the length of the room, fitting around the massive candelabra.

Torres Vedras, and Conde de Vimeiro in Portugal. He was known to his family and friends simply as Morny, since as the eldest son of the heir to the Fourth Duke of Wellington, he had been born Earl of Mornington.

Three weeks previously, the ship bearing him and his commandos on the way to Italy had stopped at Gibraltar, and Morny had taken the opportunity to visit his ancestral properties in Spain, Soto de Roma and Molino del Rey, granted to the first Duke of Wellington by a grateful Spanish government in recognition of his services in defeating the French invaders. There are some on the family property who still remember that visit. All whom he met were delighted by his simple charm and infectious enthusiasm. As he left the house he took an ornamental dagger off the wall from amongst the collection of weapons hanging there. It was regarded as an ill-omen by the crowd of employees and tenants who saw him off, and an old gypsy woman who had the reputation of being a soothsayer declared that she had seen the shadow of death pass over him as he left. Her prophecy was proved to be correct.

On the morning of September 16, the commandos were given the task of securing a low line of hills overlooking the beach at Salerno. They landed under very heavy enemy fire, with Morny at the head of his troop. In fighting their way up the beach and the steep slope beyond, they suffered very heavy casualties, but Morny was the first to reach the top. As he came over the crest he met, face to face, a German officer leading a counterattack. In a short and bitter struggle with grenade, pistol, and dagger both men died, and their bodies were found lying side by side some days later when the feature was eventually captured.

In that brief, bloody little battle, the future of the Wellington heritage changed irrevocably, for Morny was a bachelor. He was succeeded in the dukedom by his father's brother, Lord Gerald Wellesley, a younger son of the Fourth Duke.

Gerald, Seventh Duke of Wellington, who was my father, had been before the war a distinguished architect and Keeper of the King's Works of Art. He had a wide-ranging knowledge of the visual arts, and no member of the family knew more than he about the great family heritage of pictures, silver, furniture, porcelain, and other *objets d'art*.

In 1939 he gave up his profession and joined the army.



An 1852 watercolor, *Apsley House, the Waterloo Gallery* by Joseph Nash.

At the time of his nephew's death he was serving in Sicily, having taken part in the landings on that island. I was serving in the Middle East theater, and in October I received a cable from him asking me to meet him in Cairo to discuss the future.

It was for both of us a very special occasion. It had been three years since we had met, and when we last saw each other, he had just been evacuated from France, and I was about to step onto a troop ship for the Middle East. Since then he had served in the campaigns in Africa and Sicily, and I in those in Iraq, Syria, and the Western Desert. We had our photograph taken and got down to talking about the future, a future that for both of us was to be very changed. In particular we discussed Apsley House and Stratfield Saye, the family's country home.

Apsley House has a long *(Text continued on page 156)*

THE SPOILS OF WAR

BY CLIVE ASLET

Had Napoleon defeated the British at Waterloo, he would have lived in unimaginable splendor in the several palaces he constructed or had his eye on across Europe. His victor, the Duke of Wellington, had less ambitious domestic tastes. The palace promised him by Parliament never materialized and he seems to have been perfectly content with Stratfield Saye, the dignified but less-than-palatial country seat that was all a grateful nation could manage. His London residence, Apsley House, situated on what is now the congested roundabout of Hyde Park Corner, is a combination of magnificence and reserve. Wellington was an English gentleman and as such averse to self-display. It is typical that the most memorable portrait in the house is not of Wellington but an immense, ideal statue of Napoleon. The emperor is shown in the nude. It is of course inconceivable that Wellington would have allowed himself to have been portrayed in such a state. It would have caused comment at his clubs.



A grateful Europe showered Wellington with presents after Waterloo. This dinner service, which the Prince Regent of Portugal gave him in 1812, included a table center of silver gilt yards long that was used at banquets in the Waterloo Gallery.

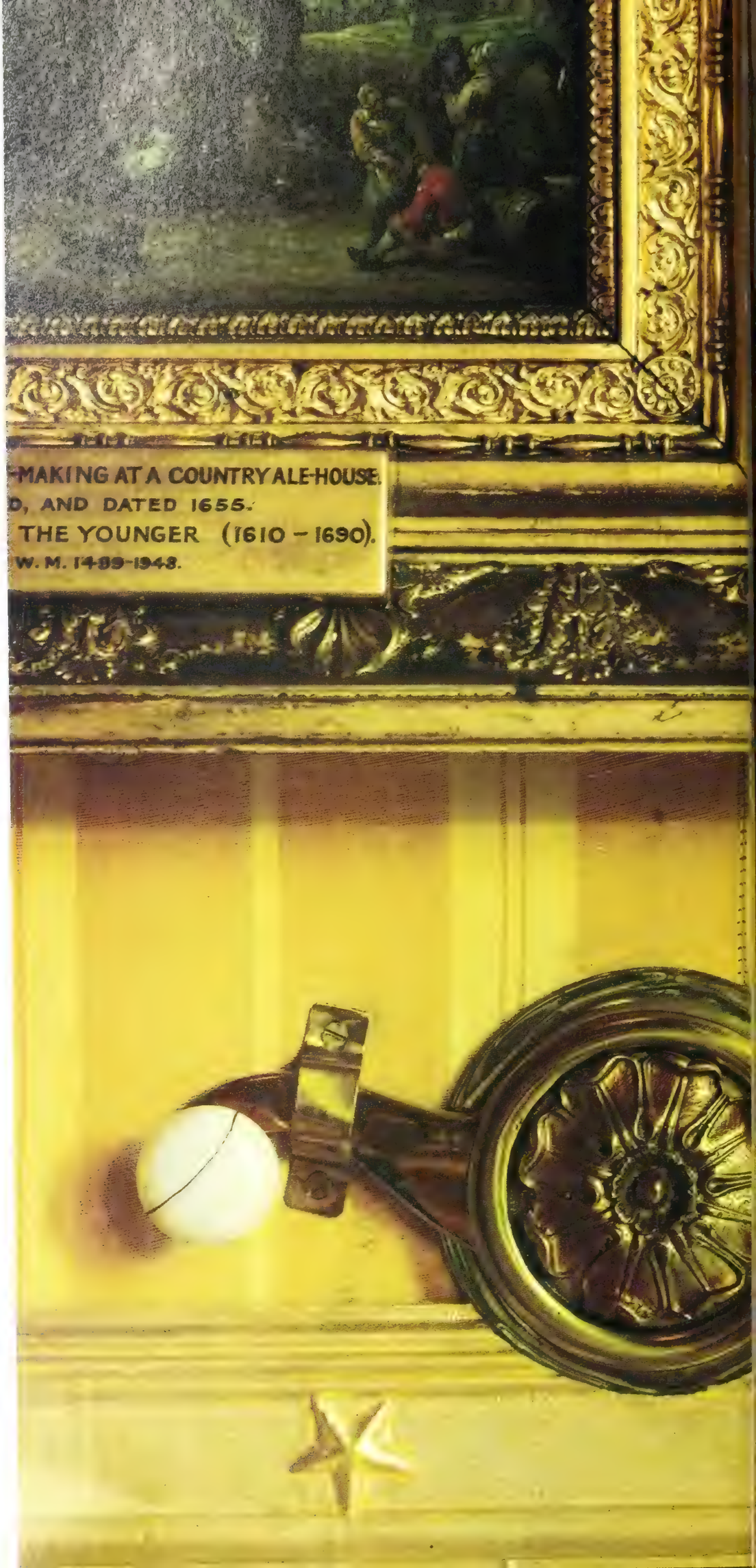
On the other hand, with its masculine ornament and heavy gilding, the house expresses the Duke's personality rather than that of his wife, Kitty Pakenham. His relations with the Duchess were cool. Wellington complained to Mrs. Arbuthnot, the wife of a friend with whom he carried on a longstanding *amitié amoreuse,* that she did not understand him—a lament with a strangely modern ring. "She could not enter with him into the consideration of all important concerns which are constantly occupying his mind," wrote Mrs. Arbuthnot, "and. . . he found he might as well talk to a child." The choice of the Louis XIV style, or what was thought to be such, was not a feminine one. The house has few softening touches and there is no pretty morning room or boudoir. After all, like most Englishmen, the Duke probably regarded his true home as in the country, although he used Apsley House more. It was the setting for his active and successful political career, which culminated in his term as Prime Minister from 1828 to 1830. It is as grand and imposing as the Duke was in his life.

The Duke's architect was Benjamin Dean Wyatt, eldest son of James Wyatt, the immensely busy if slapdash country-house architect who designed William Beckford's Fonthill Abbey. Benjamin Dean Wyatt had been Wellington's secretary in India and Ireland. In 1816, he advised the Duke on the purchase of Apsley House from his eldest brother, Lord Wellesley. "I have examined it throughout," he wrote on May 10. "It certainly is an excellent house, and in very good repair." It had been built by the future Second Earl Bathurst, then Lord Apsley, in the 1770s to the designs of Robert Adam. But it was not especially large, and, shortly after acquiring it, the Duke was making additions.

First, a new dining room was built in 1819. Mrs. Arbuthnot was much impressed when she dined there the first day it was used in 1820: "It is a magnificent room," she wrote in her diary, "and the greatest improvement to the house." Eight years later, however, architect and client were in conflict when a new wing on the west side was planned and built. Mrs. Arbuthnot considered that Wellington did not have time to pay proper attention to the work, and that, if it turned out well, the credit would have to be hers. The real problem was that, as is so often the case with old buildings, when work began the house was found to be in a much worse state than had been anticipated. In the *(Text continued on page 150)*







A view from the Waterloo Gallery to the second drawing room, *preceding pages, left. Preceding pages, right: The Water Seller of Seville* by Velázquez, perhaps the most important painting in the First Duke's collection. *Right:* Detail of a chimney piece, servant's bell, and a Flemish picture by Teniers the Younger in the yellow Piccadilly Drawing Room. The Victoria & Albert, which administers the museum part of Apsley House, has recently redecorated the major rooms.



(Continued from page 147) and the Duke spent several times the estimate and could have built a whole new house for the money. He built the present staircase hall, its cantilevered stone staircase sweeping up around the marble Napoleon, the balustrade incorporating the Duke's crest, and he transformed the *piano nobile* into a series of grand reception rooms, culminating in the new Waterloo Gallery looking west over Hyde Park. By 1830 he was claiming that the architect had deliberately set out to ruin him. In addition, there were building delays, and at times the Duke would be willful. Against all advice he insisted that the Waterloo Gallery be hung with yellow damask, which detracted from the opulent gilding. Wisely, the Second Duke had the room re-hung in red, with a red carpet and red silk for the chairs.



Meissen plates and Vienna porcelain serving dishes—all gifts to the First Duke

Before the recent redecoration by the Victoria & Albert Museum, the Waterloo Gallery contained the massive mahogany table at which the reunion banquets for Wellington's old officers were held annually from 1830 to 1852. It has now been removed to the dining room, and the Waterloo Gallery is shown in what was its everyday guise, with gilt sofas and chairs around the walls. This is a pity. The room was at its most splendid during the banquets, a sense of which is gained through contemporary paintings. The scale of these occasions can be gauged by the immense standard candelabra of gray Siberian porphyry, presented by Czar Nicholas I of Russia, which were incorporated into the table. By day the gilt moldings in "paste composition" (cheaper than carved wood) may seem overpowering, but imagine the room during the Waterloo Banquets—ablaze with uniforms and decorations, the table groaning with silver and gold, candles overhead, plumed hats and ceremonial swords piled behind the officers' chairs. Mirrored shutters descended in front of the windows to turn the Gallery into a *salle des glaces*.

Wellington's image recurs a number of times in Apsley House. The dashing portrait by Lawrence, painted in 1814, hangs in the Striped Drawing Room in the company of other Waterloo officers, such as the Marquess of Angelsea, whose leg was amputated during the battle and buried in a small coffin by Waterloo Church. (On the Marquess's death in 1854, the leg was exhumed and reburied with the rest of him in Lichfield Cathedral.) According to the Duke's wife and son, the best likeness to Wellington was Nollekens's bust, on the ground floor. Evidently the Duke did not value the less-than-flattering equestrian portrait by Goya, now in the Waterloo Gallery, since he kept it rolled up and out of sight at Stratfield Saye.

The giant figure of Napoleon in the staircase hall was the gift of the British government. It was commissioned by Napoleon from the Italian Neoclassicist Canova in 1802. Swallowing his national pride, Canova (who pointedly signed himself *Canova da Venezia*) took the chance to vie with the ancients in what he saw as the most noble branch of sculpture, the heroic nude. Incongruously, Napoleon's peasant's head was placed on a body of ideal beauty: naked—a fig leaf was added later—and a Classical mantle, or chlamys, cast over one shoulder. In one hand is a figure of Victory alighting on an orb; the Emperor did not like it because it seemed that Victory was flitting away.

The sculpture was long in the making, and it was 1811 before Napoleon saw the result. To do him justice, he was somewhat embarrassed by it, especially as he no longer presented himself as a young, all-conquering general but an emperor burdened with administrative cares. The statue was shut away in the Louvre for some years before being bought and presented to Wellington. When he heard its destination, Canova immediately sent directions about how to put the thing up. It was so finely balanced that only if a plumb line from the right nipple touched a certain point marked on the base would it be stable.

In the Waterloo Gallery and elsewhere are many of the paintings Wellington acquired in the course of his campaigns. Some came by gift, such as those presented by the Intendant of Segovia after the Battle of Salamanca in 1812. Others came by conquest, although on this point Wellington was the soul of honor. When Joseph Bonaparte, who was placed on the Spanish throne by his *(Continued on page 152)*

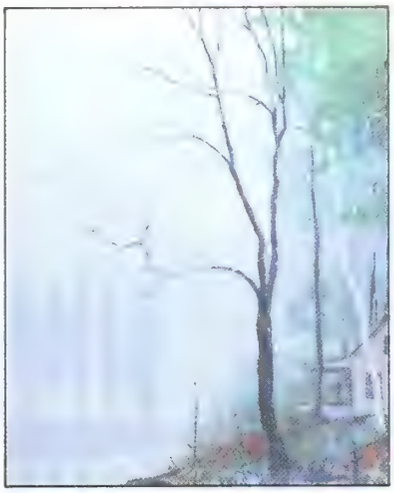
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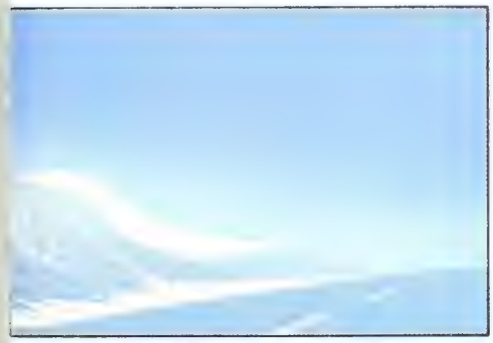
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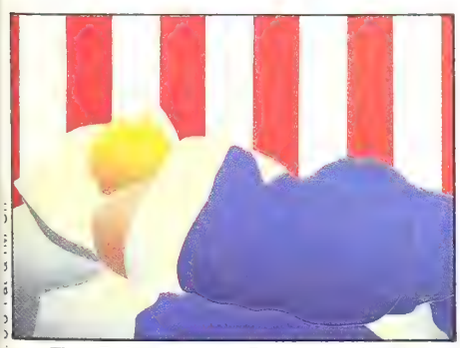
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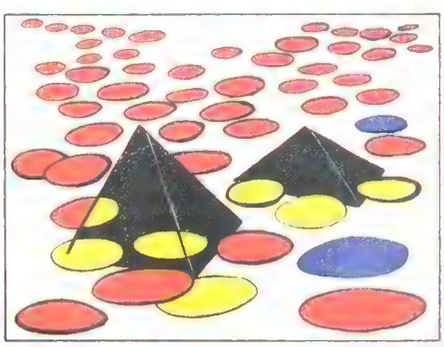
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Alexander Calder's *Horizontal Pyramid*, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 100.

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Many of the paintings Wellington acquired came by gift, others by conquest, although on this point Wellington was the soul of honor

(Continued from page 150) brother, Napoleon, fled after the Battle of Vitoria in 1813, Wellington had the good fortune to capture his coach. This was found to contain his state papers, some love letters, a silver chamber pot, and a large number of looted canvases—over two hundred—that had been detached from their stretchers and rolled up for transport. Wellington had them sent to his brother Lord Maryborough in England. They were catalogued and, more importantly, valued. "Upon the whole," wrote Maryborough, "I think I am within the mark if I say the collection is worth £40,000." Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy, said "the Correggio and the Giulio Romano ought to be framed in diamonds. . . ."

It is very much to the Duke's credit that, as soon as he realized that the paintings had been pillaged, he insisted that they should be returned to the King of Spain. He had the matter raised through his brother Sir Henry Wellesley, who was British Minister in Spain. In 1816, he heard from Count Núñez, Spanish Minister in England, who sent him the official reply: "I gather," wrote the Count, "that His Majesty, touched by your delicacy, does not wish to deprive you of that which has come into your possession by means as just as they are honorable." Eighty-three paintings found their way to Apsley House after Vitoria, perhaps the most celebrated being Velázquez's *The Water Seller of Seville*.

The Duke also collected in his own right. He paid high prices for the already fashionable Dutch and Flemish genre scenes by masters such as Jan Steen (*The Sick Lady, Intemperance and the Juvenile Depredators*) and Pieter de Hooch (*The Conversation, A Musical Party*). About thirty such works were acquired during Wellington's period of greatest activity as a buyer, 1817–18. The quality was very high, if not quite to the standard of the collection of another British Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel. Many paintings came from Paris, where religious houses were abolished under Napoleon and private houses had disgorged their treasures during the wars. It was in 1816 that the Duke commissioned his most notable painting from a living artist, Sir David Wilkie's *Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Waterloo Dispatch*. It is a narrative painting very much in the spirit of the Duke's favorite Old Masters, and shows a kind of *tableau vivant* of old soldiers, many of them painted from life, expressing varying emotions on hearing the news of the British victory at Waterloo. The fee of £1,200 guineas—paid in cash, supposedly to prevent his bankers' knowing he had spent so much on a picture—was far more than even the Duke's most expensive Old Master had cost.

Presents were heaped on Wellington after his victories. The most spectacular, perhaps, is the Portuguese service, now displayed in the first-floor, oak-paneled dining room, with its handsome scagliola pilasters. This comprised the silver and silver-gilt cutlery and table decoration used at the Waterloo Banquets. It was commissioned by the Council of Regency in Portugal in 1811 from designs by the artist Domingos António de Sequerra, who had previously shown some lack of patriotism by portraying Marshal Junot as the liberator of Lisbon. Surprisingly the execution of the work was given to the military arsenal, still fully occupied with furnishing an army that was fighting the French. The table decoration, a "plateau" decorated with columns and figures, is 26 feet long.

With Neoclassical austerity, the centerpiece refrains from glorifying Wellington's own actions, being composed of "fasces" that represent the might of arms of Britain, Portugal, and Spain (a diplomatic improvement on the first design, which celebrated the British triumph alone). The four continents raise their arms in admiration, and columns and candelabra extend down the table, with nymphs and little putti, the latter blowing French horns, dancing around them. Every detail has, or was given, some sort of symbolic meaning—except only the knives, forks, and spoons, which the artist felt were too small to sustain such treatment.

The Portuguese service is a masterpiece of Neoclassical silverwork and as such complements the Sèvres Egyptian Service displayed in the Plate and China Room downstairs. This, unlike the Portuguese service, was not made specially for Wellington, having been destined originally as a present from Napoleon to Czar Alexander I of Russia. One of the most complete examples of Egyptomania to follow Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, it consists of a porcelain model of the Temple of Philae flanked by miniature statues and rows of sphinxes, with plates decorated with Egyptian scenes. The containers for sugar and jam are pseudo-Egyptian in form. The Empress Josephine personally visited the factory while it was being made. King Louis XVIII of France, whom Wellington indirectly put on the throne, offered it to the Duke as a present, saying in his broken English: "Do little gifts—keep friendship alive."

In the same room are Wellington's orders—the Order of the Elephant from Denmark, the Supreme Order of the Annunziata from Savoy, and so on. And here too are some of the many gifts he received from the City of London, most spectacularly the silver-gilt Wellington Shield, designed by Thomas Stothard and showing the Duke on horseback surrounded by officers in the center.

Wellington was not always popular. As a Tory Prime Minister opposing Parliamentary reform, he had his windows broken by the mob, so that iron shutters had to be installed at Apsley House during his lifetime. Yet at other times he was cheered. An engraving published on the day of his death shows him riding past the Statue of Achilles in Hyde Park, set up by the women of England as a tribute. He must have been an awe-inspiring but familiar figure to Londoners, and now his house is one of the monuments of the capital. □

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(*Continued from page 144*) history. Designed by Robert Adam, it was built between 1770 and 1775 for Lord Bathurst, later Secretary of State for War, who for many years was the First Duke of Wellington's immediate political superior. It was named Apsley House after the title of the eldest Bathurst son, Lord Apsley, and in 1805 was sold to Richard, Marquess Wellesley, one of the greatest Governor Generals of India, and the elder brother of Arthur, First Duke of Wellington. It stood just inside the tollgate as you entered London, having come up the hill from the village of Kensington. It was a plain red brick house at this period, and since it was the first house one passed on entering London it came to be known as No. 1 London, not only for this reason but because of the stature of its illustrious occupier from 1817 onward. Even till quite recently, cab drivers in London referred to it as No. 1 London, and I still frequently receive letters addressed as such.

Amongst the wealth of great pictures in his collection, the Great Duke's favorite was a small picture by Correggio, *The Agony in the Garden*. He had a special frame made for this with a glass front that could be opened with a key, which he kept on him. He used to open it from time to time to delicately clean the surface with one of his silk handkerchiefs. It is not perhaps a gesture one would associate with a man who was misnamed by the Victorians after his death the "Iron Duke." It is further evidence of that streak of emotion he kept under strict control but which surfaced in his distress at the losses at Waterloo.

After the First Duke's death in 1852, a considerable amount of redecoration was carried out by the Second Duke, and during his time and that of the Third Duke, his nephew, many great and splendid occasions took place there.

In 1900 my grandfather, the Fourth Duke, succeeded his brother, the Third Duke, and being more of a country man than his predecessors, Apsley House was less used than formerly. However, on July 13, 1908, a great ball was held in honor of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. To the best of my knowledge this is the last occasion the Waterloo Gallery was used for a ball until 1969, when my wife and I gave one for our elder children.

During World War I, Apsley House was not occupied as an overflow hospital to St. George's, fifty yards away, because of its lack of electricity and inadequate plumbing. My grandfather had a deep suspicion of electricity and refused to put it in. His son, the Fifth Duke, my father's elder brother, inherited this dislike and regarded electricity as a dangerous modern innovation that sooner or later would certainly be the cause of a major fire.

My uncle also preferred country living. He had succeeded my grandfather in 1934, and when the war came in 1939 Apsley House was shut up. All the china, silver, and *objets d'art* were stored in the cellars and the strong-rooms below the house, and the pictures were taken off the walls and placed on the floor. Although the house was closed, my grandmother's elderly lady's maid stayed on. She was a resolute Scottish woman from Dundee called Mrs. Dow, and she lived totally alone in Apsley House throughout the worst years of the blitz, apparently quite unmoved by the experience of the inevitable discomfort that arose from living in a house which apart from wartime disruption had in any case no electricity and pretty poor plumbing. However, after one particularly bad raid, a family friend called to see that she was all right and found her very perturbed. Mrs. Dow was a stickler for proprieties. In spite of the fact that windows had been blown in and debris was lying around everywhere, what concerned her most was that the fig leaf had been blown off of Canova's nude statue of Napoleon. She insisted that he be made decent again as soon as possible. It was done forthwith!

The fact that Apsley House and its contents survived the war is largely due to two people. The first was Queen Elizabeth, Consort of King George VI (now Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother), who told me the story many years later. In 1943, during a very bad period in the blitz in London, knowing that all the male members of the family (the Fifth Duke had died in 1941) were serving abroad, she took it upon herself to have all the pictures removed from Apsley House and stored at Windsor. It was a typically considerate gesture on the part of a very remarkable woman.

The other person who did so much to save Apsley House from the worst effects of the blitz was a cousin, Major Arthur James of the Grenadier Guards. He was stationed nearby at Wellington Barracks, and when the incendiary bombs were raining down on London in 1940 he managed to persuade the authorities that Apsley House was of such national importance that a picket of guardsmen should be stationed on the roof during the worst of the incendiary bomb blitz. These men, very often under his command, dealt with a large number of incendiary bombs which at one time or another fell on the roof.

My memories of the house go back to the period between the First and Second World Wars, when I lived there a great deal with my grandparents. Such inconveniences as no electric light and a paucity of bathrooms did not upset a small boy. What delighted me, however, was Robert Adam's magnificent balustrade, which I found perfect for sliding down, albeit at the grave risk of a collision with Napoleon's outstretched arm at the foot of the staircase.

The Museum Room (now the Plate and China Room) was also a great delight, full of swords and weapons and medals, relics of an awe-inspiring great-great-grandfather. It was also the house from which we, my sister and I, along with other members of the family, watched every major national procession in those years. The Victory Parade after World War I, Queen Alexandra's funeral, weddings, the coronation, and King George V's funeral all passed before Apsley House, and one could not wish for a better vantage point. After the war I never witnessed a national occasion such as those I did as a child because I found myself taking part in them. The 1945 Victory Parade, the present Queen's wedding, her coronation, and the funeral of King George VI all wended their way past Apsley House, and I was fortunate enough to play a role in all of them.

My grandparents lived quietly at Apsley House, and I do not remember any great social occasions. The Piccadilly Drawing Room was my grandmother's favorite room, and it was here that I used to play in the evening, surrounded by *(Continued on page 158)*

SANDEMAN

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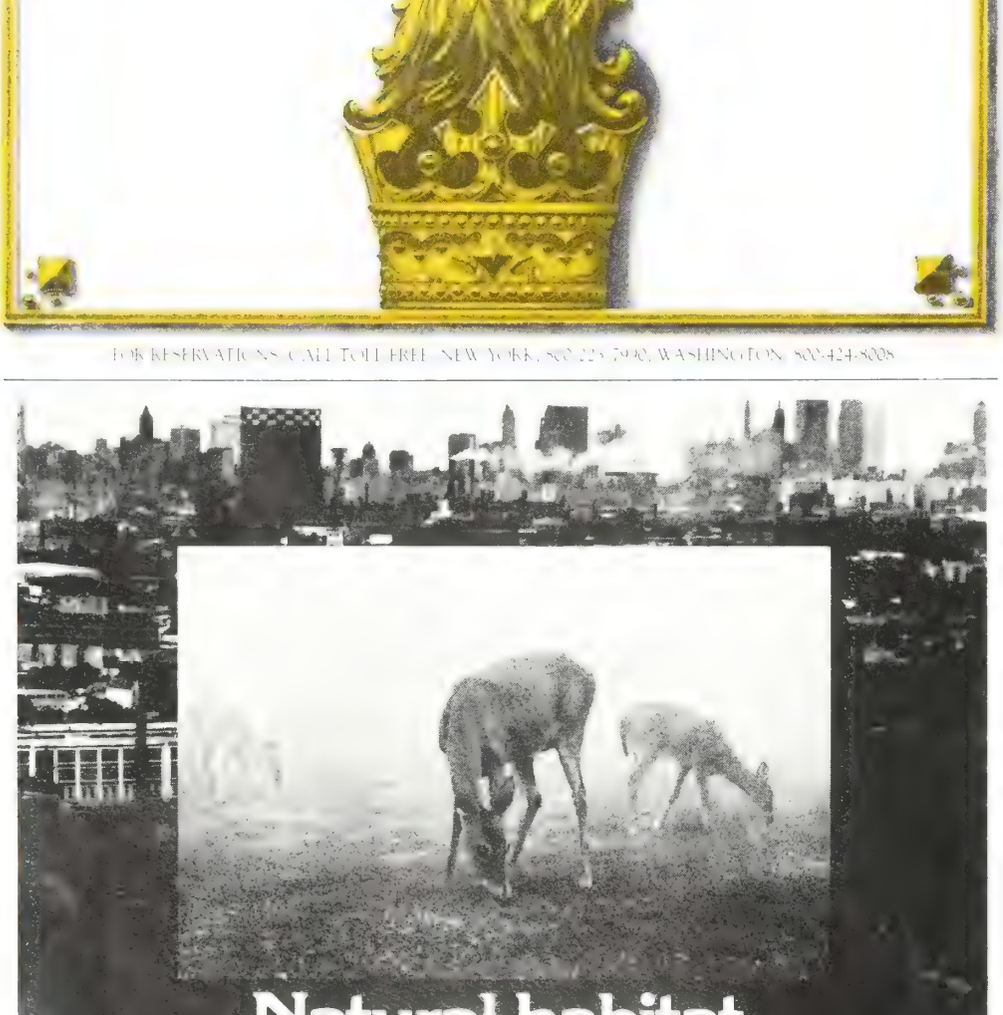
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THE IRON DUKE

(Continued from page 157) potted plants, birds in cages, and a mass of Edwardian bric-a-brac, all jumbled up together with wonderful pictures and marvelous furniture.

After my grandparents the figure I possibly remember best was a splendid man called Mr. Donovan, an ex-Irish Guardsman who was the night watchman. He had an almost totally bald head, except for a circular coif of hair that curled across his forehead in the manner fashionable with men servants in those days. He wore a resplendent livery, with scarlet waistcoat, chocolate-brown tailcoat, black trousers with a red stripe, boiled shirt and white tie, and lots of First World War medals. His job was to sit in a large, almost all-enclosing padded chair at the front door and let in those who returned to the house during the night. In those days one did not carry a front-door key. The bottom half of Donovan's chair was like a little cupboard, and inside could be placed a small charcoal brazier to keep him warm. I also suspect it housed a bottle or two for internal warmth, for it was obvious even to me, youthful as I was, that Donovan liked a drop on a cold night. He remained at Apsley House, an old and very dear friend, until the beginning of the last war when he retired, dying shortly afterwards. By that time Apsley House was the last of the great private houses in London, and the practice of having a night watchman in padded chair must have died out with the war.

This, then, was the house my father and I talked about particularly at that memorable meeting in Cairo. Although no major structural damage had been done, the house had suffered badly. Windows had been blown in, Benjamin Wyatt's Bath stone façade had been badly pitted with bomb splinters, plaster was down all over the place, and this wartime damage, allied to ceilings blackened by countless paraffin lamps and candles, inadequate plumbing, and no electric light, presented a daunting prospect.

However, my father had a plan, for which he sought my approval as his heir, since much of the contents of the house were Settled Heirlooms that

could not be disposed of without my consent. The plan was that the house and its contents should be handed over to the nation, with the proviso that for all time the family would continue to retain in its possession part of the house as a London residence. His great fear was that the family, unable to restore and maintain the house, would be obliged to sell or dispose of a collection unique from both a historical and national point of view. I was naturally only too happy to agree, and thus the idea of the Wellington Museum was born.

Unfortunately, we had very few days together in Cairo, as I had to get back to my regiment to go to Italy, he to the United Kingdom to get on with the huge undertaking of the family heritage in the years after the war. Fortunately, few men were better equipped for the task. With his immense knowledge, not only of the arts but of the family possessions, he was able to plan, in conjunction with those who were nominated by the government, a sensible solution for the future of Apsley House, both as a museum and as a private residence for future generations of Wellesleys.

As a result of their endeavors, a bill was placed before Parliament in 1949 under which the more important rooms at Apsley House, plus the majority of their contents in the form of pictures, porcelain, trophies, and silver, passed into the hands of the nation, and portions of the house consisting of the whole top floor, where my son and his family now live, and part of the ground floor where my wife and I retain some rooms, remain with the family.



The original of this English Regency chair is at Stratfield Saye, the Duke of Wellington's house in Hampshire, open to the public. This reproduction is from Baker's Stately Homes Collection.

The arrangement, in retrospect, has stood the test of time. Our grandchildren still use the nurseries that I lived in as a child, and I have the good fortune to sleep in the Great Duke's bed in his bedroom. The magnificent library designed by James Wyatt for Lord Wellesley, much used by the Great Duke, is still in our hands, and our drawing room is the old Garden Room, before that the First Duchess's bedroom, where she was visited on her deathbed by Maria Edgeworth. I still sit at the Great Duke's desk in the Study where he was sitting when a mob outside in Piccadilly registered their disapproval of his opposition to the Parliamentary Reform Bill by throwing a brick through the window. The brick missed him but damaged a new picture by David Wilkie of Lady Lyndhurst. The Duke was not greatly concerned about the brick, but he was annoyed about the picture. Even though he disliked Lady Lyndhurst, he very much admired the work of Wilkie.

The museum, administered by the Victoria & Albert Museum, fills a small but distinguished place in the London museum scene. From time to time functions of a family nature or those associated with the life and times of the Great Duke take place in the public rooms, now beautifully restored to their former splendor. The last family occasion was the reception after the marriage of our eldest son to Princess Antonia Elizabeth Brigid Luise of Prussia, great-great-granddaughter of Princess Victoria, Queen Victoria's much loved daughter Vicky, who married the King of Prussia. I was immobilized at the time with a broken ankle, and as I sat in the Waterloo Gallery I could not help but meditate on the scenes that these walls had witnessed: 22 years of the annual banquet for the grizzled veterans of Waterloo, resplendent in their uniforms, nineteenth-century beauties whirling to the music of the waltz at splendid balls, glittering receptions, and Victoria and Albert talking to their "dear old Duke," as they called him. I felt they would have approved of their great-great-great-grandchildren getting married and receiving their guests in that magnificent room. □ *Editor: Nancy Richardson*

PERSONAL PATTERNS

(Continued from page 92) purchase of two truckloads of furniture from the old Traymore Hotel in Atlantic City, a fabulous proto–Art Deco pile that was demolished in 1972. Thus their need for larger living quarters had become critical by the time they heard from a young architect in their firm about an unusual house he had seen for sale. As Denise Scott Brown recalls, "He told us it was an Art Nouveau house, but we couldn't believe it, because who ever heard of an Art Nouveau house in the wilds of Philadelphia?" But there it was, looking like several things the knowledgeable architects had seen, but no one thing they could identify. As it turned out, the house had been built in 1910 to the designs of Philadelphia architect Milton B. Medary for a prosperous German-born couple, a likely clue to its distinctive yet hard-to-define style.

Robert *(Continued on page 162)*

JOURNAL



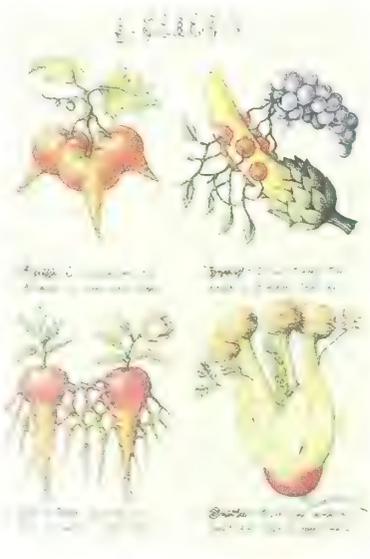
BUCKY'S PARTING SHOT

Unveiled on November 15 at the Thonet showroom in New York City was the last invention and first furniture design by R. Buckminster Fuller, *above,* the indefatigable self-taught architect-engineer-visionary who died on July 1 at the age of 87. Fuller first attracted attention in 1928 with his forward-looking Dymaxion House, designed to be mass-produced like an airplane. Fuller lectured widely on how to save the "Spaceship Earth" through technology and designed a great deal, most memorably the geodesic dome, which appears today in every part of the world, as small as a playhouse, as large as a factory. Thonet's Fuller piece, coyly labeled HANG IT ALL, is a tiered shelf unit hexagonal in plan and suspended immovably by cables. The limited edition will number five hundred.

BIZARRE BAEDEKER

Every so often a book comes along that defies not only categorization but also rational explanation. *Codex Seraphinianus* by Luigi Serafini (Abbeville Press, $75) is such a work. Alternately recalling a sixties head comic, a relation of a fantastic voyage in the Age of Discovery, and the vivid visions of Hieronymus Bosch, this sumptuous and sublimely absurd volume (illustrated with the architect-author's drawings) is a compendium of freakish flora and fauna, infernal machines, far-out places, and things that go bump in the night. They are annotated with a no less mysterious "text," written in the cursive alphabet of a language as freely invented as the images. Oddly enough, it all begins to make sense after a while, revealing a certain lunatic logic: that's when bewilderment gives way to wonder.

Martin Filler





HOLLY GOES UPTOWN

"Culture is not about purity. Nor is it about possession. It's about influence, and all of its glorious detours." So believes Holly Solomon, art dealer *extraordinaire* and (in the words of art historian Robert Rosenblum) "one of the presiding muses of the New York art scene."

Since 1975 her gallery in SoHo had been one of the most glorious detours on the Saturday art pilgrimage, but skyrocketing rents and creeping suburbanization led the luxury-loving but pragmatic Mrs. Solomon to take a most surprising economy measure: she decided to move to Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, in the heart of the establishment art district, which is now less costly than SoHo.

Befitting her new address, the Holly Solomon Gallery at 724 Fifth Avenue has been richly refurbished and decorated with Mrs. Solomon's distinctive mixture of the funky and the elegant. Her office, *above,* combines furniture from her own home, a Chinese Art Deco rug, and Brad Davis's untitled painting, 1982–83.

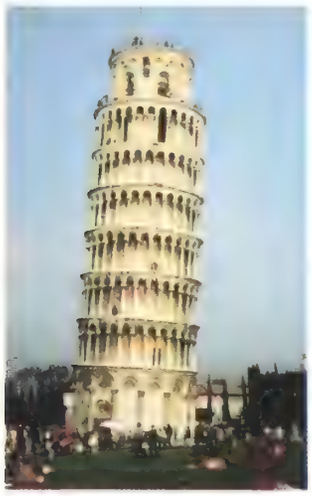
Inaugurating the new space were a pair of back-to-back exhibitions, the first a historical overview of the gallery's artists, the second a show of new works. Best known for her championing of the Pattern Painters—including Davis, Tina Girouard, Robert Kushner, and Kim MacConnel—Mrs. Solomon and her partner, husband Horace, have accomplished much more, nurturing such major talents as the late Gordon Matta-Clark, performance artist Laurie Anderson, and sculptor Judy Pfaff, among many others who other galleries once thought too "unsaleable." The art world has been greatly enriched by the wisdom of the Solomons. *M.F.*

Events of exceptional interest in the arts, design, entertainment, and living

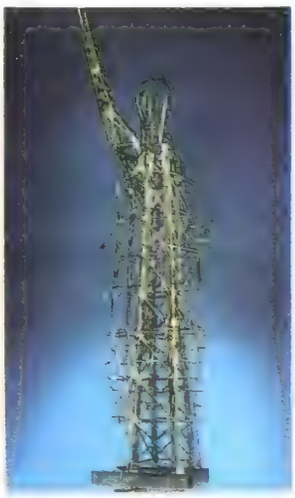
ESERVING IRREPLACEABLE LANDMARKS

e countries that boast three much-beloved nmade wonders have recently realized that y might not be able to weather much re affectionate visitor abuse.
In 1981, France took on the Eiffel Tower: moving tons of added weight, improving fire security, and easing visitor circulation. Pounding feet and salty air have weakened the Statue of Liberty, and a team of American and French architects started last fall to address its thirteen major trouble spots. Finally, Italian architects are still narrowing down their fix-it options for the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Should they hurry? The tower leans a bit more each year.

Alice Gordon



Still leaning in Pisa



New strength for Liberty



A lighter Eiffel Tower

It is the larger than-life aspect of Texas that makes it different. It gives Texans their confidence and charm, the reassurance that comes from a belief that the Good Lord made Texas on the first day of Creation, and made the rest of the world with what was left over.

From the Texas Book's directory's first look at U.S. aristocracy.
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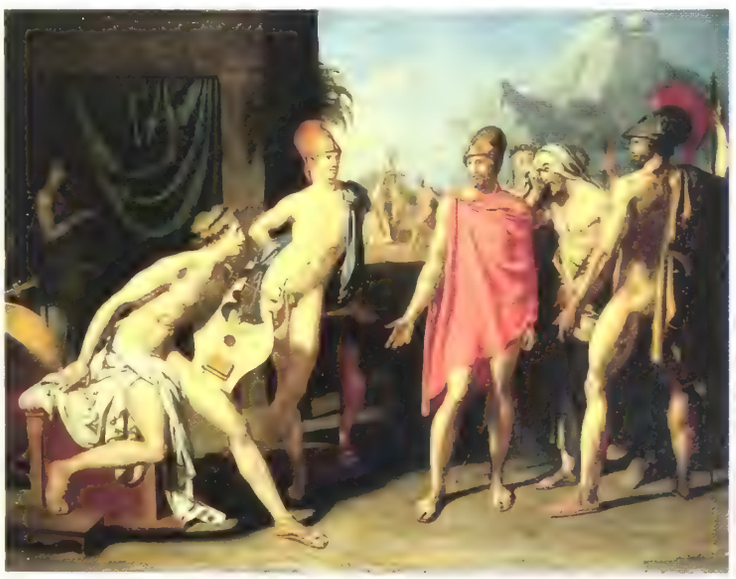
AKING THE GRADE ITH FLYING COLORS

e Grand Prix de Rome ademic Painting from the ole des Beaux-Arts, 97–1863. National cademy of Design, New ork, Jan. 10–Mar. 1.

udent competitions are t ordinarily the stuff of rious museum exhibitions. at when the competition question is the celebrated rand Prix de Rome, and sponsor France's werful Académie des aux-Arts, the result is a ow of considerable storical importance and sual appeal. Eighty-six ize-winning history and ndscape paintings, ecuted in grand and rigidly Neoclassical style, testify to the Academie's importance in shaping the official art of nineteenth-century France.

Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, who won in 1801 with *Achilles Receiving the Envoys of Agamemnon, right,* is probably the best known of the artists here and certainly the most successful in forging a strong personal style within the tradition of academic Classicism. His winning entry already hints at the crystalline perfection of form and surface of his mature style.

Still, weaknesses one expects from academic works are evident in abundance in these student paintings—complicated, too-studied compositions and self-conscious displays of technical virtuosity, not to mention a total imperviousness to the innovations of contemporaries such as Gustave Courbet and Édouard Manet. Yet their very flaws contribute to the kitschy appeal of these pictures, especially for a generation of museumgoers weary of abstraction and novelty for its own sake. *Ann Priester*



"He told us it was an Art Nouveau house, but we couldn't believe it, because who ever heard of an Art Nouveau house in the wilds of Philadelphia?"

(Continued from page 159) Venturi believes that "the Fischer family, who built the house, probably felt sentimental about where they came from and wanted a reminder of what they were familiar with. It's really a combination of *Jugendstil* and English Arts and Crafts, which you find in German architecture at that time—that Anglophile quality promoted by Hermann Muthesius plus the true continental Art Nouveau coming together. If our house looks German, but also a bit like early Frank Lloyd Wright, it's partly because of Charles Rennie Mackintosh, who evidently influenced both the Germans and Wright."

Understandably, this house had immense appeal for the man who wrote, "I prefer 'both-and' to 'either-or,' " and for his partner and wife, who found the majestic three-hundred-foot sweep of lawn at the rear of the mansion deeply compelling. "It's a beautiful, Romantic landscape, but for me it's almost African in scale," says Denise Scott Brown, who grew up in Johannesburg. "I've always wanted to live near something of 'inhuman' scale. When I was in California, I lived next to the Pacific Ocean. When we lived in Society Hill Towers, the scale of those big windows and the view out had that same quality of space. I wanted something like that again. I need to feel that I am perched up high looking out to something far beyond where I am."

A complicated series of negotiations to buy the house followed, and although the Venturis at last succeeded, things ended in an unforeseen turn of events: the land along the long, tree-shaded driveway leading up to the house was sold separately for subdivision. A neighborhood civic group tried to arrange for Venturi and Rauch to design the new housing, but the real-estate developer proceeded instead to erect a half-dozen split-level ranches of the suburban-tract sort.

Those not sympathetic to Venturi and Scott Brown's attempts to embrace popular culture and to incorporate its imagery into serious architecture might find a perverse poetic justice in their house having to confront a double file of split-levels that are ugly and ordinary in the pre-Venturian sense. Yet those houses prove what a world of difference there is between society's givens and the subtle reordering of reality that is art.

The interiors of the house also provided problems. As Denise Scott Brown recounts, "The previous owner told us that she had employed an interior decorator of international repute. This designer had given the house what he told her was an 'Art Nouveau' facelift. That's what we had to get rid of. The woodwork was rubbed with white paint to make it resemble driftwood, and the walls were covered with silvery paper with large yellow dahlias and daisies on it."

Once the most egregious improvements had been stripped away, the strong architectural character of the spaces began to emerge. Furthermore, the setting turned out to be perfect, both in period and scale, for the Venturis' sizeable collection of furniture from the Traymore Hotel. Made in the period between 1907 to 1915, the pieces are as much a stylistic mixture as the house itself, combining Art Nouveau motifs on forms that point directly to the Art Deco mode of a decade later, with a number of other influences from Chinese to Classical. But for Robert Venturi, the furniture was more than a funky find: he had been a childhood friend of the owners of the Traymore—an old Quaker family named Mott—and he grew up knowing duplicates of many of those pieces.

Even more familiar were the things he inherited from his mother (who lived most of her last years in the famous Chestnut Hill house of 1962–64 designed by her son, which made his reputation). Those Venturi family heirlooms ranged from fine antiques to the comfortable upholstered seating now used in the library. But for all their respect and nostalgia for the past, Denise Scott Brown and Robert Venturi have always been very much of the moment, and the interiors of their house capture many moments from their own lives as well: a large maquette for a stupendous cactus-shaped electrical sign for the Desert Inn *(Continued on page 164)*



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(Continued from page 162) (a gift from its designer) recalls their controversial 1972 book (written with Steven Izenour) *Learning from Las Vegas;* the minutely flowered wallpaper of their bedroom was the source of inspiration for the super-scale flowers on the exterior of their Best Products Showroom in nearby Oxford Valley, Pennsylvania; framed posters commemorate exhibitions of their work in this country and abroad.

The density of their accumulated possessions—for Venturi and Scott Brown are not the kind of people who methodically edit their pasts—is atypical for most architects, many of whom have only recently begun to emerge from the constraints of a reductivist aesthetic. But it all depends on one's perspective, for as Robert Venturi points out, "Eclectic interiors may be unusual for architects, but they're not so unusual for interior decorators who cultivate an eclectic look that's now popular. Yet when you look at the interiors of the early McKim, Mead & White Shingle Style houses of the 1880s, you see exactly the same thing—Victorian easy chairs and a very prim, authentic Hepplewhite chair or two. We like that. It's something we feel comfortable with, and it's part of our architectural approach: combining different vocabularies."

That combining, of course, is never as easy as it looks, for if such eclecticism is to succeed, no matter how offhanded or spontaneous it might seem, it must have an organizing principle behind it. In the case of the Venturis' house, the grammatical context, as it were, for their mixing of vocabularies is provided by the stunning program of stenciling that creates richly varied backdrops in each of the downstairs rooms. It is difficult to believe at first that it is stenciling at all, so elaborate are the designs; one assumes they must be very wonderful wallpapers. One can safely say that the Venturis and their squad of young assistants (including twelve-year-old Jimmie Venturi) have taken the art of stenciling about as far as it can go and have created a tour-de-force of repeat-pattern painting.

Each room has its own distinctive stenciling: the ample entry hall has a geometric pattern appropriate for its sturdy Mission Style woodwork and boxy Stickley furniture; the big, airy living room behind it is dotted with large pastel flowers against an ashes-of-roses ground; the dining room is encircled by a frieze bearing names such as Beethoven and Borromini, Toscanini and Soane, artists whom the owners most admire.



But the room that brings together the house's major decorative themes is the library. Along its walls in heady combination are exotic rose trees right out of Gustav Klimt, stripes of urns and medallions right out of Robert Adam, and tiny, perky flowers right out of a Levittown kitchen. Overhead, a sprinkle of stars above the picture rail recalls the ancient way of symbolizing the celestial soffit. Venturi frets that for once he might have gone too far, but to amplify on one of his most famous dictums ("Less is a bore"), one can say that in this case that "More is not too much."

For such is the visual awareness of Denise Scott Brown and Robert Venturi that all of this comes together in a composition that is perfectly legible both in detail and in whole, completely satisfying as rooms to look at and to live in. What they have done is all the more impressive for the fact that Venturi and Scott Brown are not collectors in any organized sense. They furnished their house when it was new to them with things that they could afford and that interested them. Though the names of many famous artists are attached to pieces they own, it is not the intrinsic value of those objects that makes them important, but rather what two remarkable architects see in them, and what they derive from them on a daily basis.

"It's really a teaching collection," explains Denise Scott Brown. "We like to have things as a way of studying them, having them where we can look at them very often and learn from them. Often, we have the problem of where to put things. We have so many chairs that once when my father was here he asked, 'Are you having a meeting?' " In fact, there are no less than three meetings simultaneously in progress there: the meeting of distinguished careers that is the shared life of Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown; the meeting of periods that gives the rooms of their house their own unique style; and the meeting of minds and eyes that have made those unions possible. □*Editor: Babs Simpson*



MASTERFUL MEETING

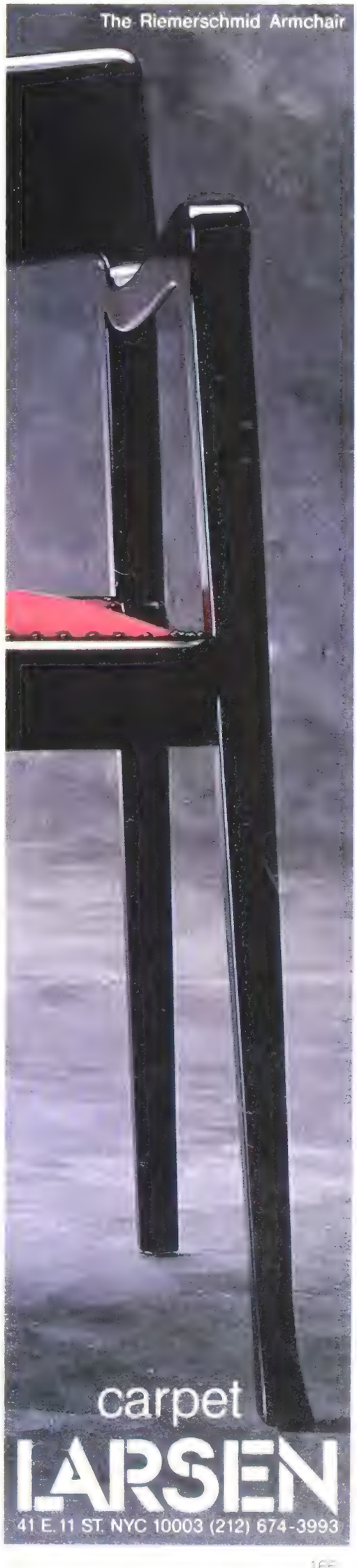
(Continued from page 114) Japanese devices for defining space. The little platform is a kinesthetic invitation to ritual shoe removal, a subtle barrier that transforms "out" to "in" despite the absence of an opaque wall. More explicitly, the guest pavilion features a Japanese bath, right at home. But a Japanese style of behavior is invited throughout. The project is virtually unfurnished—even the beds are out of sight, custom-made Murphys—and demands to remain so. In a pavilion/shrine the pressure for perfection is intense, completely contrary to the happy disorder of conventional domestic arrangements. Here, furniture must be genius or not at all.

The general image of the two new pavilions evokes such late Miesian works as the monumental art museum in Berlin and the somewhat earlier project for a headquarters building for Bacardi in Havana. These pavilionlike structures have relatively thick-looking roof slabs supported by large columns, an almost Attic configuration. Gluck's domestication of this form is not entirely successful: his roofs are simply too thick, a problem created partly because of cost and such technical requirements as roof drainage. Thickness also afflicts the project in the long gridded screen wall, which likewise needs a little more of less. But these are small cavils: Gluck's proportions mainly hit the mark.

There's a way in which this project is an aberration, a rare congruence of program and method that has permitted Miesian austerity to flourish. However, it's also a measure of Peter Gluck's skill that the place is both visually and functionally satisfying, that neither component is compromised, that the buildings' delights are so thoroughgoing. More, Gluck has succeeded in producing work in the manner of Mies that transcends an exercise in imitation or role playing. It succeeds by not being exactly Mies while always being about Mies, an absorbing gloss in steel and glass. It's exactly the deference the master deserves. □ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

CORRECTION

In our December Travel column, the photograph of a Hoatzin was mistakenly credited to Alice Gordon. The photographer was Azalea Alvarez.



BALTHUS AT THE VILLA MEDICI

(Continued from page 63) Lucullus. The geometric garden on a lower level, which is also bordered by Aurelian's ancient walls and shaded by hundred-year-old pines, is articulated in sixteen rectangles between boxwood allées punctuated by herms. The height of the allées and the nature of the plantings have changed, but the original design remains.

The Villa Medici has kept together practically all of its primary structures, but they were progressively altered during a century and a half by administrative undertakings, several military occupations, and the ostentation of bourgeois taste. In 1961 André Malraux, Minister of Culture, had named as director his friend the painter Balthus, who fulfilled his mission over the course of sixteen years with singular prestige and with results that cannot be too much appreciated. His complete restoration of the villa (and later of the gardens), which has served as a model for other Roman buildings, notably the Farnese Palace, is in itself one of his most perfect works and has had a significant and positive effect on both him and on his art. The success is owing to the sureness of his artistic gifts, to his profound knowledge of Italy, where in adolescence he learned to paint in front of the sanctuaries of Florence, Siena, and Arezzo; to his infallible sensitivity, of which he has given other proofs, toward high places and their particular genius. He knew how to restore to each room its proportions and harmony, and with the aid of old Italian artisans still skilled in the secrets of their trade, to achieve the appropriate colors for the walls, in a manner that is at once matte and vibrant, simple and strong, polished on the last coat by rubbing with bottle shards. The color photographs reproduced here show the admirable quality of the texture and its vivid luminosity on the vast empty surfaces, in a scheme dominated by exquisite nuances of ocher, green, and lilac. If these walls with their monastic bareness resemble the backgrounds of Balthus's paintings, it is because the latter come from the same source and are directed toward the same anonymous grandeur.



Balthus with Giacometti, 1951

The compositions by Balthus on the group of *The Three Sisters,* which will be in New York's Metropolitan Museum retrospective (February 29–May 13), have for a setting one of the salons of the Villa Medici, whose renovated walls become the backgrounds of the paintings, by a real osmosis between the craft and the art of painting, once indissolubly linked.

The frescoes with mythological subjects of the Medici apartments have always been known, although their attribution is still uncertain. After methodical testing, Balthus was able to uncover and bring to light the biblical frescoes blazoned with the arms of Cardinal Ricci hidden under layers of paint and believed lost, which confirms the antecedence of the north rooms where they are situated. In unveiling them, he found several ancient wall colors, which inspired his chromatic treatment of the entire villa. The ceiling beams and the boiseries of the doors were stripped and left their natural color. All the paving of the ground floor was remade in terra-cotta tiles according to ancient practice. A bar, salons, dining room, and library were arranged and fitted out for the fellows. The former carriage rooms were cleaned out and transformed into magnificent halls that regularly welcome exhibits of the fellows' work at the end of their residence, and, twice a year, expositions of various types, conceived according to places with an Italian resonance, which are attended like important events and followed by a large public. Let us cite, among the most recent, Poussin, Gericault, Matisse, Claude, and the artists from Lorraine in Italy; David and Rome; Picasso and the Mediterranean. The exposition open at the moment in which several American museums are participating is devoted to Daumier and Rouault. Once his vast restoration construction work was finished, but before starting on the gardens, Balthus traveled around the different regions of Italy at a time when antiques dealers were still well-supplied and prices affordable to refurnish the rooms in an ideal way, not in the sumptuous and rigid style of historic reconstruction but in a delicious and living fashion that suits a fairy-tale country house with a charm beyond time and polyvalent functions.

The reform of 1971 has modified the recruiting conditions and the statutes of the Villa Medici, which is no longer a dependency of the Institut de France but of an administrative council under the direction of the Ministry of Culture. Prix de Rome candidates are no longer admitted by academic competition but chosen by a double jury on the basis of aptitude. To the traditional disciplines—painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture, musical composition—have been added literature, movies, photography, as well as a section of art history and of restoration of works of art. All the activities corresponding to these diverse domains have been amplified, and music has notably undergone considerable expansion. A succession of important concerts retransmitted to France and Italy have just been produced in the Villa Medici gardens, where the works of Varèse were performed for his centennial under the direction of important conductors. These exceptional manifestations enhance without betraying it the peace of a privileged place for reflection and creation, out of the tumult of cities and the pressures of fashion, looking down on the blazing domes of Rome and their universal glory. □ *Editor: Marie-Pierre Toll*

SECOND SIGHT

Continued from page 78) beginning to ncorporate new forms in their works—vonderful, rounded, almost surrealis-ic shapes. It set off a desire to live with imilar forms, and I began for the first ime to collect furniture in a systematic vay. The designs of the forties and fif-ies allowed me to put together a series of compositions that not only related to ne another, but gave off an aura in vhich each object was almost like a iece of sculpture."

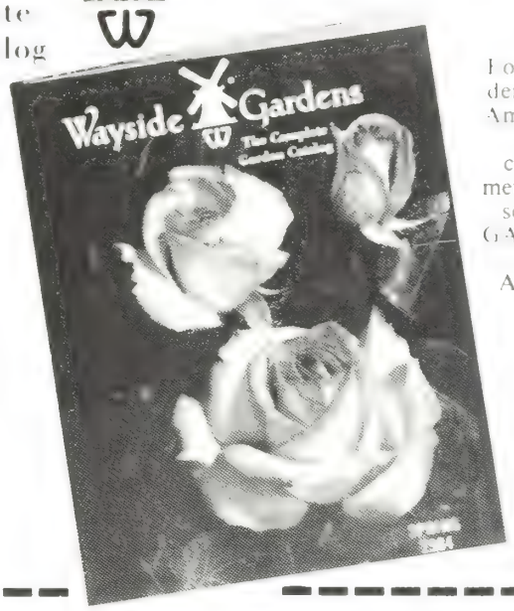
Fortunately, Barbara Jakobson wns a New York town house with in-eriors ample enough to accommodate er intriguing juxtapositions, most of vhich demand sufficient space for the xuberant free-standing pieces to chieve their full expressiveness. Her wo-story living room is a perfect howcase, which the visitor first sees rom the entry-level balcony and then lescends into via a curving staircase lating from the renovation of the Vic-orian house in 1957–58.

The viewer's eye moves irresistibly oward the most flamboyant piece, an xtravagantly curved sofa designed by ladimir Kagan in 1955. Although laced in a corner, it is of such dynamic weep that the room seems set on the iagonal to acknowledge the sofa's ommanding presence. Underscoring hat feeling is the diagonal placement f the unusual rug next to it. Although appears to be another fifties fantasia, is in fact English Art Deco, woven in 929–30 to the design of the American dward McKnight Kauffer. Its amoe-a-shaped central motif seems more redictive of the free-form shapes of rties and fifties design than represen-ative of Art Deco, all angles and zig-ags. Its combination of yellow, black, ale green, and gray likewise looks head to favorite postwar colors, as op-osed to the dusty pastels of the late wenties and early thirties. This seem-gly anomalous design turns out to be ot that at all, as it ties together several enerally overlooked strands in the his-ry of twentieth-century design.

For in fact, this is not a careful peri-d room, but one in which a great many hronologically disparate elements re mixed with utterly seamless ease. Ve realize *(Continued on page 168)*

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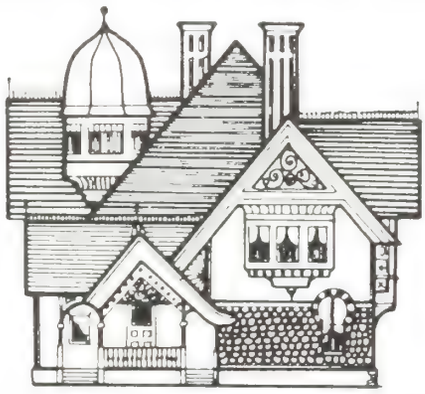
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LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT

Continued from page 167 that the angular wooden side chairs are not forties or fifties, but reproductions of Gerrit Rietveld's Zigzag chair of 1934. Nearby are a pair of Barcelona chairs, indelibly reminiscent of fifties waiting rooms but, of course, designed in 1929.

In putting it all together, Barbara Jakobson has benefited greatly from the expertise and advice of Mark Isaacson, an owner of Fifty-50, the New York furniture gallery already acknowledged to be the most serious and well-informed dealer of this relatively undiscovered material. But Mrs. Jakobson is fast on the uptake, and she herself has discovered pieces on trips to England, Holland, Germany, and Italy. She even tracked down her Vladimir Kagan sofa from an illustration in one of the few scholarly books on forties and fifties furniture, Christian Borngräber's *Stil Novo*. "I was absolutely taken with the sofa," she recalls, "and decided to ring up Mr. Kagan to ask if he had any of his early pieces. He took me to his factory in Long Island City, where he had this sofa under wraps, and when I saw it, I screamed and carried on and jumped up and down—it was like finding the Holy Grail!"

It was certainly a decisive piece, because it firmly established the underlying theme of Barbara Jakobson's forties and fifties pieces: the curving line. She has a few of the hard-edged works of Bauhaus-influenced designers, but now prefers the frankly sensuous shapes of such architects as Charles Eames (whose magnificent molded plywood screen is one of her best pieces) and Alvar Aalto (whose work she covets, but does not yet own).

But what unites all of Mrs. Jakobson's discoveries even more firmly is her lively view of the period, one that is miles removed from the design-reform sobriety of the late International Style. Mrs. Jakobson has many objects that such classical Modernists as George Nelson or Florence Knoll Bassett would consider the nadir of bad taste, but she obviously sees them differently: "I feel this furniture is so friendly. It has an exuberance, an optimism, a gaiety that is extremely winning. Chairs of this period are to me the sexiest of objects."

That outlook puts her squarely into the post–World War II American frame of mind, and that is what gives her collection its distinctive personality. These buoyant designs are the material incarnation of America's last great Age of Optimism, when a permanently better world seemed just beyond the blue horizon. We all know how things have gone since then, but looking back at these remarkably self-assured objects it is fascinating to realize just what we forgot to remember. □ *By Martin Filler. Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

SOFT COUNTRY COLORS

(Continued from page 133) have you ever seen a tidy artist's palette?"

Brighter colors are concentrated nearer to the house in stone troughs, terra-cotta pots, hanging baskets: red geraniums, fuchsias, begonias tempered by the cool grays of *Helicrysum petiolarum,* artemisias, lamb's-ears.

Beyond, in the herbaceous border, reds and orangy yellows are modulated by white, silver, blue-grays, and greenish yellows with silver thyme, lady's-mantle, a delicate cottage garden flower called astrantia, Scotch thistles, Shasta daisies, the stiff leaves of artichoke, and spires of plume poppies.

Farther into the garden flowers are less profuse and colors muted. Evergreens, choice flowering trees, variegated and large-leaved plants mark paths and define views. "Architectural plants matter in a large garden," Mrs. Watson emphasizes, for they must carry the design.

She also underlines the importance of growing pleasing things: "Plant what *you* like, for a garden is a reflection of your own character, and the principles that shape it can't always be applied to other characters and other gardens." Mrs. Watson believes the whole point is to create a restful composition, and that comes with understanding the setting, working within it, and letting things grow loosely and naturally. Her garden is a sanctuary, a fitting complement to a place that has always been called a hermitage. □

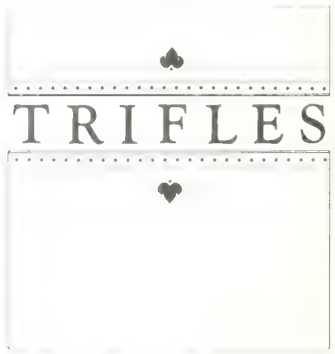
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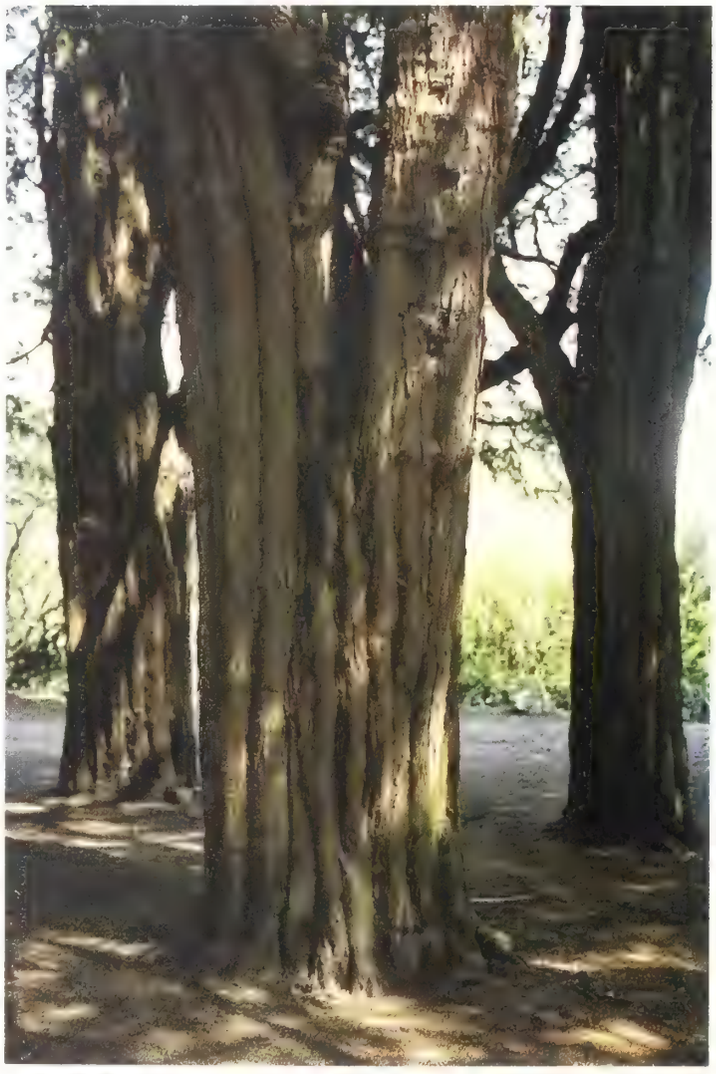
SACRED GROVES AND DRUID WOODS

From the JFK Memorial to the Blarney arboretum, praise for Ireland's ancient yews and oaks

By Alexander Cockburn

Given the choice between a tour of Gothic Cathedrals, Italian Renaissance paintings, or some fine old trees well weighted with history, I'll take the trees myself and leave Rheims and Florence to others. I suppose the taste stems, like most things, from the circumstances of one's early years. In my case childhood was passed in Myrtle Grove, Youghal, a Tudor house in County Cork once inhabited by Sir Walter Raleigh. Through the window of my bedroom I could see four gigantic yews beneath which Sir Walter sat to savor his latest import from America. But as he puffed away on his tobacco pipe his servants thought he was on fire and drenched him with water.

My northern European storytale world was filled with trees too and I could drift off to sleep amid the creak of Raleigh's yews and the bleak enthusiasm of an adult voice reading from Grimm's fairy tales, so replete with children being led off into the forest to perish.



The yews at Myrtle Grove beneath which, four hundred years ago, Sir Walter Raleigh smoked the first pipe in Europe and alarmed his servants, who doused him with water.

Thus I ended up a tree fancier. There are worse things to be and in fact tree worship, as anyone leafing through Frazer's *The Golden Bough* will soon find, is among the oldest of man's various forms of devotion. I fully understand the feelings of that landowner recalled by W.H. Hudson whose "greatest pleasure was to sit out of doors of an evening in sight of the grand old trees of his park, and before going in he would walk round to visit them, one by one, and resting his hand on the bark he would whisper a good night. He was convinced. . . that they had intelligent souls and knew and encouraged his devotion." I can even appreciate Jeremy Bentham, cited in this context by Keith Thomas in his *Man and the Natural World* in the course of a discussion of nineteenth-century English attitudes to trees, which were, Thomas writes, so personal to the householder and his family that there was nothing paradoxical about Bentham's proposal that "country gentlemen should embalm their ancestors and place them in avenues, alternating with the trees [as] what he called 'auto-icons' (having, of course, first varnished their faces to protect them against the weather)."

As much as any landscape painter, the tree fancier likes to have the lighting to his satisfaction, sun tilting past the oaks and yews, filtering through the foliage and collecting in golden pools around the spring primroses or autumn leaves. And I say spring and fall because twice in 1983, back home in these seasons to Ireland on family visits, the sun rose up with a boldness and constancy of purpose which bade the visitor to take to the road forthwith in search of one or other of Ireland's treasury of gardens and sacred groves.

First we took the road west from the Blackwater Valley, itself filled with ancient houses embowered in still more ancient trees, and within an hour were at the gates of Fota, an island eight miles from Cork City, in the estuary of the River Lee. *(Continued on page 172)*



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(Continued from page 170) Here, by grace of the labors and taste of three generations of one family is one of the finest and oldest arboreta in the world. Hugh Smith-Barry was only 41 when he died in 1857, but he bequeathed to his son, later Lord Barrymore, the reclaimed island of Fota, a four-acre fruit garden, a sunken Italian garden, and a fifteen-acre arboretum. Nourished by the devotion of Lord Barrymore and his head gardener William Osborne, the arboretum grew in interest and fame—a renown amplified once more by Lord Barrymore's daughter Mrs. Dorothy Bell, a formidable figure I remember with awe from my youth.

Beneath a sparkling sky we ambled through this silvan museum. Among its treasures an enormous *Magnolia Campbellii,* planted in 1872; a ravishing stand of Lawson's cypress; a Huon pine looking in the elegant droop of its branches like an Afghan wolfhound; *Picea Smithiana* brought from the Himalayas in 1847; a vast California nutmeg, planted in 1852; and from 1910—a banner year at Fota—Montezuma pine, Algerian cedar, Mexican fir. The subtropical climate in Cork harbor has been famously gentle to gardeners, and a banana plant against the garden wall stands as testimony to the gentle weather. A *Cornus capitata* dating from 1825 has been hailed by W.J. Bean of Kew as "the finest he has seen."

Dorothy Bell died in 1975 and the Smith-Barry family, descendants of the sixth Earl of Barrymore who shot himself in Dromana, high above the Blackwater, after a disastrous night at cards, no longer supervises the arboretum and gardens at Fota. As Edward Malins and Patrick Bowe write in their valuable *Irish Gardens and Desmesnes from 1830,* "In its heyday Fota must have been incomparable. . . . Today at Fota the epoch of melon house, peach house, and vineries has gone; the era of begonias, fuchsia, and pelargoniums in the greenhouse has finished; the time for crotons, gardenias, and caladiums in the stove house has departed; the walled garden is derelict." But the arboretum remains and thrives under the care of University College, Cork, which now superintends it. And the tree lover may also visit Fota house, now carefully restored to eighteenth-century amenity, with some fine paintings through the generosity and zeal of Richard Wood.

The sun was still high when we arrived at Blarney Castle, forty minutes from Fota. The fifteenth-century keep built by Dermott MacCarthy in 1446 loomed pleasantly over green pasture sprinkled with primroses. We skirted the keep and famous stone, heading for the true glory of Blarney—the Rock Close and Druid wood. Here are oaks and yews that were a thousand years old when Oliver Cromwell moved among them during his siege of Blarney. Here is a circle of stones of the old Druid religion, and a romantic imagination can easily conjure up a scene similar to that ascribed to the grove of Diana near Nemi by Frazer in the first incomparable lines of *The Golden Bough:* "In this sacred grove there grew a certain tree round which at any time of the day, and probably far into the night, a grim figure might be seen to prowl. In his hand he carried a drawn sword, and he kept peering warily about him as if at every instant he expected to be set upon by an enemy. He was a priest and a murderer and the man for whom he looked was sooner or later to murder him and hold the priesthood in his stead. Such was the rule of the sanctuary."

In fact one imagination—my own—conjured up just such a scene when I was about ten and camping in the sacred grove of Blarney with Adrienne Hamilton, whose mother owned the castle and lived nearby in a nineteenth century Gothic structure of imported Scottish granite. The sun slithered down all too rapidly and the knotted yew branches threw strange shadows on our tent. The herons laughed amid the two-thousand-year-old oaks, junior only to the redwoods and bristlecomb pines of California. The distant footfall of a cow sounded like the approaching step of a Druid executioner, and we fled along the path to the light and safety of the post-Druid era.

The Druid wood is as romantic and mysterious as ever, and my mother recounted in triumph her victory over a professor from Cork who had maintained that the Druid stones were actually part of an eighteenth-century folly. "Then how do you explain this?" she had cried to the man of supposed learning, gesturing at the root of an Irish yew, *(Continued on page 174)*



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(Continued from page 172) itself certainly over one thousand years old, which had grown over the stone recess now known—in deference to the Druid priestesses—as the witch's kitchen.

We passed agreeable hours picnicking among the yews, ilexes, and beeches. Also in the Rock Close that houses the Druid circle are other fine trees of dignified antiquity—a tulip tree, a California redwood, an incense cedar, a cedar of Lebanon some seven hundred years old. Then, as the sun sank we clambered up the keep to refresh the gifts of eloquence by kissing the stone and headed back toward the Blackwater.

It was early fall and the specific, twentieth-anniversary day of John Kennedy's death still some weeks away when we went east across County Waterford to view the progress of the most lasting and beautiful of the living memorials to the dead president. Some of the trees in the Arboretum and forest garden are 35 feet high now in the John F. Kennedy park—620 acres on the lower slopes of Slieve Coillte, the hill which rises above the Kennedy ancestral home in Dunganstown, County Wexford. It was a clear day and we could see in the distance the Saltee islands one way and the Comeragh mountains the other. On the terrace of the reception center the sun played on the commemorative fountain hewn from a single block of granite and engraved with the Irish words,

"na fiafrigh ce'n mhaith duit do thir . . .
fiafrigh ce'n mhaith don tir tufein,"

and their English original,

"ask not what your country can do for you . . . ask what you can do for your country."



Top: The island of Fota, which contains a fifteen-acre arboretum.
Above: Part of the 620 acres of the John F. Kennedy Memorial planted twenty years ago near the ancestral home in Dunganstown to commemorate the president's death.

The month after President Kennedy's death Irish-American groups met in New York to discuss an appropriate memorial. The park, by dint of Irish-American contributions and the backing of the Irish government, is the splendid result. The purpose has been to establish a scientific arboretum with ancillary collections and a forest garden of separate plots planted with a specific species; out of these to create a park to foster appreciation of the beauty and uses of woody plants.

There are now some four thousand varieties of trees and shrubs, with donations from 22 countries. They include a beautiful *Magnolia mollicomata Campbelli,* a pink magnolia which will grow to forty feet. The park's director, Chris Kelly, told us it flowered last year after twelve years, once more a visible tribute to the Irish climate, since such magnolias do not usually flower until 25 years after planting.

Mr. Kelly yearns to have a computer to ease his task in cross-referring the behavior of every plant. He also battles, not entirely with success, against rabbits. And he reported the curious circumstances of the only person caught in the act of vandalism—a bank manager. He had been seen throwing rooted shrubs over the outer fence but made off when observed. The number of his car was partly taken and two years later the car was seen parked again. Though caught with a bag of cuttings, he was not charged in the end, partly because the cuttings he had stolen were all from varieties that do not grow from cuttings and thus his misdemeanor seemed to smack more of eccentricity than horticultural aggrandizement.

Be prepared to walk, as the park is large and most of it closed to cars. But the walk is no hardship and the day passed delightfully for us, with those slowly growing trees a reminder to us of a death twenty years ago:

"To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt."

So much for Milton's *Il Penseroso.* There would be other days and other trees—Birr Castle, Annes Grove, Headfort. . . . In New York in vacant or in pensive moods I am haunted by those Irish trees through all seasons. □

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February 1984

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In Gloria Vanderbilt's bedroom in her New York penthouse, two Syrie Maugham chairs flank the fireplace, on whose mantel are two Adam candelabra. Photograph by Edgar de Evia.

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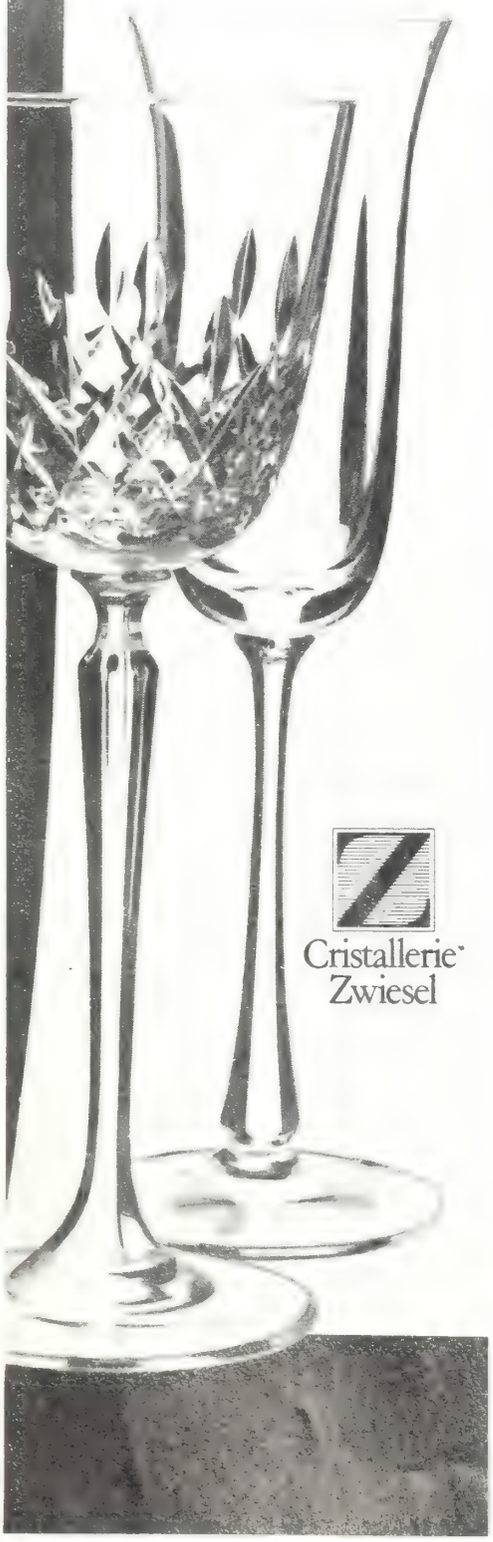
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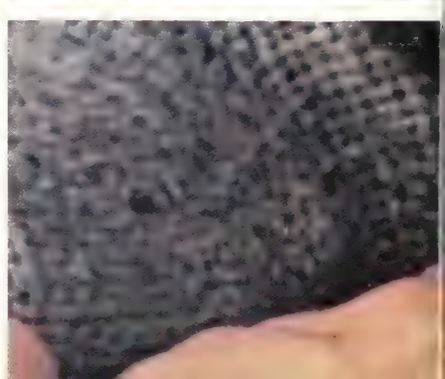
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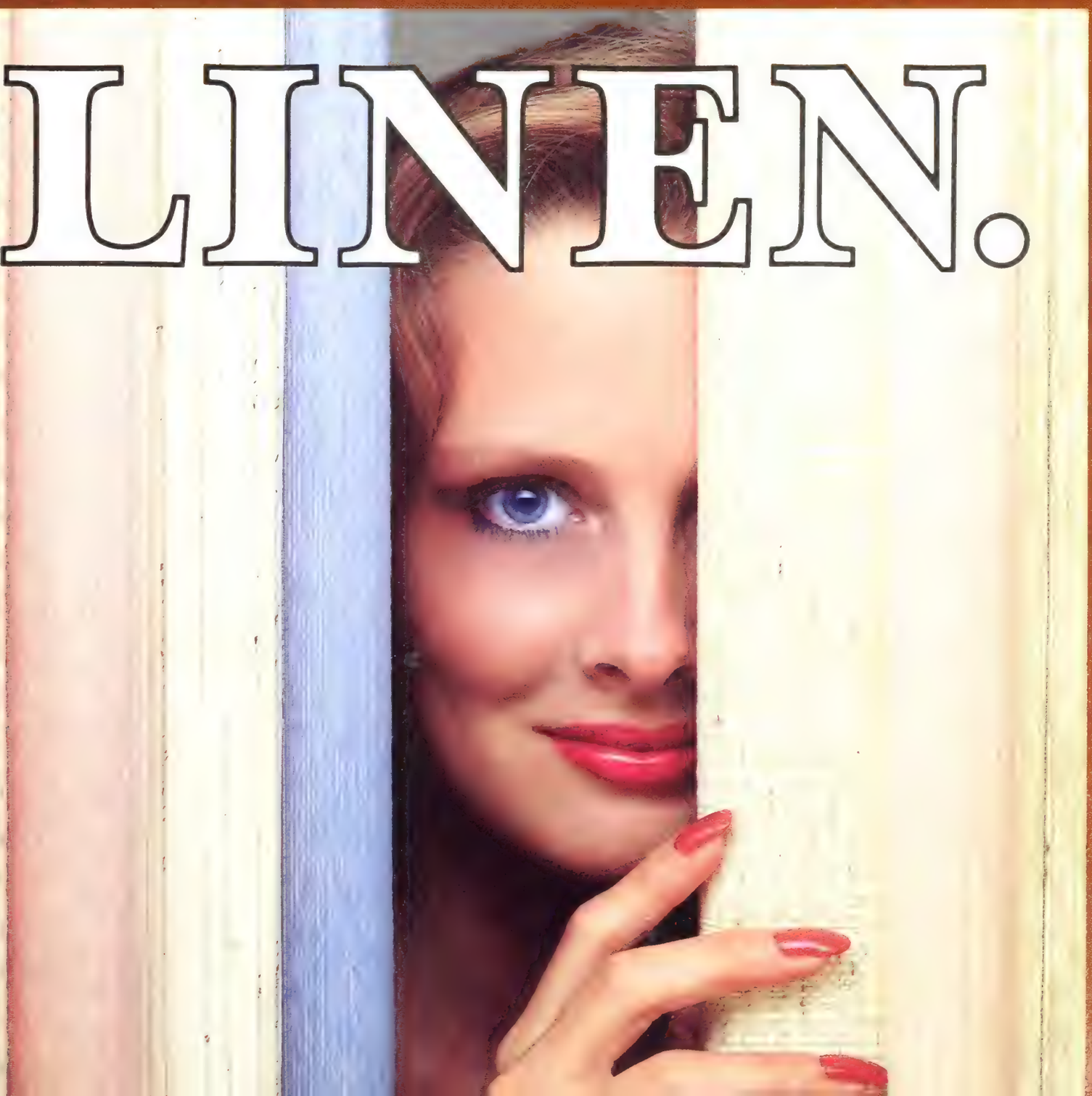
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It was in the early sixties and I was in my early twenties when I first discovered design. Newly moved to Chicago to begin what was to turn into a lifelong career in design journalism, I was walking on the Windy City's Near North Side when I happened upon a shop that was to forever turn my head when it came to furniture and other household objects. The shop was Baldwin & Kingry and it specialized in furniture designed for Herman Miller and Knoll by the design greats of that period—people like Charles Eames, George Nelson, Harry Bertoia, as well as the famous Scandinavians Hans Wegner and Bruno Mathsson. I had never heard of any of them, but I knew instinctively that I had stumbled upon something very special.

A few years later, furnishing my first apartment in New York, I began buying the designs I first saw in Chicago. Today both our home and my office are filled with chairs by Charles Eames, storage by George Nelson, the expandable dining table by Bruno Mathsson, and special handcrafted chairs by Hans Wegner.

But no piece is as special to me as the first molded-plywood chair design by Charles Eames. I had coveted one of those chairs, long out of production, for some time. Walking to work one day I saw it sitting with a group of furniture being readied for auction. It was long before fifties furniture became fashionable, and when the auctioneer held up that chair he asked what anyone would bid on "this Danish-inspired piece." With his words my heart skipped a beat, for I realized that I knew more about that chair than he did. I raised my hand, called out "five dollars," and the original Charles Eames chair was mine.

As you read "All About Eames," page 122, the Eames house, the Eames chairs, and the way Ray and Charles Eames have lived with both will, I hope, teach you as much about the wonder of design as they have me.

There is another kind of wonder involved in Naomi Barry's story "Sailing Away With Léger" and the marvelous unpublished watercolors by the artist that triggered it. The watercolors are from a sketchbook that Léger did while a guest on Sara and Gerald Murphy's schooner, the *Weatherbird*, over fifty years ago. As the Murphys and their friends sailed, Léger painted, providing us with a wonderful record of a pleasure-filled era. Life has changed dramatically since the twenties and thirties, but the sketchbook is a reminder that any era should include time for the "gentle, loving, and innocent fun" that Naomi Barry describes for us on page 132.

Martin Filler's homage to Karl Friedrich Schinkel will introduce a new name to many House & Garden readers. Ours is the first detailed Western coverage of this important nineteenth-century architect's recently restored projects in East Germany, and we are especially proud to show you the interiors of Schloss Charlottenhof at Potsdam. In his trips behind the iron curtain, Filler was delighted to discover the East German government's program to carefully restore cultural treasures. While there, Filler met with Schinkel scholar Dr. Hans-Joachim Kadataz, who had Schinkel's original drawings brought out for House & Garden to look at in the Schinkel Archive in East Berlin. Although Schinkel's international reputation was a victim of the political upheavals of the twentieth century, our story on this long-neglected architect reveals the impact his work is now having on a younger generation of architects who find in Schinkel the kind of inspiration earlier architects, like Charles Eames, found in the Modern Movement.

Schinkel was not only a masterly architect, however, but an extraordinary decorator as well. It was his decoration of the bedroom of Queen Luise of Prussia that launched his career as unofficial architect to the king. The Queen's husband was more than a bit parsimonious, but Schinkel was able to make cotton seem far more elegant than silk, native woods more alluring than the more expensive imported varieties. Just how alluring can be seen in the photograph of Queen Luise's bedroom on page 169.

Often in reviewing an issue in preparation for writing this page, I'm struck by a decorating theme that seems to emerge unbidden. In this issue, it is clearly a new, offhand, and handsome way with fabric. Look for it in the shawls and throws used by Gloria Vanderbilt, in the crocheted bedspread and knotted curtains at John Huston's tropical hideaway, in the aged rugs in our story "First-Century American" from Colonial Williamsburg, in the layers of fabrics on the seating and floors of the Eames house in Santa Monica, the material draping walls in the Schinkel interiors, even the horse-blanket cover on the Vico Magistretti sofa in the Paris apartment by architects Patrick Naggar and Dominique Lachevsky. Each example is as inspiring as it is unique.

It is often said that theology is really autobiography, and Barbara Lazear Ascher's story on Gloria Vanderbilt makes me realize that this is also true of decoration. The photographs of Gloria Vanderbilt's New York City apartment by Edgar de Evia reveal how she has created an ancestral dwelling for herself. As we read of the influence of the Bloomsbury set on Gloria Vanderbilt and her concepts of what decorating is all about we're glad to play our supporting part in helping people come to terms with "their feelings about beauty and their hopes for themselves." Perhaps that's why, as Barbara Lazear Ascher says: "Home is not only our autobiography, but an opportunity to rewrite that autobiography."

Lou Gropp
Editor-in-Chief

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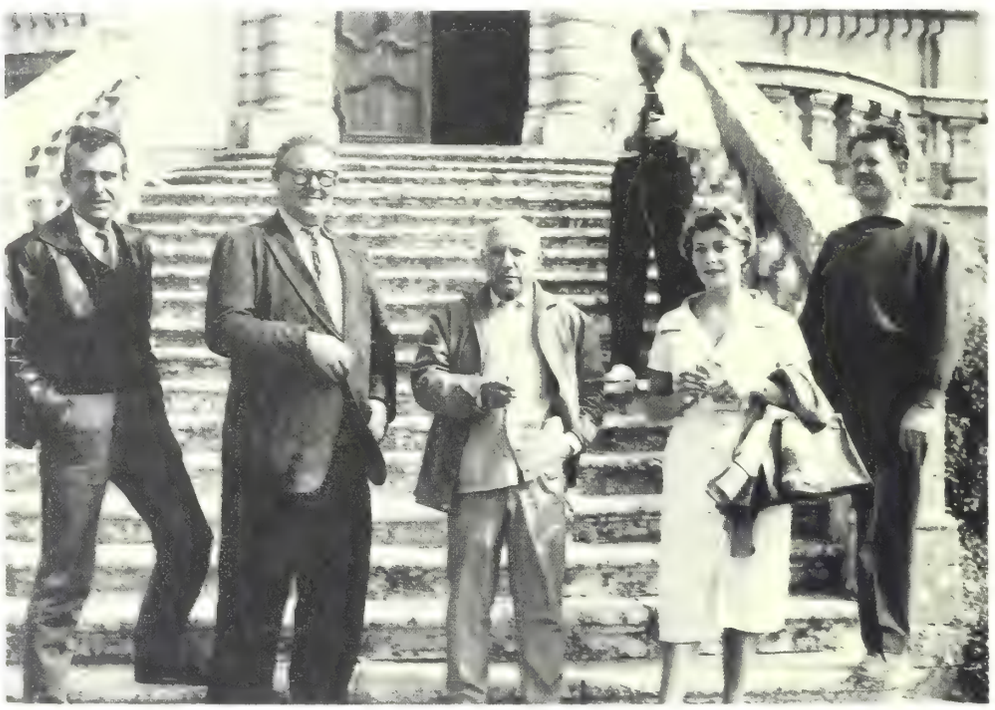

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PICASSO AS HOMEMAKER

He changed houses frequently, loved clutter, and told Brassaï "Dust is my ally"

By John Richardson



Picasso photographed in 1958 by his wife, Jacqueline, on the steps of the Château de Vauvenargues, which had just been found for him by the writer of this article (extreme left) and Douglas Cooper (second left).

The twists and turns in Picasso's style can best be understood if we realize how closely they reflect the zigzag pattern of his marital arrangements. The controversial switch from Cubism to Neoclassicism, for instance, coincides with Picasso's marriage in 1918 to Olga Koklova, most virtuous of Diaghilev's ballerinas. Because Picasso was madly in love with her, this excessively uptight beauty succeeded—albeit briefly—in weaning him away from bohemia and transforming him into a sociable figure with a duplex apartment on the fashionable rue la Boétie, and smart suits (including a tuxedo) from Poole of London. And what better match for all this propriety than the bland, pneumatic goddesses who populate Picasso's paintings of the period?

Poor deluded Olga (the daughter of a Russian colonel) was determined to establish herself socially. And so she set about furnishing the apartment in the most decorous fashion. Marble chimney pieces were adorned with embroidered cloths and Second Empire clocks made of ormolu. The upright piano was draped with a shawl surmounted by an imposing pair of bronze candlesticks. Glazed doors between the salon and *salle à manger* were hung with net curtains. It was all very dainty. And the English art critic Clive Bell described to me how this *comme il faut* décor was just the right setting for the nice little dinners that the Picassos proceeded to give for the nice new friends they had met through Diaghilev and Cocteau. Bourgeois aspirations likewise drove Olga to employ a chauffeur in livery and white gloves, as well as a nanny and, later, an English governess as well as dancing teachers and riding and fencing instructors for her son, Paulo, who followed his father's example in only one respect: he reacted violently against Olga's manic grooming.

As the scales fell from his besotted eyes, Picasso came to dread the social round and the rituals that society life involved. More and more he would take refuge in his atelier on the upper floor where dust was allowed to accumulate. "Dust is my ally," Picasso informed Brassaï. "It's like a protective layer. When there's no dust in this spot or that one, it's because someone has been meddling with my things. I can see right away that someone has been there. And it's because I live constantly with dust, in the midst of dust, that I usually wear gray suits—they're the only ones that *(Continued on page 20)*

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(Continued from page 16) don't show any trace of it." Thirty years later, the artist told me he was tempted to stick up a sign on his studio door saying, "*Je ne suis pas ici*." This exhibit with "*la charme discrète de la bourgeoisie*" helped trigger the "convulsive" paintings (1925 onwards) with which Picasso was once again to change the course of twentieth-century art. Olga was too blinkered to realize that her reproachful respectability was driving Picasso into the arms of the Surrealists, and worse—so far as her marriage was concerned—into the embraces of an athletic seventeen-year-old blonde, Marie-Thérèse Walter, whom her husband had picked up outside the Galeries Lafayette.

The collapse of his first marriage reinforced Picasso's innate distaste for conventional propriety and everything that goes with it—"too artistic, too civilized for me," he said of a friend's sedately decorated salon. From now on Picasso let things pile up around him, like the Collyer Brothers. So as to have more room to work, Picasso acquired other properties—the Château de Boisgeloup and the two top floors of a seventeenth-century house on the rue des Grands-Augustins—and in the course of time the residences came to be furnished in a fashion best described as aleatory. That is to say everything was left pretty much to chance, except insofar as the order or disorder reflected the character of the mistress of the moment.

I first visited Picasso in 1949 on the rue des Grands-Augustins at one of those audiences where members of the art world, intelligentsia, and Communist party were transformed into oily supplicants fighting for the great man's attention. It was only when I went to live in Provence in the early fifties that I really got to know the artist. By that time he was living at Vallauris—"*la capitale de la céramique*" —back of Cannes. His potters, the Ramiés, had found him a small pink villa, La Galloise, conveniently near their kilns. La Galloise had a further convenience: although its garage was situated on the road, the house itself was hidden away in the garden at the back. What is more, the upper floor of the garage was inhabited by a weirdly garbed old witch named Madame Boissière—an Isadora Duncanish dancer, painter, mystic—who loathed Picasso and, much to his amusement, placarded his garage with notices saying, "This is where Madame Boissière lives. This is *not* where Monsieur Picasso lives. Furthermore, Monsieur Picasso is a terrible painter." Trust Picasso to call her "the ideal concierge."



A glimpse of some of the clutter in the living room at Notre-Dame-de-Vie in Mougins, a former Provençal farmhouse belonging to the Guinnesses, which Picasso bought and moved into around 1961.

After running the gauntlet of Madame Boissière's vituperation, visitors found themselves in front of a small gabled dwelling guarded by a large boxer dog. As Françoise Gilot, Picasso's mistress at the time, subsequently wrote, "It was a rather ugly little villa with almost nothing to recommend it... within a week we had whitewashed the interior, brought in two beds, two unpainted tables, two unpainted chairs, and four stools, and we were ready to move in." What a bleak way for the world's most prodigious artist to live, I felt. True, there were a terrace and a couple of mulberry trees, and Françoise, who had recently walked out on the artist, had done her best to brighten the hideously tiled rooms with colorful rugs and bedspreads and a decorative chest inlaid with bits of mirror. I remember Picasso proudly showing us some peculiar armchairs that he had just acquired, designed by a young Englishman; for all their rickety look—they appeared to be made of wooden balls and macramé—these chairs come across as thronelike in portraits of the period. And then there was a poignant heap of the toys he had contrived for his children, who were so conspicuous by their absence. By the look of things the artist was fed up with leading the simple life of a Party member (this was at the height of Picasso's Communist affiliation), especially given his lonely state. And in subsequent years he seldom talked of La Galloise, except to disparage it.

When Jacqueline Roque stepped into Françoise's shoes a few months later, Picasso whisked her off to Paris, but he was discouraged at finding himself a principal target of Parisian paparazzi. A return to Vallauris only induced gloom. What the artist required was a change of venue: space and privacy and the proximity of the Mediterranean. La Californie—a grandiose villa built in a debased Art Nouveau style that he and Jacqueline came upon one *(Continued on page 24)*

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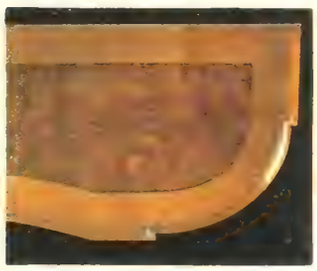
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Suitable upholstery was no problem: chairs from local junkshops were covered with canvas which the artist, in an uncharacteristic concession to decoration, painted like damask

(Continued from page 20) evening on a hillside in back of Cannes—fulfilled these needs. "How hideous, how pretentious it is," the sardonic owner liked to boast, but he took childish satisfaction in the villa's provenance (it had been built by one of the partners in Moët et Chandon), in its enfilade of salons divided by glass doors *à la* Maxim's, above all in the mirrored *cuvettes* which were a startling feature of the mahogany-paneled lavatories. And I don't think he would have drawn and painted the house on so many occasions if it had not been a source of pride.

In no time La Californie filled up with a prodigious accumulation of treasure and trash. Apart from paintings, drawings, and bronzes from all periods and Pisan towers of ceramics, the accumulation consisted largely of tribute offered by admirers the world over. I remember hats of every conceivable kind (from fez to yarmulke, pillbox to billycock), a grotesque female figure from the New Hebrides given by Matisse, an unopened bottle of Guerlain inscribed *Bonne Année, 1937,* guitars galore, Barcelona's Colòn monument in chocolate (or was it marzipan?), masks from eighteenth-century Venetian ones to Halloween hideosities in rubber, the model of a Sicilian cart, an enormous *panettone* which mice had nibbled into a miniature Colosseum, rolls of toilet paper printed with dollar bills, a distorting mirror from a fairground, and much, much more. Dominating everything was a large garish tapestry after the *Demoiselles d'Avignon*— "at least it shocks, which the original no longer does," the artist would say when he wanted to *épater* an earnest fan. And then there was the livestock—cages full of pigeons and *bengalis,* also a goat and a dachshund called Lump—and the depressing evidence, in the form of dried up remnants of floral setpieces, of Picasso's theory that plants and flowers were better off without water.

Since Picasso never discarded anything (not even mistresses, according to Françoise Gilot), this accumulation grew and grew until there was very little room left on the ground floor of La Californie. "I own as many houses as there are châteaux on the Loire," the artist once grumbled, when groups of visitors were milling around like migratory birds looking for a place to settle, "and still don't have anywhere to receive people. Maybe I should buy a Provençal château like you," he said to Douglas Cooper and myself, who were living at the time in the Château de Castille, a picturesque folly near Avignon. A week or two later Picasso came to dine with us, as he often did after local bullfights. Once again he raised the subject. This time we had a solution. Why didn't he buy the great seventeenth-century Château de Vauvenargues, outside Aix-en-Provence, which had just come on the market? With it went two thousand acres of *garrigue* and forest on the slopes of Cézanne's Mont Sainte-Victoire and, it was said, the title of marquis. The following day Picasso drove over and viewed Vauvenargues; a week later it was his. How would he depict Cézanne's favorite motif? Months later Picasso painted a gigantic *Nue couchée* whose outline approximates Saint-Victoire.

To be habitable the château required a great deal of sizable furniture. How, we wondered, was Picasso going to decorate—or, rather, not decorate—this *monument historique*? Suitable upholstery was no problem: chairs from local junkshops were covered with canvas which the artist, in an uncharacteristic concession to decoration, painted like damask. The bathroom? Have the local plumber install an aggressively ugly tub and lavabo in one of the loftier chambers, light with neon tubes, and fresco the wall behind the appliances with flute-playing fauns. The dining room? Garnish with a vast black *bahut* (sideboard)—a Second Empire "Henri II" monstrosity with knobs on, which appears in many of the Vauvenargues paintings—and go and eat in the kitchen. As for the great salon embellished with baroque plasterwork: the studio of course. And how magnificent it was stacked with somber, Spanish-looking portraits of Jacqueline in viridian, red, and black, one of them boldly inscribed, "Jacqueline de Vauvenargues."

As soon as Vauvenargues was ready and a powerful heating system installed (so powerful it subsequently blew up), Picasso drove me over to see it. In the boot of the car was a cradle for Luís-Miguel Dominguín's newborn baby and a very fancy shotgun from Hermès ("since I win all the prizes at rifle ranges in penny arcades, I propose to shoot my own game"). Most of the monumental sculpture from La Californie was lined up outside the house to the delight of the artist's Dalmatian. "But wait until you see my private museum," Picasso said and led the way into the *Salle des Gardes,* a colossal cobbled hall, and pointed to two smallish alcoves. Dusty shelves were crowded with primitive Iberian sculptures, terra-cotta bowls decorated with bullfights, the skeleton of a bat, a cart of that monstrous fertility goddess the Venus de Lespugne, trashy souvenirs, and some of the artist's rarer bronzes. Dangling from a length of string was the lighting system: two bulbs stuck inside broken bits of Picasso pottery. "That's how I like to see things exhibited," the artist told us, "such a change from the wife of a Chicago collector I know. When I offered her a cigarette she made me sign it, and I gather it is now displayed on a velvet cushion in a glass case."

Vauvenargues proved too solitary for year-round habitation. And so Picasso was obliged to look for a further alternative to La Californie, which was fuller than *(Continued on page 28)*

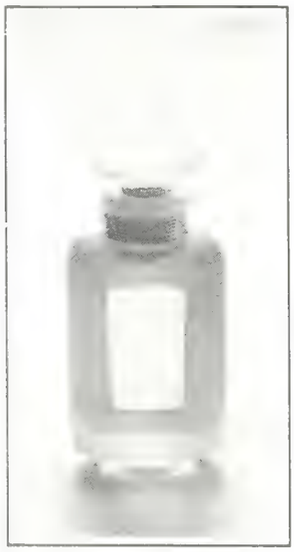


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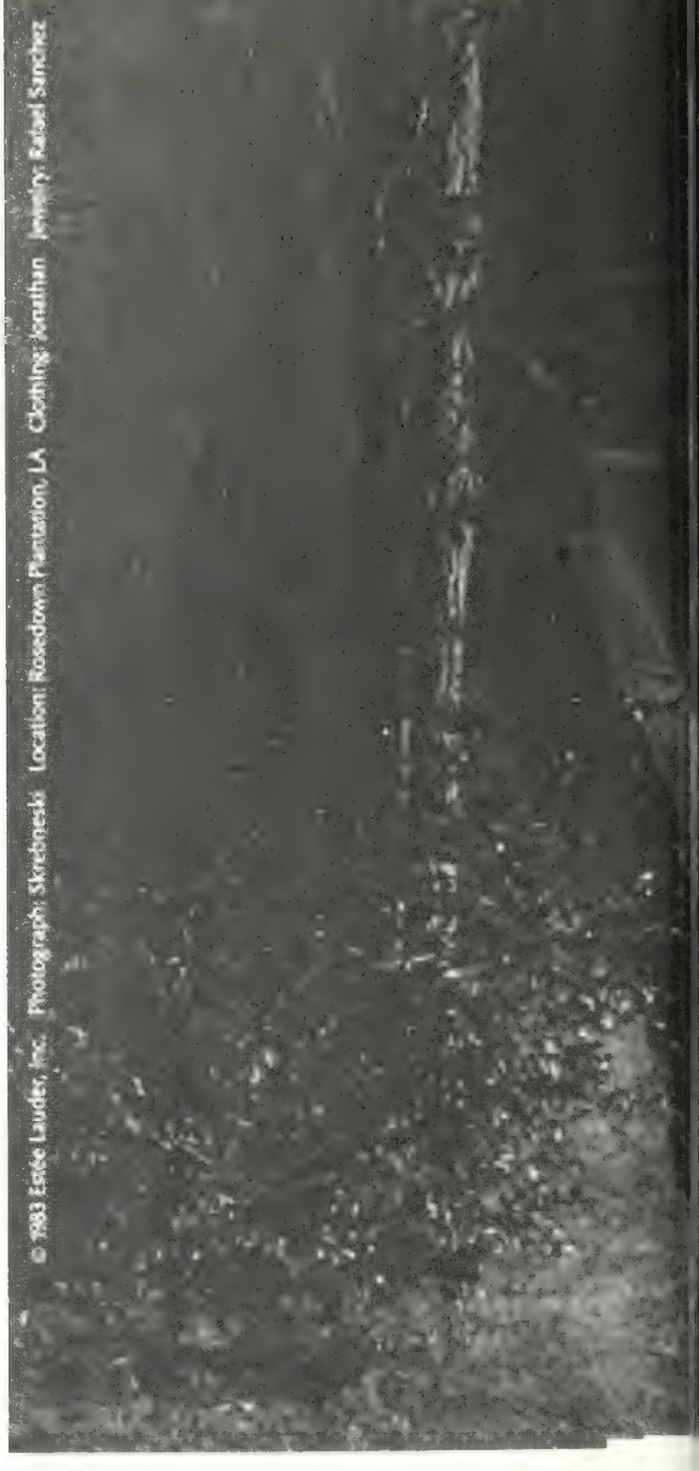
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(Continued from page 24) ever. Even more of a menace were the high-rise buildings going up on the property below and the nightly disturbance of *son et lumière* nearby. Picasso, who had finally married Jacqueline a few months earlier, soon found "*la maison des rêves,*" a few kilometers away, at Mougins. Despite an ancient pilgrimage chapel on the property, the new house, Notre-Dame-de-Vie, was virtually impregnable, and its beautiful site, on a hillside terraced with olive and orange trees and cypresses, was not overlooked. Originally a Provençal farmhouse, it had been transformed by members of the ubiquitous Guinness family into a spacious and luxurious villa but without any sacrifice of simplicity.

Shortly after Picasso moved in (1961), I called to see how he was. "*Viens voir.* The new house has hundreds of bathrooms, hundreds of white telephones." But it was an improvement on La Californie, in more respects than that. Downstairs was a magnificent arcaded space for a sculpture studio, where plaster casts of Michelangelo's chained slaves presided over a museum of blue period bronzes, Cubist constructions, ceramic owls, and metal cutouts in ever-increasing quantities. But this was just one of many studios. The no-less-attractive living quarters were filled with favorite bits of furniture from other houses: the Hepplewhite chairs that Picasso's father had bought from the estate of an English wine merchant in Málaga, the Louis XIII ones from the rue la Boétie, the Thonet rockers from La Californie, the mahogany *médailler* (used for storing drawings) inherited from Matisse. And there were the usual contributions from friends: a couple of trendy armchairs from Kootz (the New York dealer); a no-less-hideous chaise longue, which figures in one of the artist's finest nudes of the period, from Rosengart (the Lucerne dealer); and a vicuña rug for the marriage bed from the Ramiés. For a change the clutter seemed less overwhelming; and flowers and plants were no longer left to die of thirst, probably because nothing disturbed the aged artist's peace of mind so much as intimations of mortality.

After his eightieth birthday Picasso went out less and less. As a result Notre-Dame-de-Vie became more and more of a microcosm of the artist's universe—a microcosm that consisted of a series of sanctums, one within another like a Russian toy, the innermost being the studio. A favorite refuge from visitors was a windowless vestibule on the ground floor which the Picassos called the *quai de la gare* (the station platform), because it often served as a waiting room (for storms to blow over, moods to change); also the floor was permanently piled with unopened packages. There was only one piece of furniture: a down-at-heel divan for confabulations and naps. And a plethora of mysterious doors left room for only two paintings, both remarkable: a large canvas of a black matador from Mozambique and Matisse's celebrated *Still Life with Oranges.*

Upstairs, besides the much-vaunted bathrooms, was Jacqueline's bright boudoir (vulgarly known as "*le foutoir*") and the *chambre de maître.* I liked the fact that Picasso's bedhead consisted of a canvas with its face to the wall. Had it been painted? I can't remember. As a rule Picasso disdained lampshades and went in for bare bulbs; an exception was Jacqueline's bedside lamp, ingeniously contrived out of one of Picasso's cut-out owls, tilted in such a way that the light would not bother her husband's eyes.

Apart from a television set—largely for watching all-in wrestling—and some zebra skins, the principal contents of the bedroom were precarious piles of books, magazines, empty cigarette packets, and papers, the latter frequently marked with the Spanish word *ojo* ("eye," i.e., attention) and a cabalistic sign, ☙ . This meant the same thing but I always felt it constituted a kind of shorthand self-portrait. Indeed the countless eyes—large penetrating eyes like Picasso's own—that stared out from the Notre-Dame-de-Vie paintings were enough to induce paranoia. Why were all these paintings glaring at one? Yes, there was something eerie about the place, but it would be wrong to see Notre-Dame-de-Vie as a premature tomb, for in the face of death the incumbent was very much alive—more demon driven than ever. He still had to paint *the* picture. Could it be that the aged artist—such a prey to omens and so fearful of death—had bought this penultimate house for the magic of its name? □

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TO AZERBAIJAN AND BACK

An old Russia hand travels the southern leg of the ancient Silk Route to China

By Sir Fitzroy Maclean

Of the three Soviet republics which lie beyond the great mountain barrier of the Caucasus—Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan—I had until quite recently visited Azerbaijan less frequently than the other two, my experience of it having been limited to Baku, the capital, and to Lenkoran, a harbor in the far south, to which I had paid an eventful visit 45 years ago, when, having somehow wandered into the frontier zone with Persia, I came very near to being shot. Usually I have arrived in the great city of Baku by train or plane. On my latest visit, after a few most agreeable days spent with friends in Georgia, I tried a new approach, namely by road from Telavi, the old capital of Kakhetia, or Western Georgia. What I had in mind was to take a look at an area with a Tartar population and Moslem traditions going back well beyond the time of Tamerlane, the ruler of Samarkand, whose favorite hunting ground, the Karabagh, lay in this region.

The October sun was hot for the time of year and, feeling the need for protection against it, I decided at the last moment to buy myself one of the traditional soft black pillboxes with a button on top, which they still wear in Kakhetia. The leading hatter in Telavi had eight different portraits of Generalissimo Stalin in his tiny shop in the high street, and no hat that would fit me. "But," he said, "I will make you one in ten minutes." This seemed improbable, but, sure enough, ten minutes later, he had two hats ready, one black and one white. Handing him four rubles and placing the black one firmly on the back of my head, I set out for Azerbaijan, with a backward glance at a fine new statue of that most astute monarch, King Hercules II of Georgia, magnificent on his charger, guarding, sword in hand, what remains of his former palace.

Not many miles from Telavi we came to Gremi with its two ancient fortified churches high on their hilltop. It was a brilliantly fine autumn day and the dusty road we were following ran along the fertile Alazani valley between vineyards bearing the names of famous local wines such as Tsinandali and Mukuzani. In the ditches beside the poplar-lined road water buffalo wallowed contentedly. Soon after leaving Gremi, we reached the border with Azerbaijan. To the north rose the mountains of Daghestan, a formidable barrier, broken here or there by some river valley, but nowhere, even today, by a road. These were the mountains in which in the nineteenth century the Moslem tribesmen of the great Imam Shamyl fought back valiantly against the czar's armies for more than thirty years. Clambering a few hundred yards up the bed of the stream that marks the border, we stopped halfway between the frontier posts to lunch off Soviet sausage and flat, unleavened Georgian bread, washed down by a bottle of white Tsinandali cooled in the icy water of the stream.



Two fortified churches built in the sixteenth century when Gremi was the capital of western Georgia.

Some twenty miles inside Azerbaijan, at Zakataly, we passed the crumbling ruins of one of Shamyl's strongholds. Not far away is the grave of Shamyl's ally, rival, and ultimately bitter enemy, Hadji Murad. It was here that Count Tolstoy served as a young officer and here that he must have heard the story of Hadji Murad, of whom he later wrote so excitingly. It was at Zakataly, too, that in 1905, after their ill-fated mutiny, the sailors of the cruiser *Potemkin* were imprisoned at a safe distance from any possible sympathizers, to be immortalized a generation later by Eisenstein's famous film.

Seventy miles beyond Zakataly, in the shadow of three massive mountain peaks, we reached the attractive little hill town of Sheki, where we were to spend the night at a hostelry describing itself, with astonishing frankness, as Hotel Shaky. At Sheki the local tribesmen managed in 60 B.C. to throw back Pompey's legions, only to be overrun in the centuries that followed by Arabs, Seljuks, Mongols, Turks, and Persians. In the first half of the eighteenth century Sheki *(Continued on page 32)*

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(Continued from page 30) became the capital of an independent or semi-independent Khanate under Persian suzerainty. This it remained until it was taken over by Russia a century later. Within the walls of its fortress stands the Khan's former palace, built in 1796, an agreeable two-story building with a pleasant garden shaded by ancient plane trees in front of it. The greater part of each floor is taken up by one long room, lighted by windows of brightly colored glass and lavishly decorated with wall paintings. Round the upper room runs a long frieze commemorating the Khan's victories over his enemies, neat piles of whose severed heads appear as a recurring motif.

For centuries Sheki was an important trading post on the Silk Route to China and still boasts two fine old caravansaries, the upper and the lower. Here passing merchants lived in comfort in spacious apartments giving on to the open galleries of the first floor. Their trading was done in the great central courtyard and their goods stored in the cellars below. Soon, we were told, the upper caravansary was to revert to its original role and again provide accommodation for foreign travelers as a welcome alternative to the Hotel Shaky.

Some miles outside Sheki, perched precipitously on a hilltop commanding the river valley which alone gives access to the interior of Daghestan, are the crumbling ruins of the *Gelersen Gyoresen,* or Come-and-See Fortress, so named to recall the challenge broadcast by the Khan of the day to his enemies, of whom only the more imprudent accepted it and did not usually live to tell the tale. Having scrambled up to the top of the hill through impenetrable scrub at sunset hard on the heels of an energetic young Azerbaijani called Osman, I can bear witness to the hazards any would-be invader must have faced trying to reach the top, let alone storm the fortress when he got there.

That evening I found to my delight that Sheki boasts a first-class restaurant, cleverly sited on a hillside overlooking the valley and rejoicing in the name of Happiness. Directed there by the invaluable Osman, I was rewarded for my exertions by an excellent dinner of freshly grilled sturgeon from the Caspian and chicken shashlik, accompanied by a more than adequate local wine. Thought historically a Moslem country, Azerbaijan produces enormous quantities of excellent wine which the Azerbaijanis boldly claim equals that of Georgia. The Kura-Araksin Valley and the plain of Shirvan in which Sheki is situated form one of the most fertile regions of Azerbaijan with an almost subtropical climate, which, in addition to wine, produces tea, rice, and tobacco.

Sixty miles or so beyond Sheki you come to the Aksu Pass commanding a wide view of the surrounding region. Thence you descend abruptly into a country bearing a strong resemblance to Persia, of which for many years it was a part: tawny hills in the foreground, and, to your north, a continuing line of amethyst mountains, the southeastern extremity of the main range of the Caucasus.



Where the author picnicked on Soviet sausage and Georgian bread with a view of the mountains of Daghestan.

The town of Shemakha, which we reached an hour or two later, was founded in the sixth century by the Sassanid dynasty and for seven or eight hundred years was the capital of the Khanate of Shirvan, a region famous above all for its carpets, which are still made there. Like Sheki, it lay on the caravan route to China and in the sixteenth century, in the days of the great merchant-adventurers, could even boast an *(Continued on page 36)*

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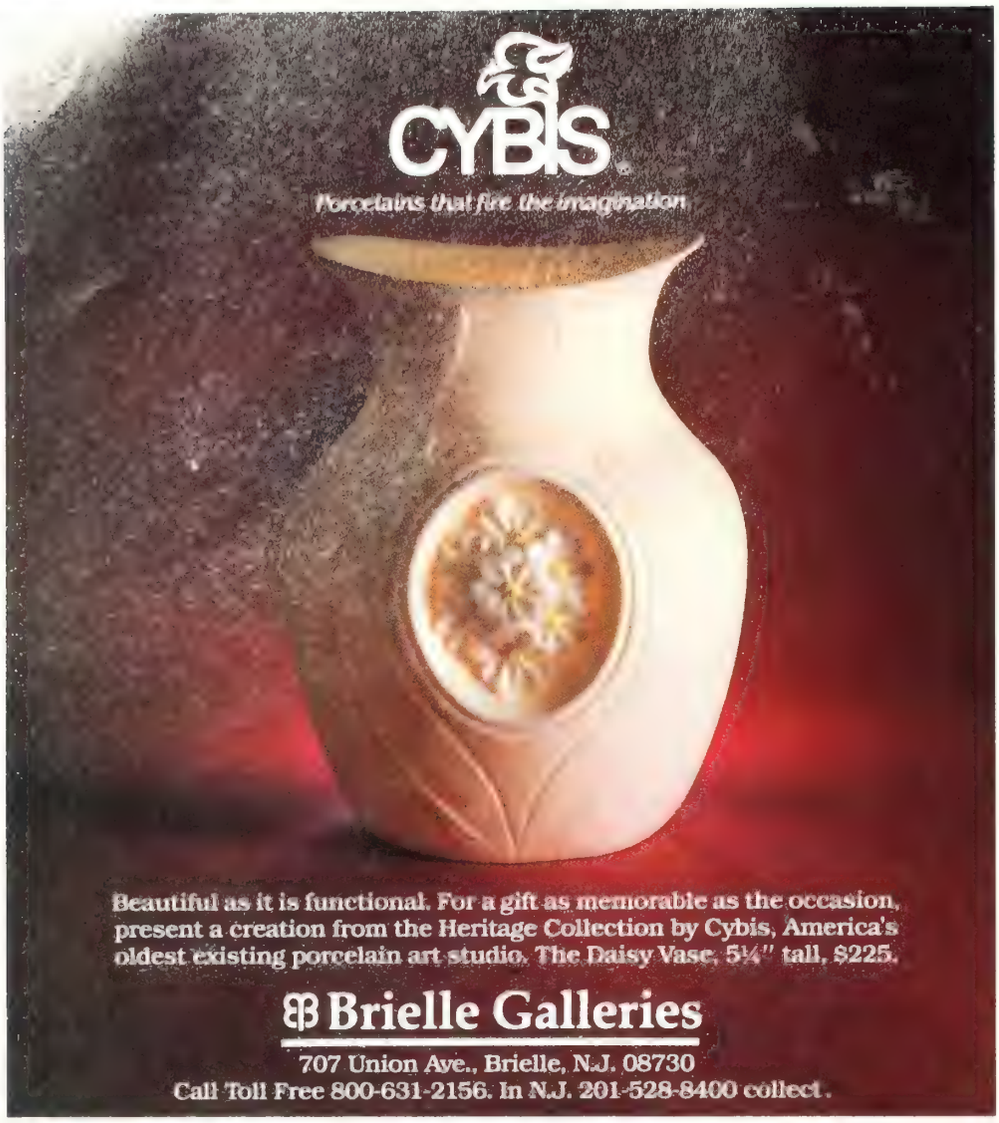
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Pictured: Bassetti Sheets by Spring Maid





(Continued from page 32) English trading post. Loosely attached to Persia, Shirvan was taken by the Russians in 1820. In 1849 an earthquake wiped out most of Shemakha and today only a few buildings survive: a tenth-century mosque, almost completely rebuilt in the last century, and the domed mausoleums of the Khans of Shirvan, standing above the town on a hillside bristling with Moslem tombstones. Outside Shemakha are the ruins of the twelfth-century fortress of Gulistan, yet another battered border stronghold in this much-fought-over region.

Today wine production is Shemakha's principal industry. Having arrived there hungry and thirsty after a long drive, we demanded lunch, but with no success whatever. Forcing my way into a kind of canteen adjoining the impressive new Party Headquarters, I discovered to my dismay that even here there was nothing to eat at all. The grape harvest, it appeared, was at its peak and every man, woman, and child in the place was out in the vineyards picking the grapes. Shemakha was like a city of the dead. The streets were empty. The shops were all shut. The prospects of getting a square meal seemed poor. But then Osman, as energetic and resourceful as ever, suddenly remembered a friend who was a baker and returned a few minutes later with an armful of flat round loaves straight from the oven and a hunk of hard white cheese to go with them. Gnawing these, we pressed on across the arid plain to Baku, where I was intrigued to find awaiting me an invitation to dinner at a restaurant called the Caravanserai in the old part of the town. Having never before heard of this, I wondered what I was in for.

The Caravanserai, a relative innovation, is nothing less than a stroke of genius. With surprisingly few structural changes, a fine fourteenth-century caravansary, once the halting place of merchants from beyond the Caspian, has been transformed into the sort of restaurant one dreams of in one's wilder moments of fantasy. Eight or ten vaulted alcoves, their walls hung with fine old Shirvan carpets, give on to a paved central courtyard open to the sky. In each alcove a low table, heaped with exotic delicacies, has room around it for a party of a dozen or more, in my *(Continued on page 38)*



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These were the mountains in which in the nineteenth century the Moslem tribesmen fought back valiantly against the czar's armies for more than thirty years

(Continued from page 36) case a group of friends celebrating the birth of a son and heir to a leading local television producer. In a neighboring alcove several native Azerbaijani musicians were playing with vigor, the drum predominating, while such guests as felt inclined danced a variety of steps to its pulsating rhythm. The food, which consisted of a wide range of local Azerbaijani delicacies, including plenty of caviar from the Caspian, was delicious and abundant, the wine flowed freely, and I was soon thankful that my luncheon menu had been relatively austere.

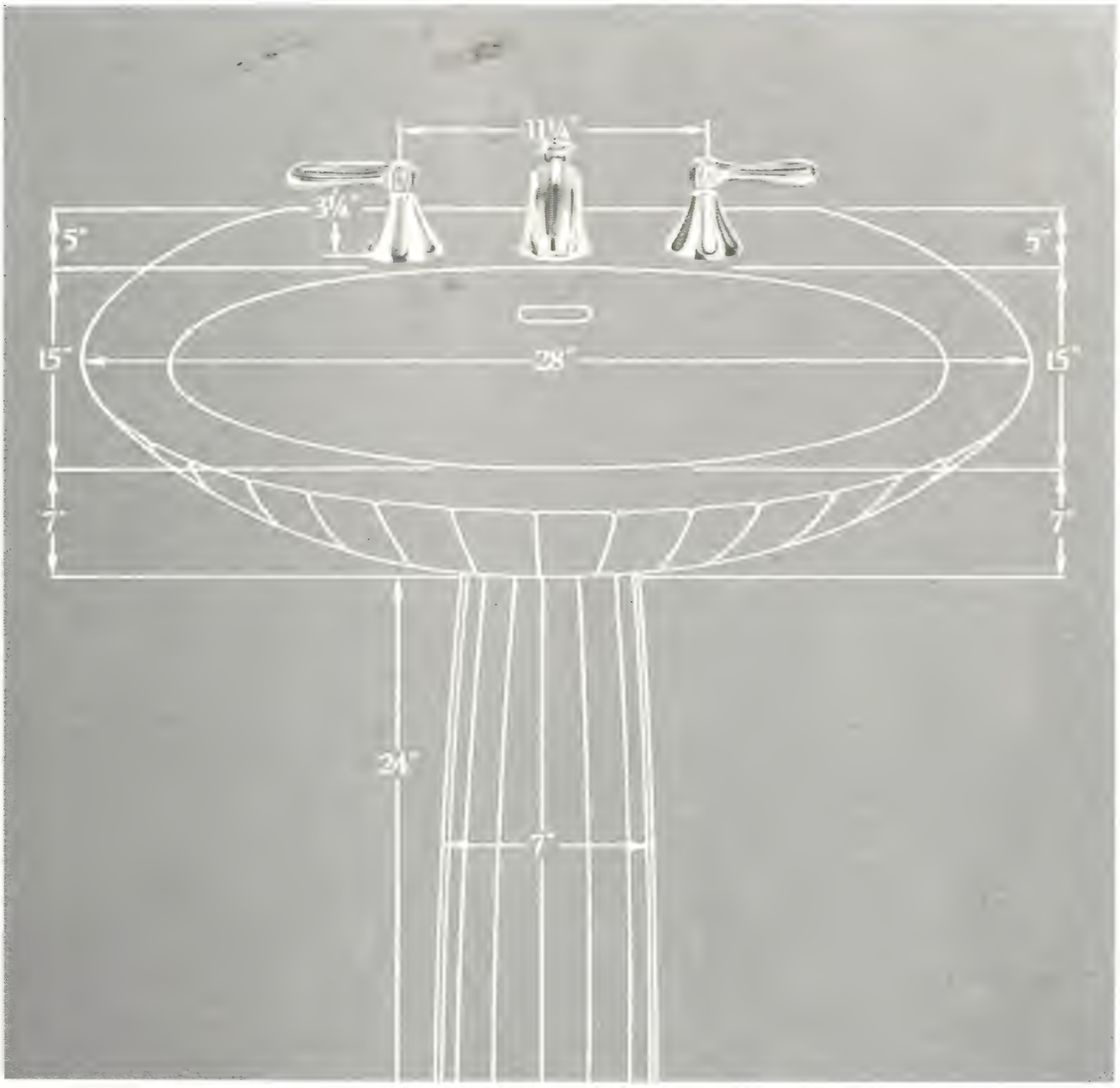
On earlier visits to Baku I had duly inspected the ancient Palace and Mosque of the Shirvan Khans, who ruled there in the days before the Russian occupation, their mausoleum and the Court of Justice, the latter equipped with a convenient hole in the middle of the floor through which the heads of those executed could find their way into the Caspian Sea without unnecessary delay. I had also enjoyed inspecting the unrivaled collection of Shirvan and other carpets from the Caucasus.

Today Baku is first and foremost an oil town and this time the chief purpose of my visit was to look at oil wells. This I did in style the next day, driving for miles out into the Caspian along an immensely long jetty, which led to the first of a great line of derricks reaching for miles out to sea. As so often in Baku, a gale was blowing, aptly recalling the city's Persian name, *Badkube,* or Nasty Wind.

On our way back into town we stopped in the village of Surakhani to inspect some much earlier evidence of the region's oil-bearing capacity: the temple of a sect of fire-worshipers who came there from India in the eighteenth century to prostrate themselves before the flames which sprang so surprisingly from the earth.

At Surakhani a massive castellated wall encloses the central courtyard where the worshipers once performed their sacred rites. There have, it seems, been no practicing fire-worshipers in Baku for many years, but at dusk the flames still burned brightly in their one-time temple and the darkly beautiful Azerbaijani maiden who showed me around clearly enjoyed her role of high priestess of an extinct cult. □





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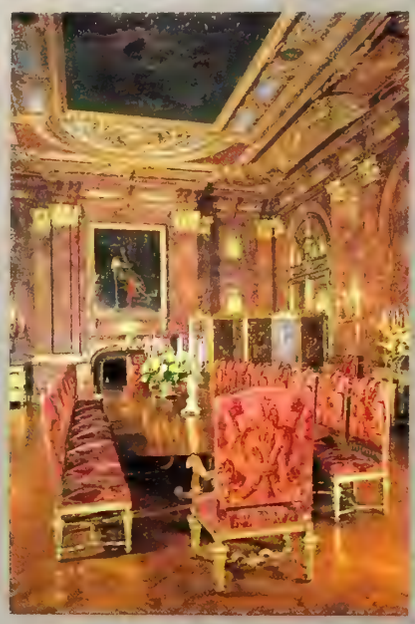
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BALANCHINE AND THE ART OF EATING

Memories of meals taken with the master choreographer

By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale



Balanchine with his last wife, Tanaquil LeClercq, and Robert Fizdale in his apartment in New York in 1958.

We once asked George Balanchine how to make *paskha,* the Russian Easter dessert. "No recipe," he answered, "Tradition. Just put in the cottage cheese, eggs, sugar, vanilla, and a little of this and that." It sounded, we said, like his recipe for making a ballet with classical ingredients, above all the addition of "this and that."

"Right," he agreed, "excellent." Then with typical Russian disregard for the "the's" and "a's" of English, he added, "It's 'this and that' makes whole difference." Balanchine often compared the task of the choreographer to that of the cook. But while he could give clear, detailed recipes for his favorite Russian dishes, he was stubbornly silent about the meaning of his ballets and how he went about making them.

A balletomane once asked him to explain the final moment of his Rieti ballet, *Night Shadow.* Those who have seen this gothic drama with its haunted, otherworldly somnambulist and the poet who dies for love of her will remember the mysterious ending. The spellbound sleepwalker, a flickering candle in her hand, carries the lifeless body of the poet into a castle tower and, one imagines, to her sequestered room at the top. Or so the light seen winding its way upward would seem to suggest.

Balanchine was not to be pinned down by the ballet-lover's question. "What does it mean?" he asked, an annihilating glint in his eye. "Very simple. Poet gets better. Marries somnambulist. They move to Scarsdale, nice house, five children. She cooks—*aw*-ful, heavy quiches."

We first met Balanchine in 1944, when Stravinsky took us to the choreographer's apartment to play his newly composed sonata for two pianos. A splendid musician, Balanchine always gave the impression that in his hierarchy of the arts music ranked above the ballet. As very young pianists we were touched by the interest he took in our playing that afternoon and at our subsequent concerts. Very generously he invited us to come to rehearsals and performances whenever we felt like it and, needless to say, we felt like it very often.

Frequently he would ask us to dinner after the performance. But it was not until we timidly offered to make a dessert for him that his attention took on a sharper focus. "But this is delicious," he said. "What is it?" Pecan pie, as we had hoped, was new to him, and he looked at us with new respect.

Henry James once said that the most beautiful words in the English language were "summer afternoon." George Balanchine, had anyone asked him, might well have answered, "around the table." More domestic than any of his ballerina wives, he found that *(Continued on page 46)*



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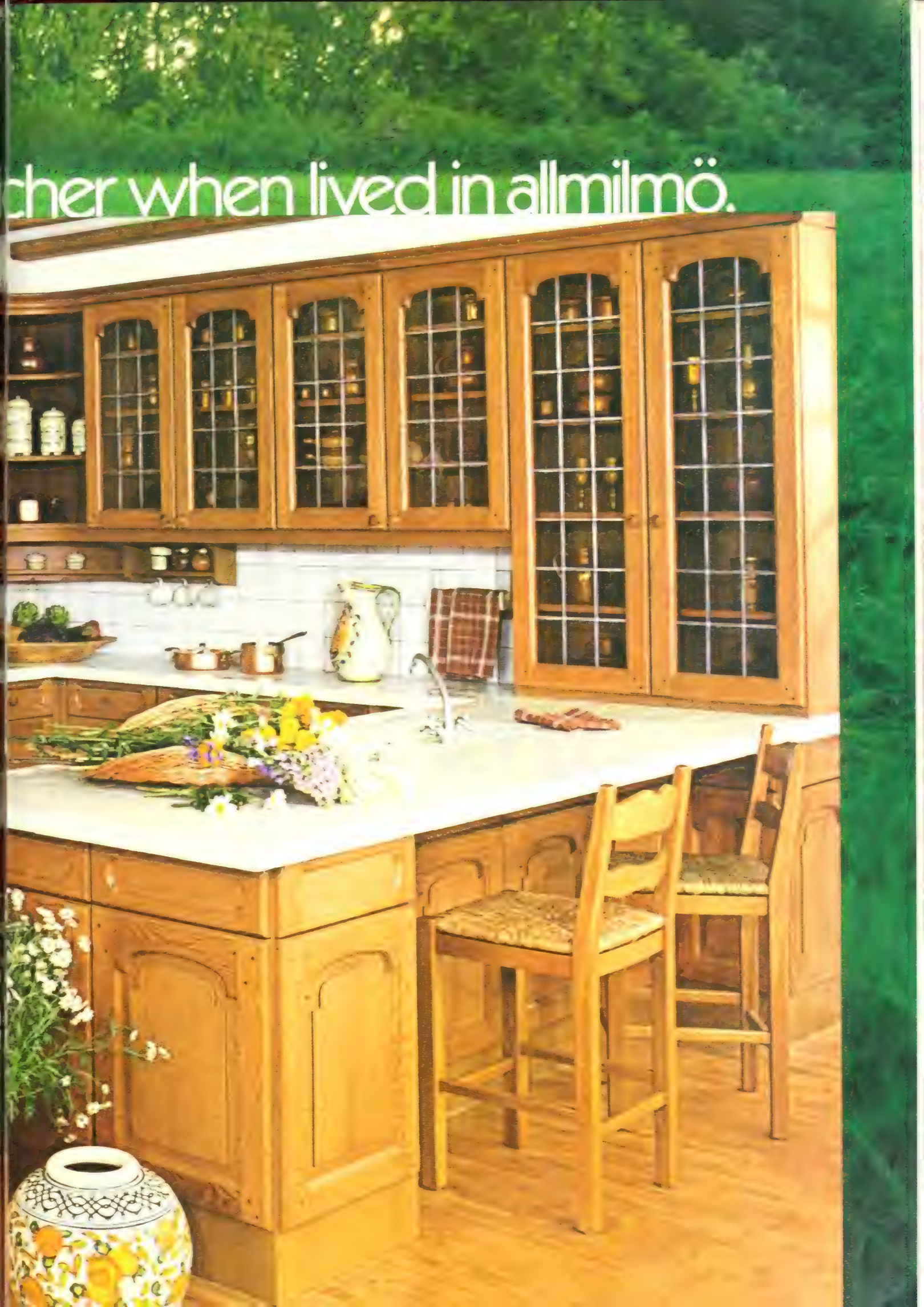


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(Continued from page 42) cooking and gardening were the perfect distractions from the running of a ballet company. One is reminded of Oscar Wilde's saying that simple pleasures are the last refuge of complicated minds. Certainly when Balanchine was not backstage supervising performances of the New York City Ballet, his favorite way to spend the evening was to cook a cozy dinner and serve it to a few friends around *his* table.

"Come over tonight," he would say. "We play a little piano, have a little drink, maybe cook a little something together, sit around the table, have a nice dinner." During the fifties when Balanchine was married to the enchanting ballerina Tanaquil LeClercq there were times when we would "cook a little something together" almost every evening.

One night, in a burst of enthusiasm, George said, "Let's open wonderful, lovely restaurant like famous, fan-*tabs*-tic place in Saint Petersburg. It was like palace. There were little Chinese boys with pigtails and silk trousers, but barefoot—running, running, running like hell. Silent. Fan-*tabs*-tic service." (One might say that Balanchine felt that all waiters should obey Prospero's injunction to Ariel: ". . . appear, and pertly./No tongue! all eyes! be silent.")

"Then in entrance big buffet table with hundred of hors d'oeuvres and in the center huge, *huge* bowl filled with best beluga caviar. We will have same thing. First everybody eats as much as they want, *then* they go to dining room and order."

We were carried away by George's enthusiasm—but not entirely. "It sounds marvelous," we said, "but wouldn't it be terribly expensive?" "No! No! Not expensive!" said Balanchine trying to look shrewd and practical. "Free! All the caviar and hors d'oeuvres and vodka absolutely free! Will be excellent! Great success." Even we realized that great success would mean bankruptcy in no time, and plans for the restaurant were reluctantly abandoned.

In 1952, we lived at Sneden's Landing in a house overlooking the Hudson River. We were about to record Stravinsky's thorny *Concerto for Two Solo Pianos* and his *Eight Easy Pieces for Piano Duet*. Naturally, we were eager to play them for the composer. As Mr. and Mrs. Stravinsky and their friend, the conductor and writer Robert Craft, were then visiting New York, Balanchine offered to drive them out to the country to see us. We suggested they arrive about noon so that we could have our "piano lesson" before lunch. George took a lively interest in the mechanics of the afternoon. Always concerned about Stravinsky's well-being, he wondered how we would manage to cook and perform simultaneously. We explained that the food would be prepared in advance, popped into the oven the moment they drove up, and ready to serve as soon as the music was over. He pronounced this an excellent plan, communicated the details to Stravinsky, and reported that the great composer had said, "Very good idea." But unfortunately the plan misfired. The group was delayed leaving the city, lost en route, and arrived an hour late.

As they entered the house, Stravinsky announced, to our horror, that he was starving. Couldn't we have lunch immediately and then the music? With great embarrassment we had to admit that nothing would be ready for an hour but if they would have a drink while we played, we could then go straight into lunch. *(Continued on page 50)*

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(Continued from page 46) Stravinsky kindly agreed. "Naturally, my dears," he said, "I would love to have a martini, but my doctor forbade me to drink anything but red wine. I did not know if you had any—so I brought you this." With a grand flourish and a brilliant smile he produced, as though it were a magnum of Dom Perignon, a miniature Chianti bottle just large enough to fill one small glass. When we assured him that there was plenty of wine, he took off his Borsalino, carefully set it on a chair—and prudently put the bottle in the hat, presumably to serve in some other preprandial emergency. Then he said he thought perhaps he might have just one martini after all.

Despite his doctor's orders Stravinsky kept pace with the others, downing a series of forbidden martinis that was prolonged by the extended music lesson and the not-yet-cooked lunch. All the while he gave us profoundly revealing insights on how his music should be performed. Not surprisingly, his teaching gained in warmth and excitement as the cocktail hour progressed.

During lunch Stravinsky lovingly teased his beautiful wife Vera about her Moscow accent, infinitely less distinguished, he explained with a wink, than his and Balanchine's pure Saint Petersburg Russian. Everyone became quite jolly, the guests exhilarated by the wine and we by the privilege of the lesson we had received and the Russians' approval of the salmon *coulibiac* we had prepared.

Over dessert, we played the game what-would-you-choose-if-you-were-on-a-desert-island-and-could-only-have-one-thing-to-eat. George was the first to answer. With no hesitation he called out, "Potatoes! Naturally! Nice, fan-*tahs*-tic, hot, boiled potatoes—crunchy, crisp, like sugar." After a moment's reflection he added plaintively, amid the general laughter, "With potatoes could I have a little oil, a little chopped parsley, and a nice cold bottle of Roederer Cristal champagne?"

We were reminded of Balanchine's request one night many years later during a benefit performance for the School of American Ballet. He had asked us to play Stravinsky's *Eight Easy Pieces* for the first performance of Peter Martins's ballet and we had arranged to have flowers delivered onstage to the three baby-ballerinas for whom Martins had created this charming *pas de trois*.

Backstage at the New York State Theater Barbara Horgan, Balanchine's devoted assistant, told us that "Mr. B" was determined to choreograph the bows. Just then "Mr. B." appeared.

"First bow, girls alone," he said, "then you go out and *you* give them flowers.

"Second bow, you alone, then *they* go out and bring you surprise.

"Last time, all go out, girls carrying flowers, you carrying surprise, and everybody bow together."

The surprise the young ballerinas presented each of us with was a bottle of Balanchine's favorite desert-island champagne. For the gala occasion he had the bottles decked out with long multicolored streamers, rather like the headdresses of the princesses in his ballet *Firebird*.

Perhaps the simplest meal we ever had with Balanchine was during a rehearsal break. "Let's go across the street for a quick bite," he suggested as he piloted us to a cheap diner. To our astonishment he ordered "some hard brie and an ice-cold bottle of red wine."

"But George," we protested, "why do you ask for 'hard brie' and 'ice-cold' red wine?"

"Might as well. That's how they bring it anyway," he said triumphantly, looking as though he had just outwitted a conspiracy of malevolent waiters.

Balanchine's most elaborate meal of the year was the Russian Easter midnight supper. For days before the great feast his every spare moment between rehearsals and performances was spent dashing home to see if the yeast dough was rising for the *kulich*, and the *paskha* properly draining in its flowerpot. Had the sturgeon jelled in its aspic? What about the tearful grating of the horseradish? Had the pheasant arrived for the Salade Olivier? (The first time George permitted us to make this complicated salad we felt as though we had been awarded what he liked to call the "Russky Cordon Bleu-sky.") It was dazzling to see the swiftness and the cool dispatch with which Balanchine completed the elaborate preparations before leaving for church.

During the long Russian Orthodox Easter service, the entire congregation stands in the *(Continued on page 52)*

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(Continued from page 50) darkened cathedral, each person holding a burning candle. At midnight the chandeliers erupt in a blaze of light, the choir explodes in a paean of joy, and cries of "*Christos Voskres!* Christ is Risen!" are heard. The celebrants then walk around the church three times exchanging the traditional three kisses with friends and strangers alike before they return to their homes for the banquet that marks the end of Lent.

One Easter, one of the strangers somehow made it known to George that he had no place to go after the service. With true Russian hospitality, Balanchine invited him to come along to his party where the unknown guest soon proved to have an impressive capacity for celebration. Fragrant hyacinths, bottles of iced vodka, and bowls of caviar stood at each end of the buffet. We all returned to the candlelit table time after time but no one more assiduously than Mr. X. After a while it became quite clear that he had had too much to drink. When he poured himself what must have been his tenth vodka, Balanchine tactfully suggested that perhaps he had had enough. To which Mr. X cheerfully replied, "Well, how about a beer?" In desperation, George said there was no beer. Mr. X seemed astonished. "Whaddaya mean, no beer?" he said. "You're Mr. Ballantine, aren't you?"

Enthralled though he was by this particular case of mistaken identity, Balanchine said, "My friend, you've had a lot to eat and a lot to drink. In fact you've had a wonderful time. Now you're happy, maybe you should go home." He spoke with such gentle authority that Mr. X took no offense. "I guess you're right," he mumbled. And bestowing a few nontraditional Easter kisses—and a few well-placed pinches—on several of the beautiful women present, he calmly, if unsteadily, departed.

In 1977 Balanchine bought a small house that we called his Russian dacha. It was a short walk from where we live on eastern Long Island. The exchange of dinners followed by music was happily resumed. To watch one of the greatest artists of the twentieth century scraping carrots and peeling potatoes with the same intense concentration he brought to his choreography was a very moving experience. We were given a key to the house so that we could use his piano when we wanted to rehearse separately.

At the end of his country weekends Balanchine would tidy up his house, wash the dishes and leave them in a rack to dry so that everything would be shipshape for his next visit. Then he would sit at his round dining table and lay out a game of solitaire to pass the time until the friends who drove him to the city came to pick him up.

When George first began to work on his ballet *Robert Schumann's "Davidsbündlertänze"* we listened together to all the available recordings of Schumann's romantic masterpiece.

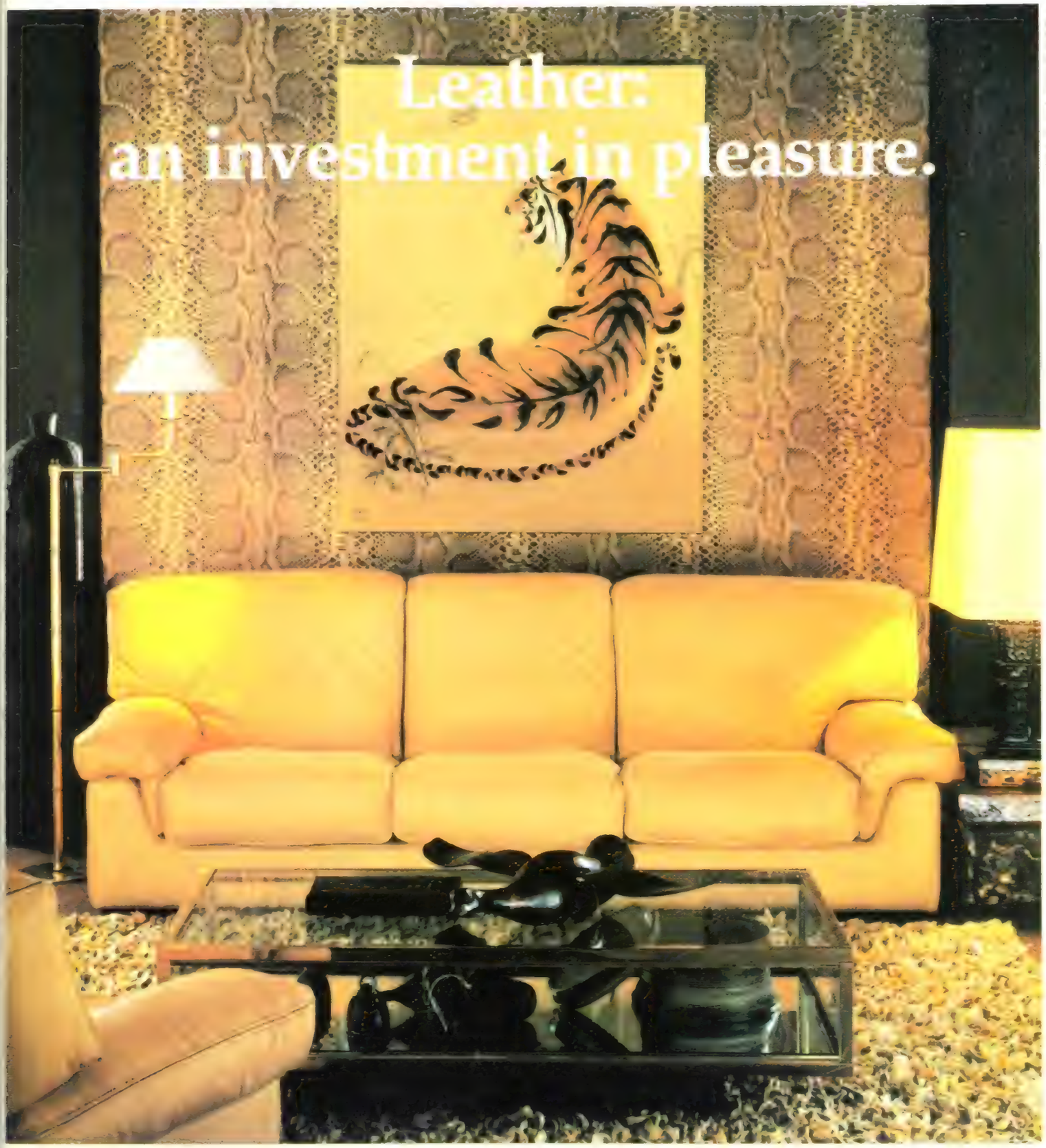
"Which do you like best?" George asked. We said that, except for the first in the set of pieces, which seemed unaccountably slow, we preferred the Gieseking recording.

"I think so too! First piece not the right tempo," George said. "All the others beautiful."

Whenever we dropped in to visit George we would peer through the glass panel of his front door. Often we could see him playing Schumann on his white "cottage" piano. In that case we would simply go away. But if he was not visible we would ring the bell and George would play a little game. He would appear and without glancing at the door—as though he had not heard the bell—he would seat himself at the piano and begin the *Davidsbündlertänze* at the "right tempo."

After a minute or two we would ring again. He would look up, feigning great surprise, and open the door with his usual courtly bow. How much of the Imperial Russian Ballet School was in that bow! Then he would say, "Come in, come in. We'll have some tea."

The last time we used our key to George's house he was in the hospital and unbeknownst to us would never see his beloved dacha again. We let ourselves in. No need to ring the bell or wait for his playful game of surprised-at-the-piano. The sun shone on the coffee cups, long since dry in the dishrack. The kitchen clock ticked loudly in the bright silence. The piano stood mute against the wall. And on the table lay an unfinished game of solitaire, set out just as he had left it. □



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OPENING NIGHT

Once again the great quality controversy springs to life, but the New York Winter Antiques Show is still the place to be

By Nancy Richardson

The Winter Antiques Show has been going for thirty years. But in the last five years it has established a position that's unique both in the antiques world and on New York's social calendar. For the ten days of its duration—this year January 20–29—collectors, decorators, and dealers come from across the country as well as from the Far East and Europe to buy, take the temperature of the market, and be seen. Christie's and Sotheby's schedule big Americana sales at the same time, and for a week or two there's not a bargain even in lesser auction sales because so many people are in town and buying. This ripple effect is in fact the Winter Antiques Show's finest achievement. Its role as a forum far exceeds its reputation as a source for the finest goods.

That the Antiques Show easily maintains a level of pleasant decorative furniture but rarely produces extraordinary or world-class antiques is a built-in condition. The show exists to make money for the East Side House Settlement. This is done by selling quantities of six-dollar admission tickets. Dealers tend to bring what will sell to these ticket buyers and what they have brought in recent years is high-quality furnishing furniture. The dealers who come to the Winter Antiques Show make money, the settlement house raises its annual budget, and the opening night party is as prestigious an event as anything put on by The Metropolitan Museum of Art or The New York Public Library.

Above: An engraving of serpents from the collection of Albertus Seba, a German apothecary who lived in Amsterdam in the eighteenth century and loved curiosities. From Stephanie Hoppen, London.

So why are people complaining? Because the Winter Antiques Show could so easily be a critical success as well. As general taste has swung back from clean modernist interiors to a reinvented, re-edited traditionalism, the market for antiques has grown in numbers and seriousness well beyond the local core of decorators and collectors who always supported the show long before it became *(Continued on page 56)*



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SHERRILL

(*Continued from page 54*) fashionable. The same small group of serious collectors that show up at the Paris Biennale and London's Grosvenor and Burlington House fairs also completes the circuit in New York, "works" the room greeting dealers and friends but buys only from one or two dealers.

Is the problem that some of New York's most serious dealers—Harold Sack of Israel Sack, the Munveses of James Robinson—feel they can't participate? Mario Buatta, the Winter Antiques Show's greatest promoter and its chairman for the last eight years, sees a need to attract more serious dealers and collectors. "The English and the French have been in the habit of collecting for several hundred years. But America is a young country, we haven't been at it as long," Mario explains. "The Paris Biennale is a French show. The Grosvenor/Burlington House fairs are fundamentally English, but in New York we can't follow suit and do an American show—people want a much wider variety. They want to see everything, in fact, and our biggest job is to attract the best dealers and encourage them to show the most extraordinary things they've found all year."

There are many American dealers who go regularly to the European antiques shows and know that well-mounted, well-supported fairs infuse the market with the same urgency and glamour found at big-name auctions. It is also a fact that it is the dealers themselves as well as a small number of collectors and museums who do the most buying at the European fairs. And in spite of the extraordinary things certain American collectors have been buying in Europe, it is not clear whether or not the American market in general is ready for a top-quality show. Mario Buatta argues that such a show would be merely an exhibition. Yet a number of dealers such as Edward Munves of James Robinson have explored the possibility of a fair held in a hotel or a museum where the security would be tight and the setting more luxurious than an armory. Though the Royal Academy has been host to the Burlington House Fair, American museums shy away from projects they consider commercial, and the cost of doing a hotel show here would be far greater than it is in England.



Above: Settee from suite of Alma-Tadema furniture at Garrick Stephenson, New York, in late January. *Below:* Globe, c. 1815, Vernay & Jussel, New York.



For the most part the criticisms of the Winter Antiques Show are confined to a small knowledgeable international group. That the Armory show is such a general success is enough for the twenty-odd other antique fairs around the country that are modeled after the New York original. They are not only modeled after it but are also managed by Russell Carrell, who has supervised the dealer arrangements for the Winter Antiques Show for thirty years. This year in particular Russell Carrell's efforts in behalf of the two-year-old San Francisco Antiques Show have been so successful that many dealers who would normally only go to the New York show are also going to San Francisco every November. It is no fluke that this new show has been such a success. It is held in Pier Three of Fort Mason Center. This is not a pier such as we know piers on the East Coast. Pier Three might even be called a pretty pier because of the view of the bay and the Golden Gate. As a space it seems more like a large greenhouse than, say, an industrial storage facility.

Since San Francisco is a conservative city, it somehow follows that the launching of a big league antiques show must occur with the right social backing. No less a figure than Mrs. Robert Magowan convinced a number of well-known New York and London dealers to come—even in the first year. Garrick Stephenson has done the show both years—not only because you can't say no to Mrs. Magowan but because the setting for the fair is so pleasant and many of his clients live in California. Armin Allen, the New York porcelain dealer, came, so did William Beadleston, the New York nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings dealer. Cora Ginsberg offered museum quality textiles. George Randall came from Alexandria, Virginia, with interesting Anglo-Indian tables. Robert Kinnaman of Houston displayed a $75,000 Early *(Continued on page 58)*

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Cinderella

by Trina Hyman

An original porcelain sculpture
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Hand-painted. Intricately detailed.
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Trina Hyman, the artist who created this captivating ulpture of Cinderella, has won the coveted Horn ook Award for her works, which are so highly rerded that they have been exhibited at The Metpolitan Museum of Art as well as other prestigious useums and galleries throughout the country.

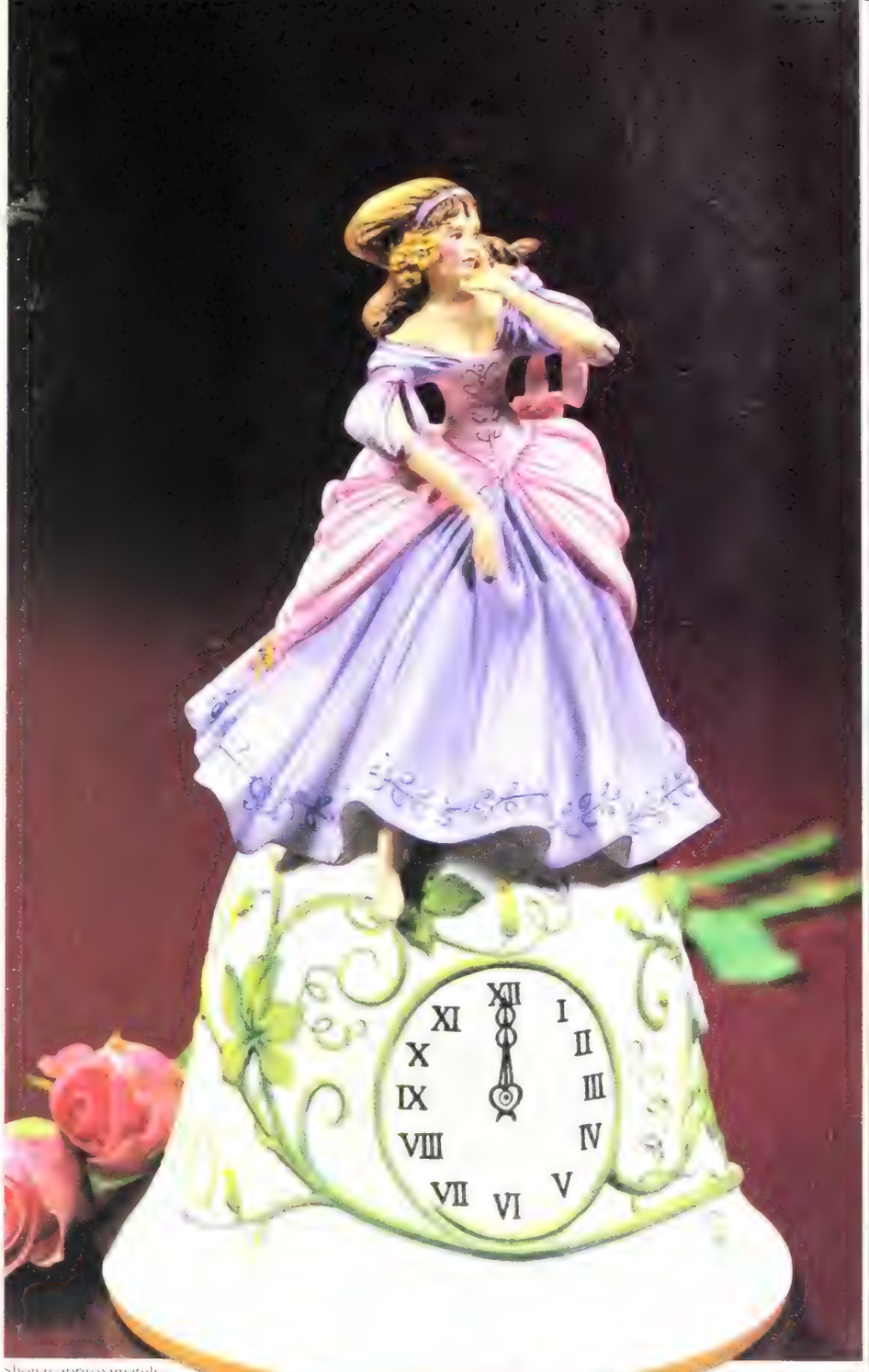
In this fascinating sculpture, Trina Hyman captures e full beauty of her subject. The elegant ball gown, h with lavishly detailed embroidery . . . the gleamg chestnut hair adorned with tiny flowers . . . and the ll, in complete harmony with the figure, is handnbellished with a band of pure *24 karat gold.*

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National Trust for Historic Preservation

Preservation builds the nation

(Continued from page 56) American fireboard to an audience with an emerging familiarity with high-quality American folk art.

Hervé Aaron, who along with Garrick Stephenson formed the leadership of the New York contingent, was full of admiration for the local dealers. Opposite his stand was Mr. Cook of Kuromatsu with a handsome set of kaidan—steps with storage underneath. Down the way was Therien, whose Bob Garcia worked for McMillen for several years, which showed good-quality Continental furniture. Two other San Francisco dealers, Ed Hardy and Gaylord Dillingham, offered a rich variety of furniture. Dillingham, one of the few old-guard San Franciscans to be a dealer, sold several big English pieces in the last few minutes of the show, which lasted for four days. Quite opposite to the frantic buying that traditionally goes on in the first hours of the Winter Antiques Show, in San Francisco opening night was a social event—the buying went on later, a luxury that will evaporate with more competition for the best goods.

This year's show will offer a rich range of furniture as well as rugs, paintings, and decorative objects

For opening night at the Winter Antiques Show in New York, the tradition has been to ask a fashion designer who was also a collector to give the Armory reception rooms a new look. This year Bill Blass, who is among other things a collector of botanical prints, will make things attractive for the preview party. Eugene J. Kupjeck's miniature rooms from The Art Institute of Chicago will provide a handsome decorative-arts display at the heart of the show.

This year's Winter Antiques Show will offer collectors a rich range of furniture as well as rugs, porcelain, paintings, and decorative objects. Dealer Gene Tyson will be exhibiting this year for the first time. George Schoellkopf of New York and Robert Kinnaman and Brian Ramaekers will lead the folk-art dealers. Stephanie Hoppen, a London dealer in curious maps and natural history drawings, will continue to develop her decorative, unacademic approach to watercolors, engravings, and illustrated books. Watch for Anthony Stuempfig, a dealer in museum-quality American nineteenth-century furniture who amazed everyone last year with a pair of white and gold American Empire chairs from Baltimore for $50,000. Hervé Aaron will continue to indulge his taste for nineteenth-century furniture with a hybrid influence. "I like the furniture that's hard to identify—Anglo-Indian, German-Gothic, Swedish-Russian pieces. What is appealing is the bizarre mixture of French or English classical styles blended with a local flavoring," he says. Matthew Schutz, a private dealer with a strong word-of-mouth reputation, is one of the few private dealers to take a booth at the Winter Antiques Show. Look for a pair of Louis Cresson palace chairs in carved natural wood and an early-nineteenth-century Russian ivory table. Representing the downtown dealers with shops around Broadway and 11th and 12th streets will be Hyde Park Antiques—a regular at the Antiques Show and a long-time favorite with decorators. Garrick Stephenson will be at the show as usual but this year will also mount a simultaneous exhibition in his shop—a suite of Alma-Tadema furniture arranged by Chessie Rayner and Mica Ertegun of Mac II. This furniture was made in 1901 for the music room of the then head of the Metropolitan Museum, Henry Gurdon Marquand. One step removed from Garrick Stephenson, who uses his booth at the Antiques Fair as a lure back to his shop, are Bernard and S. Dean Levy, who aren't actually exhibiting at the Winter Antiques Show but recognize the activity it generates. This year the Levys have put together an exhibition of the finest chairs made by New York cabinetmakers from 1690–1830. Some are on loan, some for sale, January 20–February 18. The Levys, like the 30,000 visitors to the Antiques Show, know that the Armory is the vital hub of a wheel of interest in the decorative arts that rolls over New York for ten glorious days. □

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Connecticut Chest of Drawers. Connecticut, circa 1760. This chest of drawers, handcrafted in cherry, features strong vertical elements—pilasters and blocking—with equally strong horizontal elements—dentiling, shells, and fillet moldings. The brasses duplicate the originals. The original may be seen in the Essex Room.



Connecticut Canopy Bed. Connecticut, circa 1770. This Chippendale-style bed, reproduced in cherry and accented by solid brass bolt covers, is often called a "tester bedstead." The original may be seen in the Essex Room.

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James Robinson

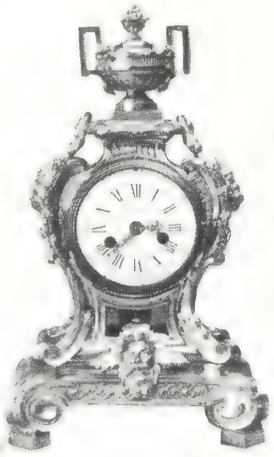


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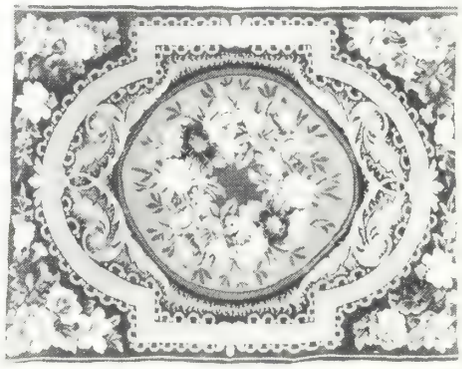
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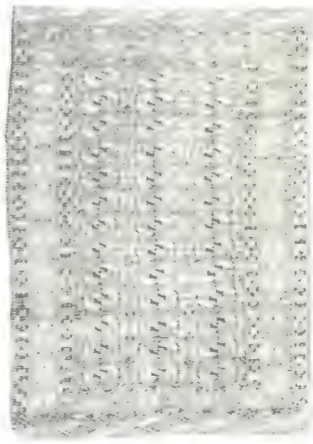


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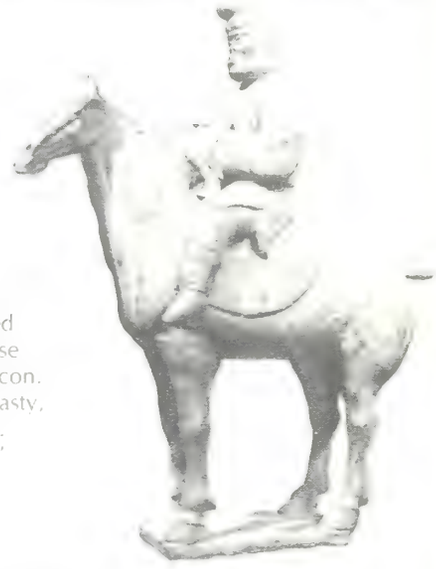
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French, late 19th century. Length: 1¾"

DEPRESSION MODERN

Michael Smith's streamlined obsession

By Brooke Hayward

One aspect of Manhattan that keeps me here is this: on the most tedious day known to man, in the most lackluster weather, as I'm walking down any old street (with nothing more inspired than a nap on my mind) past a number of unprepossessing storefronts, suddenly a person or event can be glimpsed that is so startling it just takes my breath away.

Such a person is young Michael Smith of 135 Sullivan Street, SoHo, and such an event is his little store, Depression Modern. I first visited the store one weekend afternoon with Donald Sultan, an artist who collects thirties furniture and who had just bought a Russel Wright bedroom suite intact from Michael. The store was awash with chrome, plush, blue mirrors, black lacquer, and customers. It was pandemonium. I've never seen so many people snapping up merchandise with such cupidity. Donald put a hold on two elegant brushed-chrome standing lamps. It seemed that each week the entire contents of the store sold out and had to be replaced Friday night after hours.

"Saturday is the day all my regulars are waiting for," said Michael when I asked him about this phenomenon. "They all know exactly what is coming in on any given Saturday four or five weeks from now, and they're all here. I usually have waiting lists for my best pieces. Saturday between 12 P.M. and 1 P.M. it's very intense, not the kind of store you just *walk into*."

Michael himself is very intense; he is a small, pale-faced, focused one-man industry. Twinkling eyes belie his serious demeanor. He laughs easily, most easily at himself. He is likable. And he's in a hurry. He opened the store five years ago when he was nineteen. Simultaneously he studied for—and received—a degree in engineering from Pratt. At that time his was the first twentieth-century furniture store in SoHo where now there are seven. But Michael even then was a specialist.



Above: Walter von Nesson's 1929 coffee set by Chase on a table in the shop. *Below:* Owner Michael Smith.



"Depression Modern contains only material from 1929 to 1942," he says, trying to explain the subtleties of his vocation. "Most people who sell twentieth-century material combine the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. But this is the only store around that deals in just *one* style. It ended with the Second World War, just went out of production. And it is an American style, not French, which is the true Art Deco, you know, ziggurats, women holding balls, inlaid exotic woods, shagreen and ivory trim, macassar ebony, repoussé leather, emphasis on craftsmanship and sumptuous materials. American thirties is machine art, spare, functionally expressive, *streamlined* like a train. My store is based on a *conception*—laid out in a book called *Depression Modern*—which points out that in the American thirties the objectives of design were efficiency and economy. No extraneous details. And all design was related to the world of commerce."

Furthermore, Michael is a collector. He has a passion for prototypes of metalwork in designer housewares from the thirties; his collection of Russel Wright housewares is among those on view at the Renwick Gallery (part of the Smithsonian) in Washington, D.C.

"I think *(Continued on page 64)*



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By Larry Robertson Associates, Inc.

Michael himself is very intense; he is a small, pale-faced focused one-man industry. He is likable. And he's in a hurry

(Continued from page 62) anyone who deals starts out as a collector. In the early days I was crazed. I used to get in my car and travel all over the Northeast, but now I don't travel at all. I started with the purchase of the entire interior of the Roxy Theater, not in Manhattan but in central Pennsylvania. All the fixtures, the original backdrops, the house drapes by Gilbert Rohde, the chandeliers. This Roxy Theater was from the thirties. I couldn't afford the scaffolders—that is, all I could afford was to have them put the scaffolds *up*—but then *I* had to climb the scaffolds and dismantle the chandeliers myself. There were *six* of them, and the only way I could pay the scaffolders at all was to give them *two*. I couldn't afford insurance either, and these chandeliers were gigantic, made out of huge glass rods. Two stories up, had to get each panel down one at a time."

Originally, Michael had wanted a minimal look for his store, such as one rug with a chair on it, but that took too much capital to maintain. So he ended up doing what he called "minimal displays" whereby he would weekly redecorate the space as, for instance, a kitchen, a bathroom, or even a diner from the thirties. As well as the furniture, he used to change the floors once a week, wonderful Mondrian-like linoleum and rugs. He wanted that kind of thematic emphasis instead of just another store full of things.

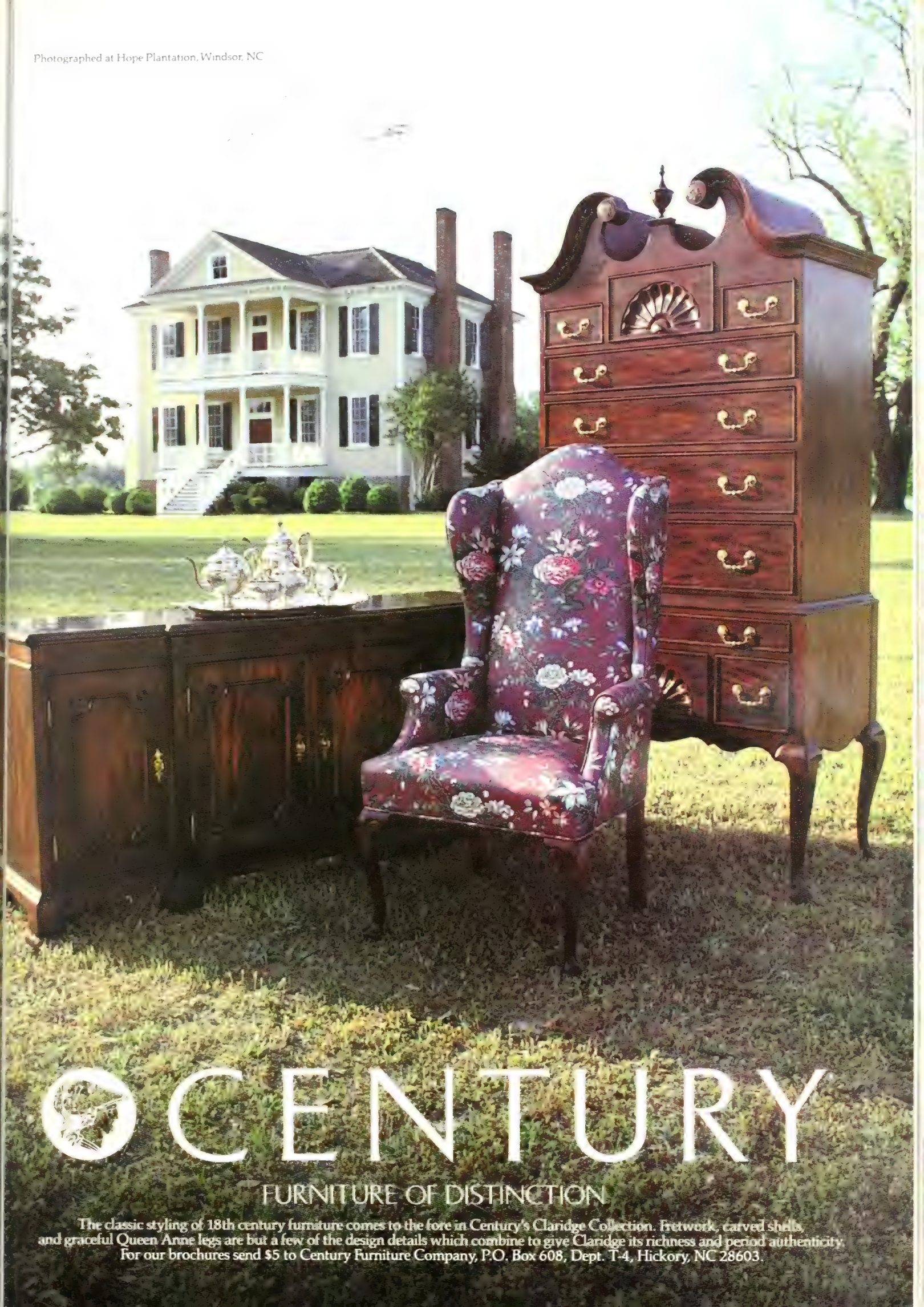
"When I started, it was much more difficult to find good material. Now there are many contacts. And every week letters pour in from private collectors offering pieces they bought long ago and have held onto ever since." In this way Michael is often able to acquire pieces with the original sales slips and guarantees. Also he is often familiar with the complete history of his merchandise. Where five years ago he bought from merchants all over the East Coast, now he sticks entirely to Manhattan because that is where the most sophisticated pieces seem to be located.

He sighs, more as if he were reminiscing about a time fifty years ago than five. "I've upgraded my style, but I used to love to buy commercial things. Theaters, the Fifth Avenue Woolworth's (at Fifth and 39th), a shoe store, a diner, a night club, all from the thirties. I thought this stuff was so wonderful—and it was always getting torn down. So we saved a lot from being destroyed." The mural from the Fifth Avenue Woolworth's, for instance, today runs along the rear wall of The Odeon café in TriBeCa.

"I have *huge* amounts in storage," he says gleefully. "Small store, huge storage. But nobody except me ever sees what's in my storage: my customers have to take on faith what I suggest."

Some of his best customers have been Mary Boone, Phyllis Kind, Perry Beekman, and Artwear. He has supplied Diana Vreeland with furniture for a cocktail party and Erté with furniture for his ninetieth birthday party (the chairs all had handsewn channels—fine ribs that taper to a point—and each took a week to restore. Once that had been done, they became so valuable they were bought by a gallery). And there are set designers who buy for theatrical productions such as *Present Laughter* with George C. Scott. But his favorite customers of all were the Romano Gabriellis who had a beautiful house in Chappaqua—the interior of which was completely modernist. Michael loved going up to that house; since he's only taken a couple days off in the last five years, for him it was a real vacation. Then, alas, the Gabriellis moved to Venice, dividing their thirties collection between their fourteenth-century palazzo and a house in Barcelona. Michael has had no vacation since. "I can never get away," he giggles. "I've got those upholsterers to pay."

For it seems that Michael, in addition to everything else, is running a small industry somewhere out in New Jersey ("Can't say where because everything in this business is leads and secrets"), *(Continued on page 66)*


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(Continued from page 64) where all his furniture gets restored to its original condition. He has assembled an excellent team of salaried, Old World German craftsmen who work exclusively for him and who never take a vacation either. There are two upholsterers plus an assistant, and a carpenter who repairs the frames and does all the lacquering, sometimes applying as many as sixteen coats to get the right gloss. Outside restoration on such a scale, explains Michael, is just too expensive. Here storage and workshop are rolled into one enormous space with racks and racks of furniture.

"For instance," says Michael, amused with his own obsession, "I just wrote a check for a machine that makes upholstering cushions easier—it sort of *compresses* the cushion so that the fabric can slip on more easily. I'm very indulgent; we scour the countryside to find this equipment, special machines with special techniques."

After the store closes Friday night (at seven), Michael, who has been out in New Jersey inspecting the racks and filling up his van with the newly restored pieces, will set up the next display. "I just *lo-o-o-ve* that store so much! I can put endless hours into it; I get up really early and work every night until about eleven, doing all the wiring and remounting myself. When I sell something, you can take it right home. And I make my own deliveries—so you get *me* too—I won't let people pick up a chair themselves. It might get damaged. And if there's one thing that annoys my upholsterers, it's having to restore their own work."

Something about Michael reminds me of another time—the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties, perhaps—a time when sayings like "great American work ethic" and "backbone of America" had some meaning. Just thinking about the dedication, the organization, the overhead, the *investment* in a self-made business, a dream realized, would be enough to capsize most of the current crop of nineteen-year-olds. Of course Michael is now a seasoned old man of 25. And he is still stretching; he wants to expand. So, although he opened up *another* store at the beginning of the year—a couple of blocks away on Thompson—he still is not satisfied.

"I didn't *(Continued on page 71)*

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Trick or Treat



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(Continued from page 66) believe in combining the thirties with a later style—in a store, that is—so I opened Atomic Modern, which deals in forties and fifties, again, designer pieces—mostly based on shape—free-form, amoebic. That store has done in one year what it took me five years to do in Depression Modern. Beats the thirties store in sales every week. The clientele is completely different too. In Depression Modern we get a lot of artists and architects—David Salle, Jennifer Bartlett, once even I.M. Pei, whereas Atomic Modern gets Woody Allen, Lily Tomlin—totally different. Big rock following."

And while he still changes all the material in both stores every week, it consumes too much of his time and energy to undertake those overall productions 52 times a year: nowadays he does only one, his Christmas show, for the whole month of December.

He buys the whole year for that one month, amassing enough inventory so he can replace everything that's sold. "Very bad retail, but I do it as a kind of salute to my regular customers. One year the theme was the Trylon and Perisphere from the 1939 World's Fair, nothing but pieces from that exhibition. Another year it was Bakelite jewelry—early plastic—all of it strung in garlands, above the mantel. Another year I did a child's room from the thirties with streamlined toys. That was a hard one to stre-e-etch because it was so popular. The next year I did a show of merchandise from the thirties in the original boxes: cosmetics and Chase housewares. Chase is the chrome I specialize in—Lucia Chase, American Ballet Theater, her family owned a chrome company in the thirties and I owe my store to that company. Very expensive designer coffee and tea sets, cocktail sets—top quality. An entire show of Chase products in their original boxes! And last year was blue mirror, nothing but blue mirror. Blue mirror ornaments on the Christmas tree."

And this year?

Michael collapses in gales of laughter. "This year I'm stumped! So I can't tell you. Such a strange way to run a business. One of these days I'm going to get it together. I don't quite know what direction I'm going in. But I do know there's something in me . . ." □



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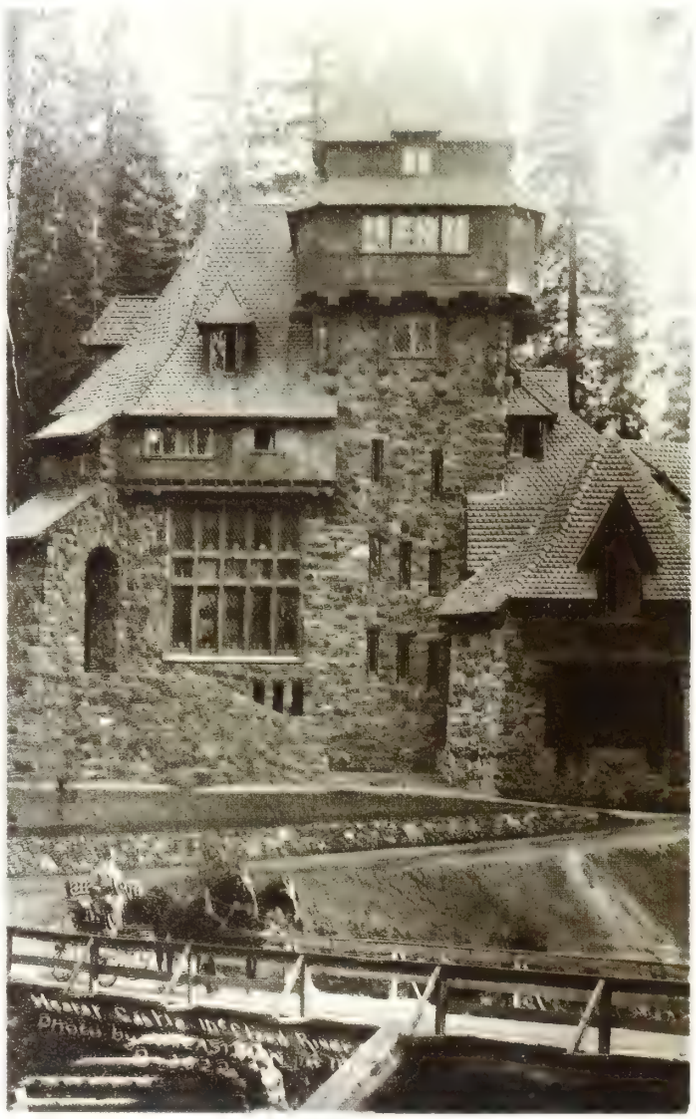
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OH, PIONEERS!

While the East still looked to Europe, a quartet of Bay Area designers, circa 1900, created one of America's most original architectural styles

By William H. Jordy

ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD: FOUR ARCHITECTS IN SAN FRANCISCO AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY
By Richard Longstreth
The Architecture History Foundation and The MIT Press, 455 pp., $40



Wyntoon, the Phoebe Hearst house near McCloud, California, designed by Bernard Maybeck and Mark White, 1902–03, destroyed by fire in 1933.

Around the turn of the century, California passed through a magical period both architecturally and culturally. It was, as Richard Longstreth's title suggests, a paradise "on the edge of the world," facing the "other" ocean. Like any respectable Shangri-la, California at that time could be reached only after an exhausting journey and passage across lofty mountains. Several days of railroad travel, even at its grittiest, hardly counted as arduous when measured against the bitter hardships of earlier journeys to California by Conestoga wagon or by ship around the Horn. Even so, a journey by rail from the East to the West Coast toward the end of the nineteenth century involved both a commitment of time and leaving behind what was established.

By 1890 the rough-and-ready provincialism of the pioneering days was passing. San Francisco in particular had its share of second-generation wealth, and was attracting outsiders with money and ambition who came partly for the economic opportunities, but also for the relaxed way of life in such a benign climate and spectacular setting. Those who purveyed culture in San Francisco tended, once there, to loosen the conservative approach to their métier back East under the combined influence of the informality and remoteness of the California situation.

This is certainly the case for architecture in the Bay Area at the turn of the century, as Longstreth demonstrates in his thorough, thoughtful, and (for those willing to follow its detail) entertaining appraisal of four architects whose early careers in California constitute the beginnings of high-style professional design in the area.

When Ernest Coxhead, Willis Polk, A.C. (Albert Cicero) Schweinfurth, and Bernard Maybeck arrived in San Francisco between 1889 and 1890, the city showed signs of the rambunctious and slapdash style of builders with little or no architectural training. However much the fancifully carpentered High Victorian and Queen Anne houses, all decked out in circus-wagon colors, squeezed onto San Francisco's narrow hillside sites may appeal to us today, the well-trained architect of the 1890s could only have viewed such parvenu showiness with scorn. Two had attended world-famous schools: Coxhead, the Royal Academy in his native England; Maybeck, the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. All except Coxhead had worked in leading New York offices: Maybeck with Carrère & Hastings, one of the leading Beaux-Arts firms in the country; Polk and Schweinfurth with A. Page Brown, who was responsible for bringing the *(Continued on page 74)*


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(Continued from page 72) McKim Mead & White Renaissance style to San Francisco.

So these men arrived well-versed in the historic styles, as, generally speaking, their American predecessors in the professions were not; but, like their predecessors, they were open to an eclectic approach to the styles. Longstreth labels them "academic eclectics."

At the start, they welcomed the modest domestic commissions, calling for simple and experimental design in the wood-and-shingle vernacular of the area. Such houses represented the flurry of concern in California for nature and the natural. Spurred by naturalists like John Muir, the Sierra Club, founded in 1892, entered upon a crusade for the conservation of such wonders as the Yosemite Valley, while the Bohemian Club conducted annual rituals amidst the redwoods, all activities in which the architects variously participated.

Local apostles, close to the artists and architects in the region, proselytized the "natural" home and the "natural" life. Rail and trolley connections in the region were just beginning to connect with ferries on the Bay. Some of the first suburban houses to go up in Marin County on the then near-vacant scenic slopes of Sausalito, Mill Valley, and Belvedere came from this group of architects.

The fervor for rusticity carried into the city itself, where Polk and Coxhead led the way in creating wooden and shingle houses that were fitted to the precipitous slopes and cramped sites of Russian Hill and Pacific Heights. Unlike the formal, rambling Eastern counterparts of McKim, Mead & White in resorts like Newport, these (unless built on flat sites) tended to appear, whether in the city or suburb, as a series of boxed platforms set at different levels along the climb of a central staircase in accord with the topography. Wide doorways and halls opening onto porches or terraces reduced the sense of their tightness.

Rusticity of treatment, however, was no barrier to the eclectic use of Classical detailing. Sometimes it was enlarged, as in Coxhead's outsized broken front-door entrance pediment (taken straight from Sir Christopher Wren) theatrically set against a cottagy

design in gabled brick in his James Brown–Reginald Smith house. Sometimes, as in certain fireplaces by Polk, large-scale expectations are diminished in actual dimensions in order to increase the apparent size of small spaces. This playful mix of Classical allusion amidst rusticity, and such quirks as Coxhead's clipping a corner from an otherwise symmetrical elevation where it abuts a neighboring house, or Polk's bringing one into a Classical portico at the side and organizing the columns with a progressively diminished interval, strike a current Post Modern chord.

The classical bits, however, also indicated the grander dreams of these designers. They did, in fact, realize few of their larger Renaissance schemes. Polk planned an unsuccessful semicircular plaza lined with columns in the manner of Bernini's for St. Peter's to enclose the front of the Ferry Building; and Coxhead envisioned a scheme, also unbuilt, for a colossal terracing of buildings in his entry in the international competition for a master plan for the University of California that Maybeck managed.

With Phoebe Hearst's backing, Maybeck foresaw the day when the bright Renaissance buildings of the fledgling university would step up the slope of its Berkeley hill on either side of a grand verdant axis. Only a few blocks away, Maybeck had designed a compound of wood and shingle houses which gave ardent support to the "natural life" in the vernacular house.

By 1900, another younger wave of architects from the East was moving into San Francisco, more attuned to big corporate clients and their managers and less concerned with balancing the rustic point of view with (what was after all) the first blush of the grand. Schweinfurth died of pneumonia in 1900. The other three continued working into the twenties and thirties, and Maybeck even later. But Coxhead's retiring nature and increasing conservatism in design apparently circumscribed his career.

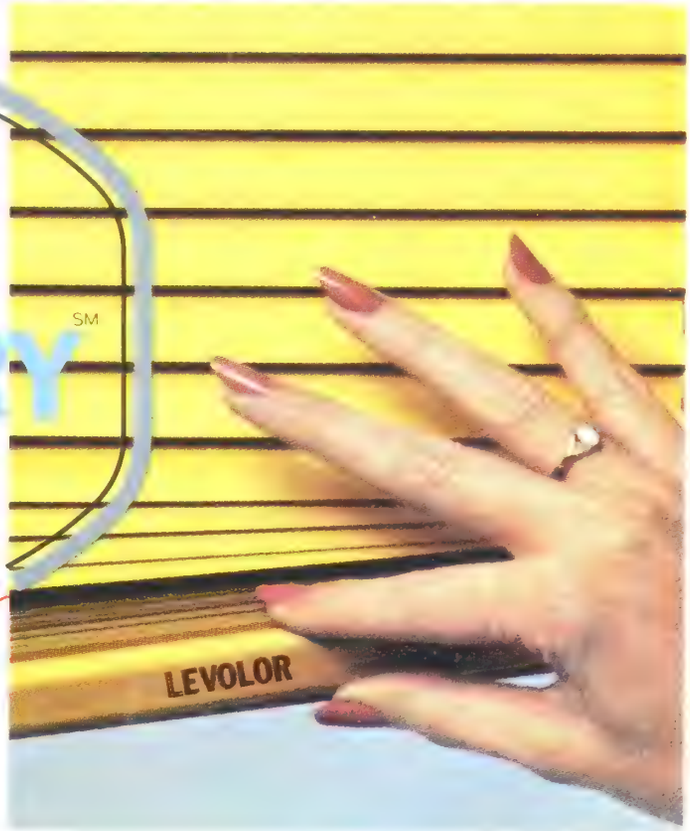
The flamboyant, rather brassy, and ambitious Polk pitifully attempted to hitch his falling star to Daniel Burnham's giant Chicago operation by serving as the manager of his West Coast office; but his personal style and lax management doomed the connection. Maybeck, the real star of the group, continued in his bohemian way, with little ambition for professional success, to design many small houses, each different from the other. They continue the early experimental approach of the first wave of professional architects, occasionally interspersed with idiosyncratic gestures toward grandeur, such as his famed Palace of Fine Arts for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and his Christian Science church in Berkeley.

But around 1900 an episode poignant for Bay Area architecture and culture had passed; not, however, without conditioning much of what would be best in the region's future. □

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A PERSONAL TRADITION

Gloria Vanderbilt layers past and present in her highly evocative penthouse

BY BARBARA LAZEAR ASCHER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

Home is the soul we wrap around ourselves, an outward display of inner selves. Aspirations, affectations, quirks and passions, bits and pieces of the past—as it was or as we wished it to be—go on parade within these walls. "All decorating," says Gloria Vanderbilt, "comes out of our deepest feelings about ourselves, about beauty, and about our hopes for ourselves."

In her own New York City apartment it is no accident that she has created the atmosphere of an ancestral dwelling. "It's important to me to feel that home is always going to be here. That it has roots and stability. When you have had as rootless a childhood as I did . . ." She looks out the window across the East River to the Triborough Bridge and Long Island rolling off in a distant blue haze. Although this is a penthouse high above the ground, it feels firmly rooted. Its occupant is held in place by these walls, by glittering collections, by paintings and collages, by snippets of the past.

The past to which Gloria Vanderbilt is most strongly drawn is the early 1900s when the Bloomsbury set held sway. She experiences an "almost mystical closeness" to Katherine Mansfield—"K.M.," as she refers to her—and reads "everything I can on that period." The books of Virginia Woolf, D.H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, and the journals and letters of those with whom they consorted fill her bookshelves and tables. Their presence is palpable. "Well, you know they all made fun of her behind her back," she says with such sympathy for Lady Ottoline Morrell that one forgets for a moment that this is not a mutual friend about to be comforted over tea and crumpets. But that is the point. At home it is possible to create one's own time. A better time.

How Gloria Vanderbilt has constructed her own atmosphere is neither a secret nor readily apparent. She is not prone to probing the creative process. "I don't think that the artist should analyze that process too much. You should just do it." "Doing it" in this apartment consisted of "surrounding myself with beauty and the things I love." The result is a celebration of color and texture. "Color inspires me the most in my work. I feel very confident in it."

Gloria Vanderbilt's living room glows with a George III mirror, a Louis XVI ormolu and marble French clock bordered with brilliants, rock crystal Russian candelabra, glittering picture frames, and two Victorian night lights in the shape of peacocks. In the foreground are nineteenth-century German standing horn cups, Victorian shells, and American silver vases (Philadelphia 1900) on a coffee table covered with antique Chinese wallpaper.





The living room's lettuce green walls and deeper green curtains bring the outside in, echoing terrace plantings and the verdant island far below in the East River. For the rest, the room creates its own world with English chintz by Ilene Cumming that Gloria Vanderbilt feels gives a room a sense "that it has been there forever." The portrait of Gloria Vanderbilt by Aaron Shikler stands behind a romantic roundabout overlaid with a Spanish shawl.



She has also confidently indulged her fondness for fantasy. The moment a visitor steps into the Vanderbilt world she is greeted by a welcoming committee of peacocks. Fantailed and lit from within, they conjure visions of Flannery O'Connor's front lawn or the peacock room of Neuschwanstein in Bavaria. These Victorian night lights huddled together on foyer tables are an immediate announcement that one has entered a colorful flight of the imagination.

By day, the river's light is caught by shimmering surfaces—chandeliers, crystal candlesticks, a collection of beaded purses, a gold dressing-table set, amethyst beads hanging from a lampshade, lettuce-green walls glazed "to last forever." They conspire to allow the sun its wild courses through rooms that are more than living space; they are possibility.

"Rooms exist in the world that we don't even know of," she says in a whisper, "and yet someday we may be in those rooms and extraordinary things may happen." She relates this intuition to having first seen the dressing room of this apartment when Lily Pons lived here with André Kostelanetz. "It would have been hard to believe that someday it would be mine. There are rooms like that all over the world, waiting for us."

Although this might sound slightly ethereal, as a businesswoman and designer Gloria Vanderbilt is very much of this world. Her aim is to provide affordable beauty and comfort. What pleases her most about her recent collection of home furnishings designed for J.P. Stevens, which she thinks is "the best commercial work I've ever



A carved-wood chair made in India in the mid nineteenth century, *Procession de Fête Dieu*— a painting by Maurice Denis—an eighteenth-century Aubusson rug from Stark, and a pale rose quartz lamp topped by a shade trimmed with amethyst beads enhance the romantic mood of the living room. In front of the terrace door is a Northern Italian, Rococo giltwood bergère from the mid eighteenth century.





Above: Behind 1791 George III silver-mounted coconut cups are photographs of Gloria Vanderbilt's sons and late husband, Wyatt Emory Cooper. Above them hangs her painting of a former family retreat. The tea set belonged to Grandmother Morgan, and the Louis XV chairs, *opposite,* have needlepoint by Aunt Thelma Furness. Painting, *Clouds* by Gloria Vanderbilt.

done," is that "it will bring beauty to millions of people."

The accomplishment delights her, but she insists that home be a retreat from all that. Elsie de Wolfe, that formidable doyenne of interior design and the first woman in America to make it her career, would concur. Her favorite houses were those women had created for themselves alone—Paradiso built by Isabella d'Este following the death of her husband, the Marquise de Rambouillet's retreat from the "hurly-burly of court life."

Femininity was given full reign in those interiors, and the same is true in Gloria Vanderbilt's apartment high above the hurly-burly of Manhattan. There is not a gray or brown in sight. Rather, these rooms speak of a woman who says of herself, "My whole psyche is very feminine."

"I am what is around me," Wallace Stevens wrote in his poem, "Theory," and added, "Women understand this." Women also understand that they can *become* what is around them; that "home" is not only our autobiography, but an opportunity to rewrite that autobiography. What Gloria Vanderbilt has created is a sense of stability; she has exorcised all ghosts of a rootless past.

In 1955 she published a collection of poems, one of which promises "I will show you a garden like you never saw/ Build castles for you that waves will ignore" That is what she has done in this apartment that sits as steady as a lightship above the waves of the East River. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*





An "incredible dream" of a dressing room is flooded with light reflected from the terrace garden by a mirrored wall and a twenties Tiffany gold dressing table set. The Portuguese metal-and-porcelain flower arrangements date from 1752. *Opposite:* In a photograph by Horst, Gloria Vanderbilt stands beside the bed, which in this photograph she has draped with a Spanish shawl and antique laces from her collection.







Gloria Vanderbilt feels that "the bedroom is the woman's space, and she can make that as feminine as she wants." Here that effect is enhanced by elaborate curtaining of the canopy bed, which is covered with a silk embroidered spread depicting an Arabic poem. The rug is French needlepoint. Wallcovering is by Rose Cumming.



Opposite: The square foyer with ziggurat-domed ceiling and plaster surfaces in a stony finish (detail, *above*) has the look of an archaic volume carved out of solid rock. Translucent door of sanded plexiglass leads to the salon. It pivots 180 degrees on a handsome visible hinge. At right, black-lacquered front door.

ANCIENT ECHOES

Architects Patrick Elie Naggar and Dominique Lachevsky create a new mood in the Paris apartment of an art-collecting couple

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND







Opposite: From the gallery right of the foyer is seen the twin left gallery leading to the personal quarters. Black marble floor contains brass inlay. Large painting is by the Yugoslav Expressionist Dado. *Above:* Salon bookcases with edges, hinges, and knobs of gunmetal-finished brass, a material used throughout, form a niche for a Vico Magistretti horse-blanket sofa from Cassina. Painting by the Catalonian Tapies.

Ten years ago, architects Patrick Naggar and Dominique Lachevsky designed an apartment in a suite of early-nineteenth-century rooms on the Place Vendôme. It was, in Patrick Naggar's words, "a space for the seventies, very modern, with one large living-dining area." A decade passed and the clients returned to the designers for something different in the same space: rooms more traditional in function and detail, yet clearly contemporary, rooms that would continue to work as a background for their art collection.

Naggar and Lachevsky built the couple the equivalent of a new house except for the outside walls. They gutted the entire space and created a classically symmetrical plan. From a square, domed central foyer, identical galleries now extend on two sides leading to the rooms. Although they live in Paris, the art collectors have an Italianate spatial arrangement, room forms and surfaces that evoke the ancient worlds of Babylonia and Egypt, idiosyncratic furniture designed for these rooms only, and ceilings that match the walls—"something few Frenchmen can conceive of," according to Patrick Naggar. □

By Elaine Greene





Salon walls and ceiling, like the others, have been painted, distressed, varnished, and waxed to resemble masonry. Fixed brass strips punctuate upper wall, serve as picture moldings. A Dubuffet painting hangs over sofa, a Poliakoff near piano. In foreground: Cambodian rain drum used as a table; Eileen Gray's Transat chair by Ecart. *Overleaf, left:* In the bedroom, a nineteenth-century Pompeian-style table; Mediterranean interior shutters of bleached oak painted with blurred lines reminiscent of Egyptian wall art. *Overleaf, right:* A terra-cotta sleeping figure by Georges Jeanclos in the dining-room window.









Two sets of translucent interior doors of sanded plexiglass, which flatten against their half-meter-thick reveals, lead to the dining room. Walls and ceiling are a faded Pompeian red. Shade of a fine silk satin was chosen to contrast with the architectural solidity. Chairs are nineteenth-century Chinese. Painting is an early Matta. Table, wood with a trompe-l'oeil stone finish on gesso, is a Naggar/Lachevsky design. Patrick Naggar has recently moved his office to Didier Aaron in New York.



THE PRIVATE WORLD OF JOHN HUSTON

BY ROGER C. TOLL PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEILA METZNER

To the south of Puerto Vallarta, the Sierra Madre slices impressively into the Pacific. The steep mountains are lush and green at this time of the year, alive with wild hibiscus and jungle sounds. On the open sea at the foot of these slopes, where at times a narrow beach flirts with a man's imagination, an open, outboard-powered launch of a type common in these parts beats against ten-foot swells rolling in from Asia.



Some thirty minutes from the beach where the coast road thrusts itself inland and over the mountains, a cove appears. At its center, majestic, a species of banyan reigns. Then, a thatched hut, some houses, and the surf playing on the rocks. There are no roads. The sea is the only way to get here.

On the shore, like a great oak, John Huston welcomes you to his home. Hoary, venerable, yet so simple in his white cotton clothes and bare feet and the beard that reminds you of Noah, graciously benevolent to the lesser beasts. There is the mythic to the man. At 77, a classic of the American film, Huston is larger than the normal run, with something of the mischievous Irish that is his descent: "that bloody awful breed . . . the most impossible people," he says.

He has been the lord of Las Caletas—"the whole little cove, one thousand feet of oceanfront, and back for about four hundred feet"—since 1975, years after he brought fame and many subsequent tourists to this once tiny fishing village of Puerto Vallarta by shooting *The Night of the Iguana* here, and even more years after he first visited this coast to write a film script. "I can't even remember what script, it was so long ago . . . " he says. There were only 2,500 people then, Huston likes to point out, compared to today's 90,000.

In those days Huston was Master of the Hunt and squire at his country estate of St. Clerans, in County Galway, Ireland, to which he had repaired following his disillusionment with the United States at the time of McCarthy and the House Un-American Activities Committee's trials. "I gave up on the United States when Eisenhower shook hands with the man who called George C. Marshall a communist and a traitor to his country," he explains. "I said to myself, 'That's enough. I don't want to



Preceding pages, left: Arrangement of one of the guest bungalow's beds, covered in handwoven Mexican fabric, has the simplicity of a Mondrian. *Preceding pages, right:* John Huston, seen here in his own private quarters, wears only white when he is in Mexico. *Right:* The only way to approach Las Caletas, Huston's compound of five bungalows, is from the sea, usually in a fiberglass boat known as a *panga*.





Huston's bedroom epitomizes the airy simplicity of [illegible]. A white canvas curtain tumbles down an opaque dusty blue sailcloth is hung over the [illegible] windows from the outside. Be[illegible] room.



live in the States. One of the tragedies of Americans of my generation was they thought of themselves as tough individualists capable of laying down their own code of behavior and following it. It was all the sadder, then, when we saw them toe the line and put their tails between their legs."

Huston, who was born in the Midwest to the distinguished actor Walter Huston, took up Irish citizenship partway through his more than fifteen years at St. Clerans. He lived an aristocratic life there, pursuing his passions for collecting art and fine wines, breeding horses, and running after foxes three times a week, when he wasn't off in some exotic location working.

"When I left St. Clerans, I decided to close out that department of my life, along with the horses," he explains. "That world was coming to an end, you see. And here is no place to bring Monets. So I decided to get back to the fundamentals and live as simply as I could. And this is as simple as I can possibly live."

Simple, indeed. There is no dock to tie up to; the landing operation is "basic," as he says. As the motor keeps the stern to sea and the bow caresses the sand, the incoming swells pitching the launch like a seesaw all the while, the visitor, shoes off and pants rolled up, leaps. Once ashore, past the pebble beach, past the great banyan, along the brick path by the thatched hut and the parabolic satellite antenna (a unique concession to that other world of the news and the late show), the visitor joins a junction of paths leading off to several buildings, which are actually screened-in pavilions that comfortably, airily house Huston's studio and bedroom (to the right), the kitchen and living room (straight ahead), and various guest quarters (to the left and up the hill).

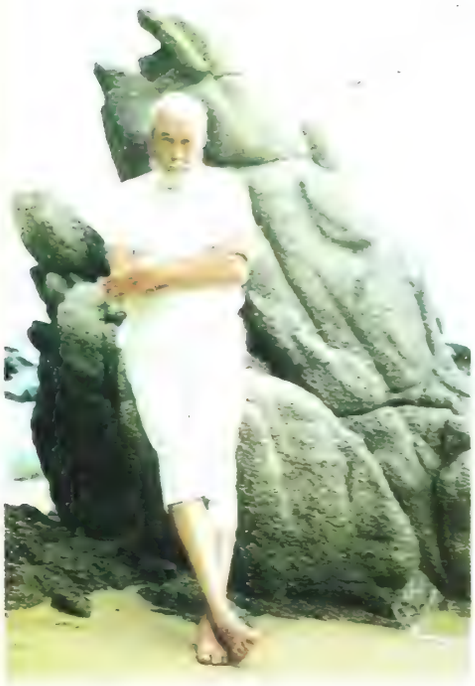
He loves his friends and guests as much as he cherishes his privacy and peace. "The buildings are scattered about because when you have guests, which I do a lot, it is important not to be seeing each other too much. There is nothing I find more of a chore than being a guest, going around having to be polite to your host, putting in appearances at designated times, and so on . . . it's a bore! And it takes the pleasure out of a visit. So I see as little as possible *(Text continued on page 176)*







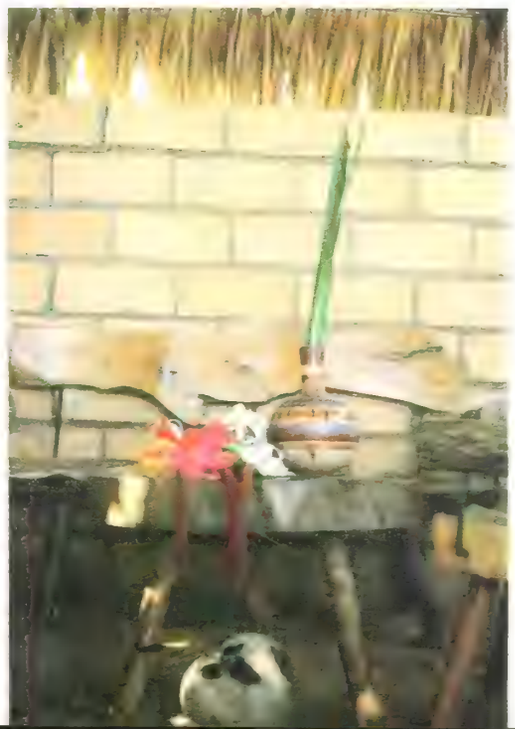
Top: A corner of the studio where Huston paints, reads, writes, and plays backgammon, always with the radio on. *Above:* Almost a wildflower in Mexico, bougainvillaea thrives at Las Caletas. *Right:* Another part of the L-shaped guest cottage, with a bed covered in a locally crocheted spread. Tiles form a screen against the sun.











Top: John Huston on the beach at Las Caletas. *Above:* The kitchen, living area, and dining area are all in one bungalow. Because it's a twenty-minute open-boat ride to the nearest market, the kitchen is always well-stocked with staples. The Filipino cook turns out a lot of Oriental food, Huston's favorite.

Top: In another view of Huston's studio can be seen the table where he plays guests at backgammon. Behind is a caged squirrel, one of several wild pets at Las Caletas. *Above:* Triangular tables in the living area were designed by Huston and built of *parota* wood. Sculpture in foreground by Ramis Barquet. Shell painting in shelves at right by Huston friend Cathy von Rohr. *Left:* Native rustic furniture outside the guest cottage. *Overleaf, left:* Dining table of *parota* wood was designed by Huston. *Overleaf, right:* A hibiscus flower in Huston's studio.











HOUSE OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS

Brian Alfred Murphy designs a supremely simple hideaway for fashion photographer Philip Dixon

BY HEATHER SMITH MacISAAC
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER

Left: The fireplace, set adrift by its flush placement in a frosted-glass section of the stud wall and crowned by a translucent slab of rough onyx, is the centerpiece of the living room. "Stud wall" coffee table, oversized cushions, and a single chair out of sight are the only other furnishings. *Above:* Chimney and box of fireplace are removed to the exterior, where they form simple sculpture.



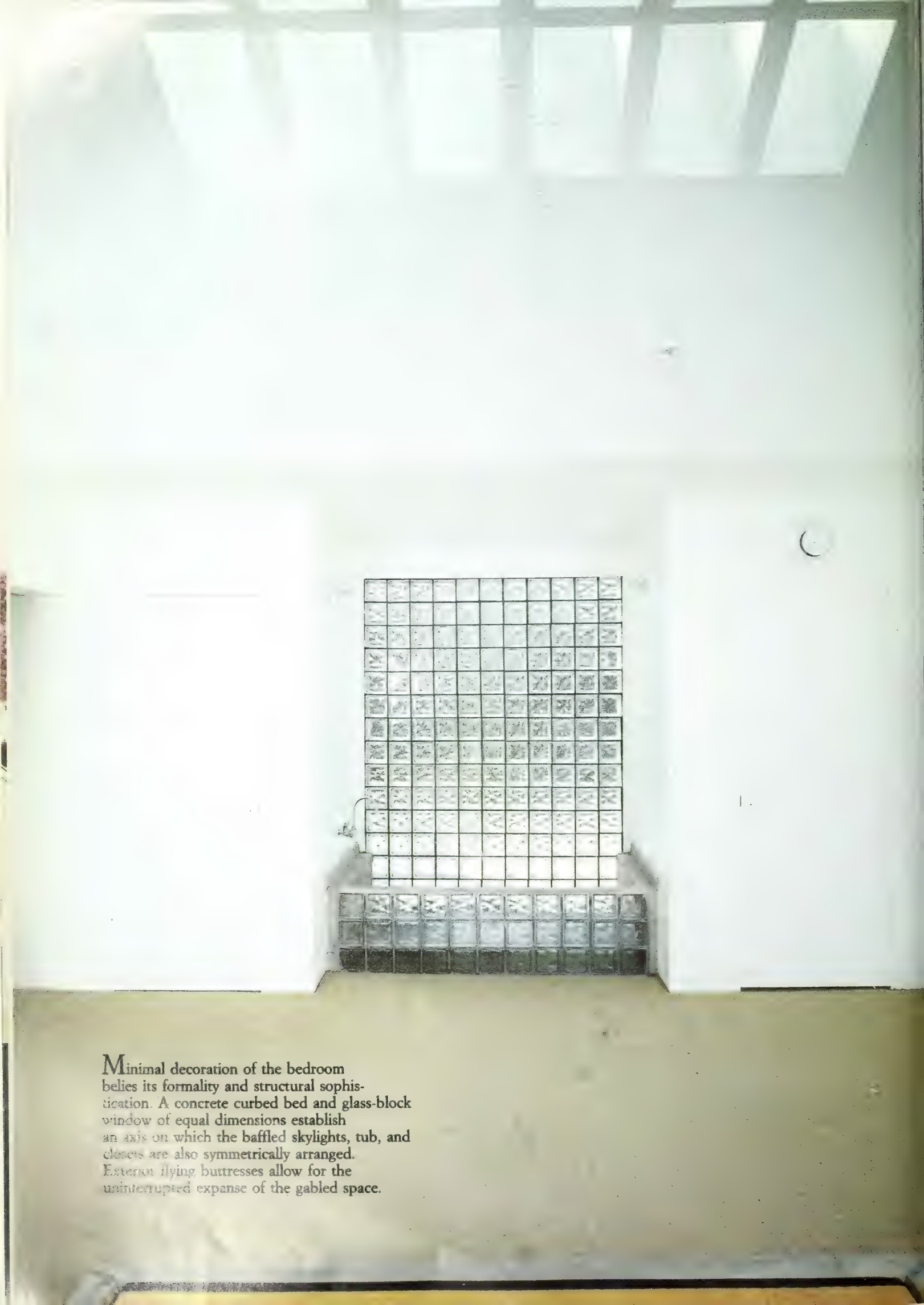
Fashion and glamour go hand in hand. For a fashion photographer, the glamour is accompanied by long and erratic hours with all-too-colorful people in all-too-exotic settings. What better place, then, for Philip Dixon to come home to than the serene and supremely simple hideaway in Venice, California, shaped for him from a run-down house and adjoining grocery store by designer and contractor Brian Alfred Murphy of BAM Construction/Design.

Dixon found in Murphy a designer whose self-described image is new and clean; Murphy discovered in Dixon "a client who was willing to roll the dice"—not that Murphy had anything gimmicky in mind, just a blending of a little innovative engineering with basic and inexpensive materials, concrete in particular. Dixon concurred, adding only a predilection for rocks.

Murphy's design is as fundamental and pure as nature's four elements: earth, fire, water, and air (here let air equal light). Earth enters the two main areas, living and sleeping, as the concrete hearths and the curb of the bed, as the concrete cylinders and kiln bricks of the dining-table base, as the sensuous rocks placed with an almost Oriental studiousness in the tub and near the fire, and most spectacularly as the translucent piece of onyx crowning the fireplace. Fire is the focus of the living area, where fireplace as traditional solid hub of the house gives way to fireplace as void floating in a wide mantelpiece of light. In the bedroom, water is the magnetic element and a glass-block tub the focal point, again infused with light from a window that is an extension of one of the tub's walls. Throughout, although there are no conventional opening windows for reasons of security, the sun floods in via baffled skylights of wire glass, bringing to light a bare, beautiful, and rejuvenating environment.

□ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

Opposite: Screen walls and tension cables secured by turnbuckles give dimension and support to the open living area. Paintings by Pat Patterson. *Right:* The owner's fondness for stone extends to the bathtub, where a few movable rocks counter the rigidity of the glass block.



Minimal decoration of the bedroom belies its formality and structural sophistication. A concrete curbed bed and glass-block window of equal dimensions establish an axis on which the baffled skylights, tub, and closets are also symmetrically arranged. Exterior flying buttresses allow for the uninterrupted expanse of the gabled space.



FIRST CENTURY AMERICAN

BY
[redacted]







Among the houses on historic Duke of Gloucester Street in Colonial Williamsburg stands a private residence where Col. Miodrag Blagojevich and his wife, Elizabeth, live with part of their collection of furnishings from America's first century of settlement. Friends say that the thrill of being among these pieces of great age, extreme rarity, and highest quality never palls; one man calls them "presences." And new visitors who had always pictured our first settlers in tall hats and gloomy rooms come away with minds opened and imaginations stirred.

Col. Blagojevich (pronounced bla-GOY-a-vitch) came to the United States in 1942 as a Yugoslav air force colonel and military attaché in Washington. Unsympathetic to Marshal Tito's postwar government, the colonel remained here. He married the former Elizabeth Ridgely of Washington, whose family settled in Maryland around 1650, and the couple restored a derelict seventeenth-century manor house in Maryland.

They sought the help of architectural, archaeological, and landscape experts from Colonial Williamsburg, beginning a long and mutually beneficial connection that culminated with the 1976 gift to the institution of a large portion of the Blagojeviches' collection of seventeenth-century and William and Mary furniture of the mid-Atlantic coast of America. Colonial Williamsburg rents the donors their present home, the reconstructed circa-1718 Pitt-Dixon House.

The couple had originally decorated the Maryland house with American eighteenth-century furniture and some English Jacobean pieces, but they soon felt a strong pull in another direction. The house seemed to them to demand

Preceding pages: Three variations of the Spanish foot reflect the Continental influence on American furniture of the William and Mary style. *Left:* In the William and Mary parlor, a walnut Boston wing chair, ca. 1710, one of perhaps six similar pieces known; a very rare and unusually early Southern piece, the Virginia black-walnut tea table, ca. 1710; a banister-back walnut armchair, Philadelphia, ca. 1710, considered the best in existence; a walnut desk-on-frame, ca. 1720, another early Pennsylvania piece.



The press cupboard of oak, pine, and maple with turned pillars and applied bosses and spindles on its architectural façade is attributed to John Taylor of Cambridge, Massachusetts, "College Joyner" for Harvard, ca. 1638–82. It bears traces of original red and black paint.

Opposite: A detail of a late-seventeenth-century English beadwork picture of Charles I and his queen, Henrietta Maria, with two courtiers. Like stumpwork, beadwork was done at home, presumably by women, but was based on drawings sold by professionals either as kits or embroidery books.





Above: An inner door panel of an English stumpwork writing cabinet, ca. 1665. *Opposite:* In the seventeenth-century parlor, an Alpujarra carpet covers a double gate-leg table. Maple New England armchair, made ca. 1660. Armor often appeared in early colonial inventories; these pieces are Italian, ca. 1585. On the center of the mantel shelf is an iron-and-brass dog collar initialed for Charles I.

American contemporaneous furniture, and they accepted the challenge—becoming collecting pioneers.

It was hard work, however joyful, to build the collection, even during the fifties when the period was generally ignored. To begin with, the population in the first century of American settlement was small. Although the stalwart English merchant and yeoman families who emigrated to the mid-Atlantic coast brought skilled workers and tools to replicate their lives in England, numerically not much furniture was made. Then most of this small supply was lost, through the centuries, to fire, war, wood-eating insects, neglect, and ignorance. Only with the publication of Irving W. Lyon's *The Colonial Furniture of New England* in 1891 did the ignorance begin to lift as Americans with family antiques realized that they owned pieces made on this side of the Atlantic; in the mid nineteenth century it was believed that everything fine had come from England.

In fact, most Americans still think the early colonials were "ignorant, bigoted, entrapped in a crude frontier environment, sexually repressed, drab . . . [and] deprived of the artistic delights. . . ." So says Jonathan L. Fairbanks, American Decorative Arts Curator at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, in his introduction to the catalogue for that museum's important 1982 exhibition "New England Begins: The Seventeenth Century." Fairbanks continues: "Just the reverse was generally the case. . . . The settlers transferred their entire culture to the New World, maintained strong ties with England . . . and enjoyed a complex geometric, artificial, and colorful artistic style now called Mannerism."

In the same catalogue Robert F. Trent, Curator of Exhibitions and Education at The Connecticut Historical Society in Hartford, traces the heavy ornament and exaggerated proportions of Anglo-Netherlandic Mannerism back to the Italian courtly style of the sixteenth century, which reached northern Europe and underwent a "bourgeoisification" as the century progressed. This modified mode came to America in the seventeenth century and flourished until the next. When the Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685, thus ending religious freedom

(Text continued on page 184)







ALL ABOUT EAMES

Their 1949 house in Santa Monica, put together from prefab parts by Ray and Charles Eames, is now historic High Tech

BY DORIS SAATCHI PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES

Thirty-five years ago, Ray and Charles Eames built a house on a cliff above the Pacific Ocean in Southern California. Originally designed as an experiment in low-cost housing, one of the Case Study houses sponsored by a West Coast magazine, it finished up as the Eameses' own home and alternative office, a living area, courtyard, and studio complex with a structure so simple that it took just one-and-a-half days to erect.

Almost immediately it became an international architectural landmark, one of the first houses in the steel-and-glass construction style that was widespread in the fifties in America, particularly on the West Coast. Since Charles Eames's death in 1978, it has also assumed the status of a monument, commemorating one of America's most innovative and internationally admired architects and designers.

Ray Eames lives and works in her famous house, known throughout the world simply as the Eames House, with undiminished enthusiasm for its construction and design. In fact, the steel decking, webbed steel joists, factory sash windows, and all the other materials and fittings, which at the time had never been used for domestic building, are today accepted features of a distinct style of architecture. There have been a few necessary changes, such as a new roof. But basically the house and its setting are much the same as they were three decades ago.

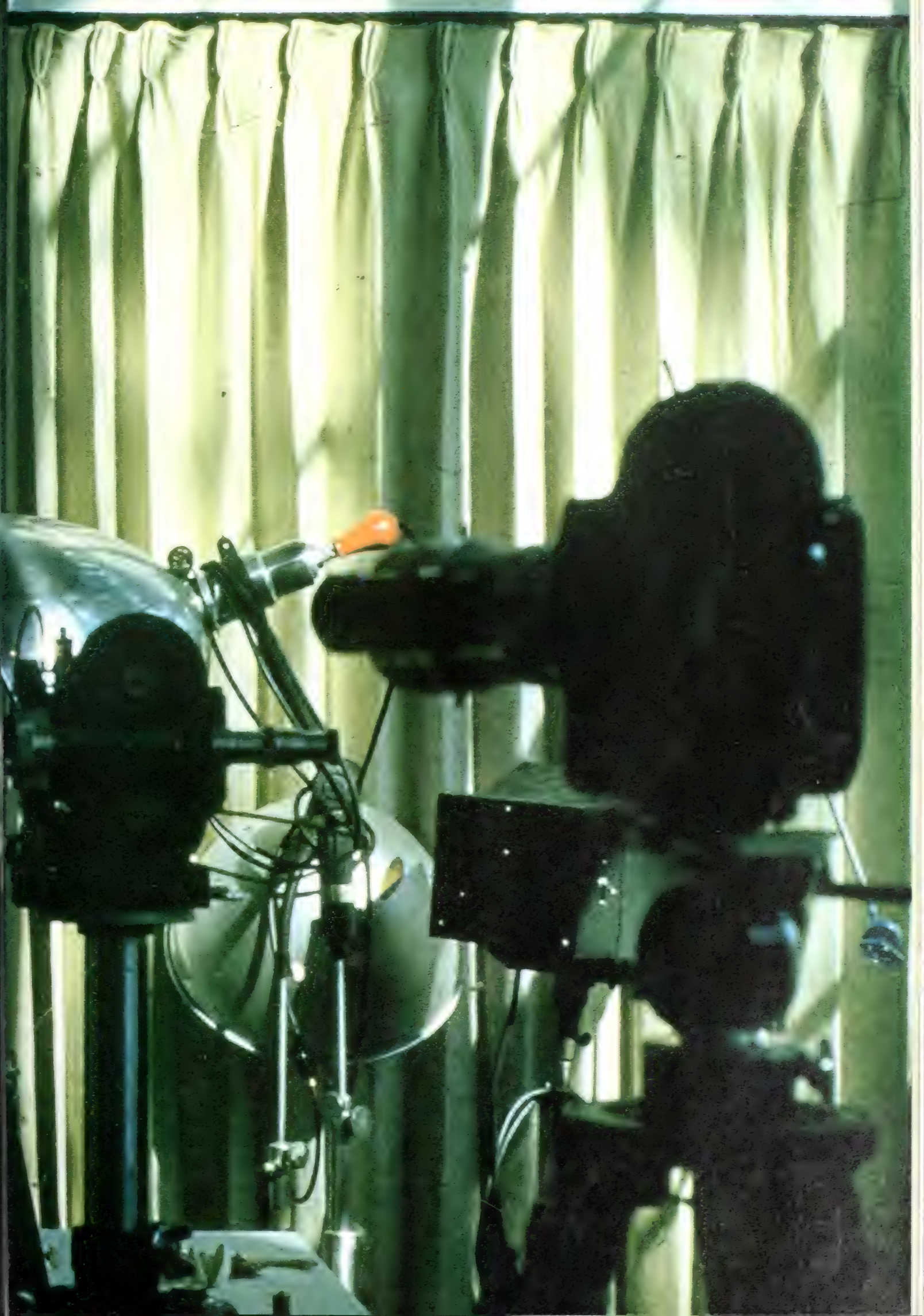
From a gravel drive a rough plank path leads to a long-grass meadow canopied by branches of eucalyptus trees so it resembles an enormous silver and green room with a leaf-framed view of the sea at one end. The house was originally designed as a bridge over the meadow but Eames decided to preserve the site as much as possible and placed it up against the hillside. Connected to each other across a courtyard by an invisible grid of measurements are two boxlike structures formed by glass and stucco panels held airily in place by what designer Edgar Kauffman once called a "gray web of steel."

Some of the panels are painted in bright, primary colors and two small panels over the entrance to the house are gold, elements that give this assembly of components from an industrial catalogue an air of playfulness characteristic of most Eames designs and one of the reasons for their popularity. For Ray and Charles Eames, work was simply a difficult form of play.

Another characteristic of the Eameses' work, whether they were making buildings, furniture, a film, or a plan for exhibition, is an intense awareness of the natural world. In their house, that awareness has turned a tech-



Right: The Eameses did much of their experimental film work in their home studio, accumulating an impressive array of cameras and lights, which are seen in this photograph by Charles Eames. *Overleaf, left:* Their house is a carefully arranged composition of solid, opaque, and translucent panels. Seen through the doorway, a painting by Ray Eames. *Overleaf, right:* Over the years, the interiors have become a mini-museum for their collection of their own designs and designs by artisans the world over, arranged by Ray Eames.











nological tour de force into a surprisingly romantic space filled with the glow of honey-colored light reflected from the primavera wood paneling on the living-rooms walls, pale leaf-shaped shadows, the sky blues and earth browns of Navaho, Chinese, and Berber rugs, and apparently artless bunches of freshly picked flowers. In the living room, the delicate skeleton of a dried plant from the California desert hangs by a slender thread where it was suspended many years ago from the twenty-foot ceiling. Just inside the front door, the individual treads of a spiral staircase curve up to the sleeping area on the mezzanine like segments of a fat pine cone.

The Eameses' interest in objects and data of every type and culture is evident. There are books on Henry Moore, Giacometti, the philosophies of India, shells, and space technology. There is a collection of Japanese combs, each one designed for a specific function in the complicated process of the traditional and highly stylized female Japanese coiffure. There are Chinese paper globe lanterns, a brightly painted Indian child's chair, an Indonesian wooden bell. These accumulations reflect, beyond interest, what an observer has called a "delight in ordinary objects," which in turn reflects an attention to the details of ordinary life. Combined with the Eameses' interest in technological processes, it produced a unique approach to design problems from the beginning.

The Eameses had a way of seeing in sections, working from the part to the whole, from the particular to the general a step at a time. Charles Eames's interest in process developed early in his life when he taught himself to take pictures by using his father's antiquated photographic equipment. His fascination with process continued ever after, resulting in a technique for molding plywood into a new kind of leg splint used during World War II, and eventually into the chairs and tables that helped make him famous. The intense combinations of color and pattern in the house are an expression in part of Ray Eames's talent as a colorist, developed while she was one of Hans Hofmann's painting students. A small bright abstract canvas, one of her own paintings and the only one she still has, hangs in the stairwell. However, she makes no distinction between an oil-on-canvas painting and a sumptuous arrangement of breakfast makings on the kitchen table. Everywhere there are delightful combinations of objects that would look "set" elsewhere, but here seem to have happened without anyone apparently giving it a thought. A white Formica tray on the living-room floor holds a crystal candelabrum as if in preparation for a nighttime indoor picnic. A smoothly rounded American Indian clay jug nestles in a bristly rope coil that keeps it upright and protects it from breaking. A cartwheel hat made of creamy straw rests lightly on a pile of thick striped blankets. Both Ray and Charles Eames have in fact given every detail in the house attention and thought. "The details are not details," Charles Eames said. "They make the product. It will in the end be these details that give the product its life."

Such attention to detail is exhausting, requiring tight control over every project from beginning to end for a successful result. After designing just two houses besides his own and a showroom for Herman Miller furniture, Charles Eames gave up designing buildings altogether because, as Ray Eames puts it, "There were so many chances for something to *(Text continued on page 200)*

Opposite: Throughout its 35-year history, the house has demonstrated that serious architecture can also be welcoming and show a sense of humor. *Above:* Toys from several countries used in films by Charles and Ray Eames are lined up next to an American wood-and-paper doll's house in the studio. *Overleaf, left:* With typical wit, a well-used Eames lounge chair and ottoman, looking remarkably like a human form stretched out comfortably, is placed next to an African wooden stool shaped as a strange, squat four-legged creature. On the wall, an unframed rice-paper Kabuki sign from Japan. *Overleaf, right:* The transparency of a window wall, characteristic of the house's design.



SAILING AWAY WITH LÉGER

The renowned artist's unpublished watercolors of his Mediterranean cruise with the legendary Murphys, along with photographs from the family's private collection

BY NAOMI BARRY



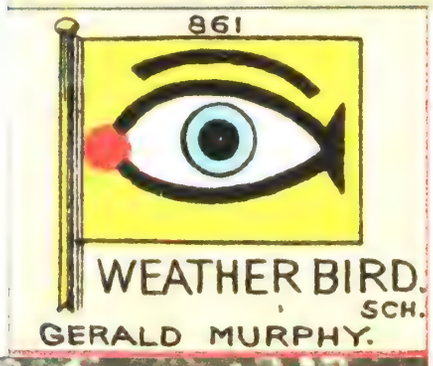
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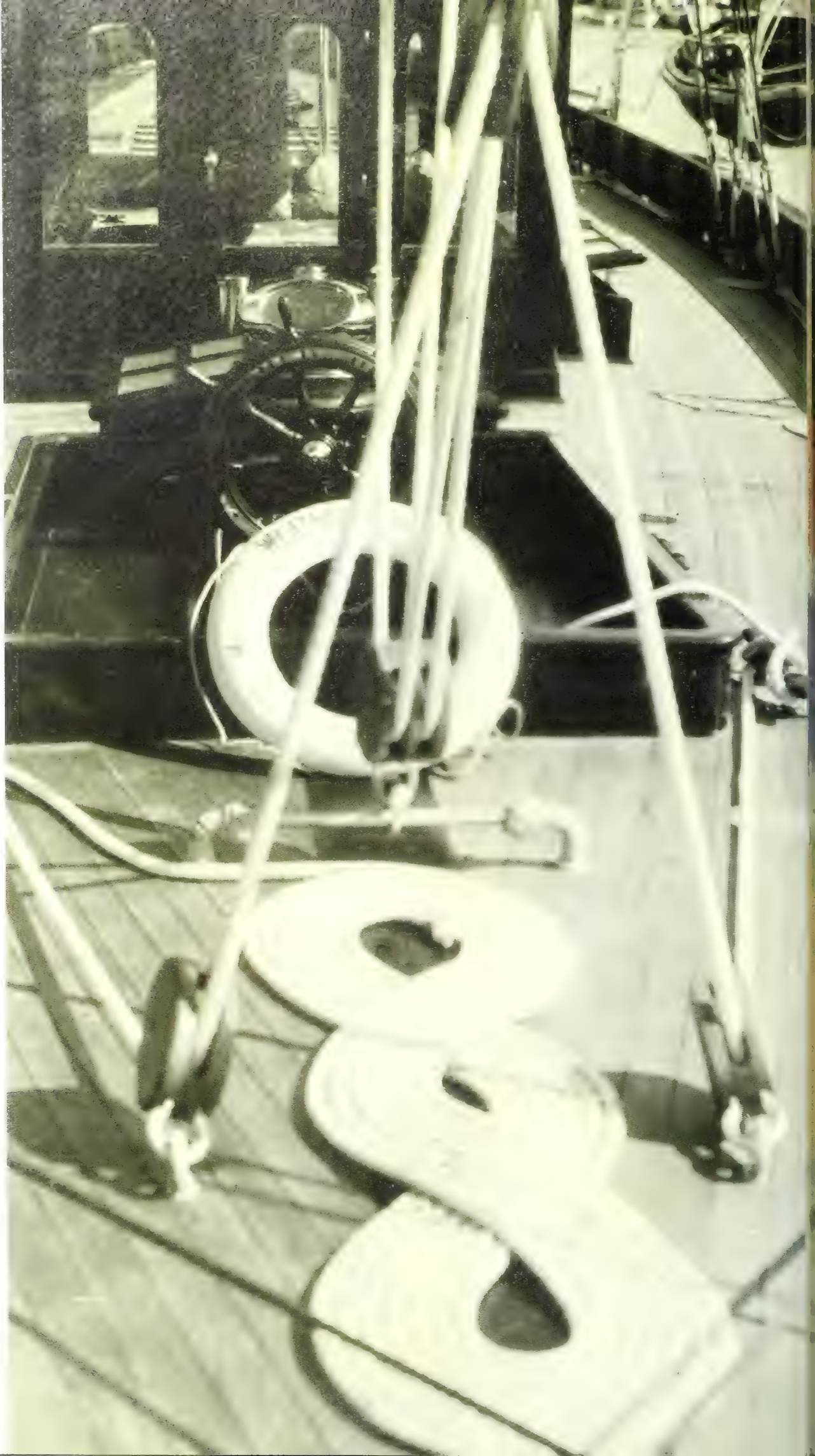
Opposite: Fernand Léger's watercolor portrait from the rear is unmistakably Gerald Murphy in his *Weatherbird* uniform of swim trunks and skull cap. *Top:* The passing shore. *Above:* The *Weatherbird* and its private signal designed by Gerald. *Right:* Sara Murphy, Scottie Fitzgerald, Patrick Murphy, Fernand Léger in 1931.

The *Weatherbird* was a 114-foot black-hulled schooner built for Sara and Gerald Murphy. Her home port was Antibes but she flew the American flag from her stern and the *pavillon particulier* that fluttered from the top masthead was a genuine Gerald Murphy. Against a hard yellow background, he had painted an abstract of a huge staring human eye, which seemed to blink in the wind.

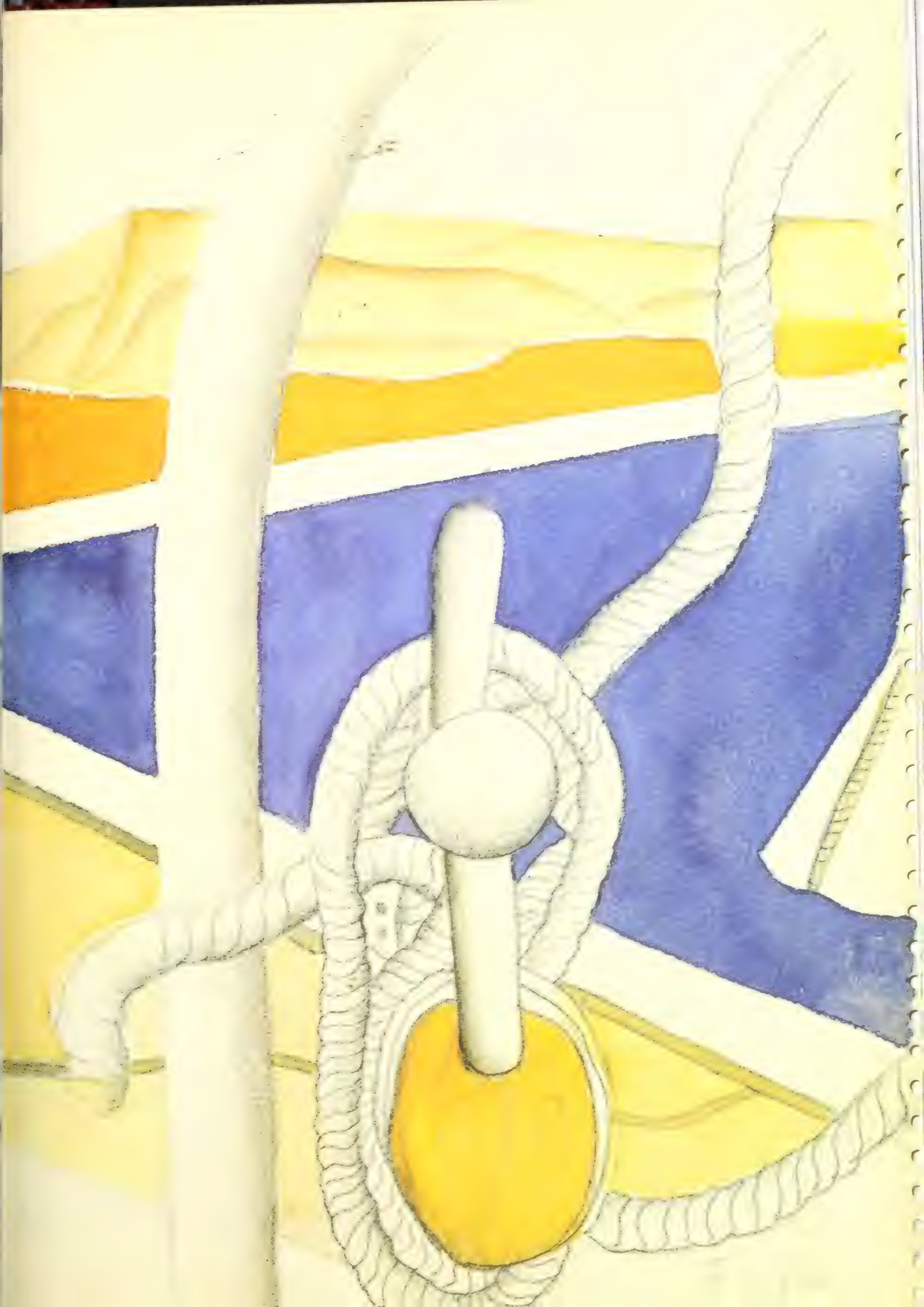
"I like your drawing," Picasso told Gerald when he saw the *Weatherbird*'s private flag.

It was that optimistic era between two wars which Zelda Fitzgerald in a letter to the Murphys described as "those tragicly ecstatic years when the pockets of the world were filled with pleasant surprizes and people still thought of life in terms of their right to a good time."

Sara later talking of the Murphys'



"Look what beautiful things the sailors do with the rope!" wrote Sara Murphy on board.



own "tragicly ecstatic years" in Paris and in Antibes during the twenties and thirties said, "We thought of everybody having a good time everywhere . . . even if they lived on Coney Island or in Scarsdale or wherever."

Life aboard the Murphys' pleasure boat was gentle, loving, and innocent fun . . . a floating extension of home for family and friends to enjoy sun, sea, enchanting ports, and each other.

In the summer of 1934, the family's friend Fernand Léger took a cruise on the *Weatherbird*. Gerald regarded Léger as "apostle, mentor, teacher." The robust Norman admired the elegant young American in return. Gerald's first exhibited painting at the 1923 Salon des Indépendents in Paris, a boldly constructed large canvas entitled *Razor* (now in the Dallas Museum of Art), had elicited from Léger the praise that Murphy was the only American painter demonstrating a graphic response to the new postwar painting in France.

Not long ago, the Murphys' daughter Honoria Donnelly took from a bureau drawer a sketchbook. The unsuspected pad of 24 watercolors—landscapes, portraits, and still-life compositions—was Fernand Léger's memento of his trip with the Murphys on the *Weatherbird*.

"Fanny, why don't you wear polish on your toenails?" asked Fernand Léger.

"Because I'm not allowed," answered the thirteen-year-old naiad who was five feet, eleven inches tall out of the water with legs to infinity.

"I could paint you each toe a different color. Think how pretty that would be."

Fanny winkled her toes and repeated politely, "I'm not allowed. They won't let me smoke either. I can drink though. Gerald always gives me a Cinzano with a twist of lemon. He treats me as if I were about thirty. No wonder we all adore him."

So Léger went on sketching ropes while Fanny Myers, aged thirteen, and her best friend, Honoria Murphy, sat down on deck with a pile of movie magazines and made color pencil portraits of Dorothy Lamour, Merle Oberon, Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn,and Michèle Morgan. They then each wrote a letter to Charles Farrell asking for his autograph. Spying handsome young men on a passing schooner, they threw them cigarettes.

Giggling, the youthful beauties retreated into the safety nets that hung below the bowsprit. The nets were to catch any sailor who might fall from the rigging, but on the *Weatherbird* they were everybody's favorite hammock, cradling a curled-up body deliciously close to the waves. An hour in the nets rated as the supreme in "fooling around."

From the cabin salon floated the sensuous sounds of Debussy's *La Cathédrale Engloutie*. The *Weatherbird* sailed in a cloud of music. Even her name was a song. Sara Murphy loved it, and a record of Louis Armstrong playing "Weatherbird" had been sealed in the ship's keel for good luck.

Whoever traveled was *(Text continued on page 186)*





Six of the 24 watercolor sketches in the portfolio













On the deck of the [illegible] Ellen Barry, Sara Murphy, Philip Barry (author of *The Philadelphia Story*), and Gerald Murphy "fool around." *Inset opposite:* An unknown woman. *Inset this page:* Léger's New Year's greeting to the Murphys.

PASSAGE TO PARADISE



Above: One of the bluebells that grow wild in the "fairy dell" at the bottom of the garden. *Opposite:* Lavender and daisies are among the plants growing along the path beneath the stone archway between the waterfall and the sunken garden. *Overleaf:* Protected from the winds by *Pinus insignis* planted at the turn of the century by Mr. Hordern, the slopes are a mass of bluebells and forget-me-nots.

Of all the older and established native gardens of Australia, Milton Park probably has no peer. A garden that appears to defy the harsh and unpredictable climate of the country, it is little different from any large garden that you might expect to find on the South Downs of Sussex in England

BY ANDREW PFEIFFER PHOTOGRAPHS BY RODNEY WEIDLAND







My first visit to Milton Park, a garden that has been miraculously (or, if the truth must be known, by virtue of great skill and dedication) transplanted to a rural setting in New South Wales, was in the spring of 1978 shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu had inherited it. I had long heard of this garden, not only in Australia but in England, where it is also well-known, and so was delighted when Edwina Baillieu invited me to come and see it in the month of October at the height of the Australian spring.

I was driving from Canberra to Sydney, a journey of some two hundred miles, and Milton Park, just outside the town of Bowral, is about halfway between them. It is not unusual for the temperatures to already be high at this time of year, and the afternoon of my visit was no exception. Mile after mile of dazzling midday sunshine reflected off the road and stupefied the senses.

No greater welcome is possible to a country house in Australia than to pass from the seeming infinity of the harsh landscape into a narrow tunnel of green and then to emerge a few minutes later—as if by magic transformation like Alice following the white rabbit down the burrow—into a private domain of shade and the sound of falling water.

Milton Park is, for all that, no different from the great thirteenth-century Moorish paradise garden of the Alhambra which the weary traveler, having crossed miles of arid Andalusia, reaches by way of the same kind of steep, tree-lined avenue. Unlike the Alhambra, however, Milton Park is not a series of formal enclosures each of which gives a tantalizing glimpse of the outside world. Rather, it is in the tradition of the informal English park of the Victorian era that in its own and perhaps less obvious way—almost as if by circumlocution—catches the visitor up in its world and finally rewards him with views across a valley to the surrounding hills.

In 1910 Edwina Baillieu's father, Anthony Hordern, then only 22, bought the 1200-acre property known as Mansfield's Farm and renamed it after the town of Milton, on the south coast of New South Wales, which had been founded by his grandfather. With the help of a very young gardener called Les Fahey, he began by planting massive windbreaks against the devastating westerly

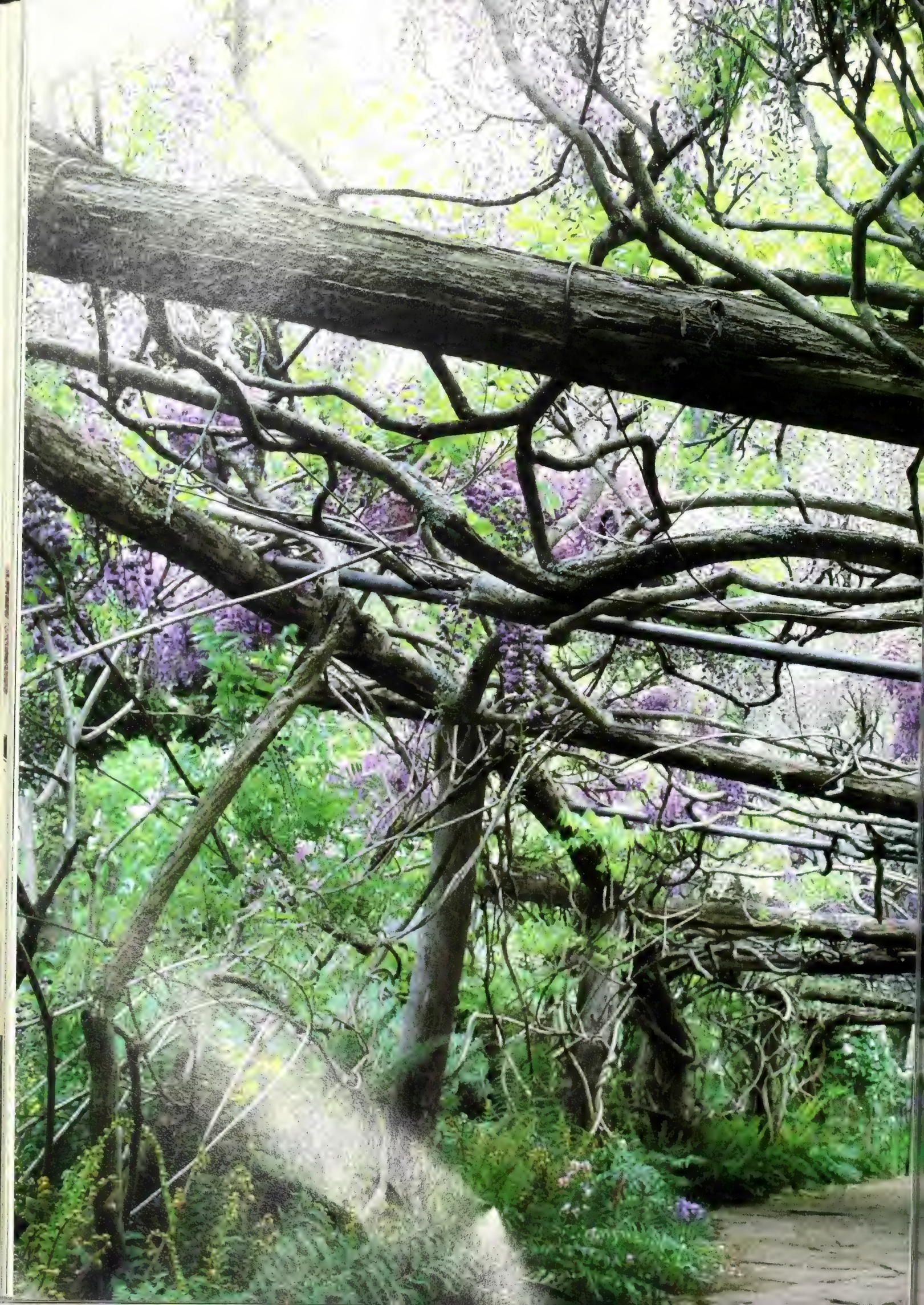


Opposite: Massed primulas, camellias, lavender, and a wisteria-draped trellis are framed by a red maple. *Above:* One of the many standard wisterias stands at the top of the sandstone waterfall put in by Mrs. Peter Baillieu. All sandstone used in the walls, paths, and ponds was found on the property. A giant rhododendron rises over large clusters of multicolored azaleas, and in the lower left corner is a haze of rustic red maple. *Overleaf:* Gnarled wisteria hangs over the trellis above the path leading to the "fairy dell."

winds that blow in from the Outback. The trees he chose are native to the Monterey Peninsula in California and grow very quickly in Australia: *Pinus radiata,* the Monterey pine, and *Cupressus macrocarpa,* the Monterey cypress. Anthony Hordern designed a formal garden with a rectilinear pattern of hedges and flower beds in front of the house. It remained this way until the early thirties when his wife opened up vistas through the trees and redesigned the garden beds in the shape of sweeping curves. Before making a final decision on the shape of these curves, she would lay down a garden hose along the proposed edge of the bed and then alter its position until she felt that the line was right. Plants were moved in full bloom and juggled about—before being replanted—until Mary Hordern was satisfied that the color of their flowers, their shapes, and the texture of their leaves all worked perfectly. Talking of her mother, Edwina Baillieu attributes much of the present layout of the garden to her mother's "uncanny eye for color, and also her great sense of style and design."

Walking from one part of the garden to another, you find that your field of vision is constantly having tricks played upon it; perhaps by being constricted along, let's say, the length of a charmingly informal wisteria pergola, or through the more formal aperture of a sandstone arch, only to be opened a few seconds later by the view of a broad lawn surrounded by large elms and beeches, or maybe something as unexpected as a heath garden of broom and heather.

As your walk continues you find yourself exclaiming, "But who would have thought that these plants could grow in New South Wales?" For not only are there heathers and brooms, a rose garden with clipped English box topiary of birds and animals, but there are also spectacular slopes covered in rhododendrons and azaleas, fields of bluebells mixed with *(Text continued on page 190)*









SHACK OF THE NEW

Frank Gehry transforms a warehouse into a spectacular art gallery and a vital new force in the cultural life of L.A.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANT MUDFORD

Johnny-come-lately among large American cities in its public commitment to modern art, Los Angeles now takes a giant step forward with the opening of the Temporary Contemporary, the interim home of its new Museum of Contemporary Art. Designed by Frank Gehry, the maverick architect best known for his powerful handling of low-cost industrial materials, this remodeled structure in L.A.'s Little Tokyo began as a warehouse that looked quite a bit like a Gehry building before he ever laid hands on it. The simple but imaginative alterations by America's most consistently original avant-garde architect have resulted in a building that is both a professional triumph and a personal vindication: Gehry had been eliminated from consideration for the commission for the permanent museum because it was feared that a local architect would signify a provincial effort. Japanese architect Arata Isozaki won the job instead, but his controversy-ridden scheme has led some observers to predict that the Temporary Contemporary might in the end turn out to be for keeps. □ *By Martin Filler*

Left: Exposed structural members give the interiors a strongly sculptural feeling. *Above:* At the entrance, a cube of Gehry's signature material, chain-link fencing.





DONE WITH MIRRORS

Interior architect Thomas Moore remodels a narrow city house

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO

Few modern town houses can boast of raffish activity on the dining-room ceiling. But the Chicago lawyer who bought muralist Frank V. Hoffman's house and studio sees his mural as a unique bonus and wouldn't dream of touching it. Though its Baroque flavor was definitely not duplicated in the decorating, the pastel tones did inspire the colors in a few of the rooms.

The remodeling of the town house was a joint project for the owner and his cousin, New York interior architect Thomas L. Moore. They first set out to get more natural light in the house and make it appear broader than its twenty-foot width. This was done by using mirrors, taking down several walls, and adding windows to the rear of the house. Furniture was kept on a small scale—though never too small to sacrifice comfort—with Louis XVI–style chairs, a custom-made banquette in polished cotton, and a Chinese lacquer table in the living room.

The owner's eclectic likes have been brought together to create a "lived-in, warm feeling" and range from Oriental art to antiques of several periods. There is also a large indoor "window box" looking down on the dining room, which adds an appropriate touch of exotica to the mural above it all. □ *Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray*

An early-nineteenth-century Japanese screen done in the seventeenth-century bridge design covers two of the living-room walls; the rest are mirrored. Late Regency candelabra and Queen Anne mirror accent the Victorian mantelpiece. Coffee tables on antique Chinese rug are turned-over glass beakers.



Above: Frank Hoffman's mural, painted in 1941. *Below:* The master bedroom, which runs the length of the house, is the owner's favorite sitting area. The black-brown walls were inspired by the Chinese-style eighteenth-century English leather screen and the teak chest on the left wall. Room has Berber carpeting; bed is covered in raw silk.
Opposite: A dracaena stretches from the black-and-white marble floor to Hoffman's ceiling mural. English Regency chairs surround the dining-room table. Balcony greenery is also the rear of the second-floor living room.







SCHINKEL

THE RESTLESS ROMANTIC

BY MARTIN FILLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH LESSING

Above: Berlin KPM porcelain tabletop painted by Ernst Sager, 1830, depicts eight Schinkel projects. *Opposite:* Schinkel at age 51, by Karl Schmid, 1832.

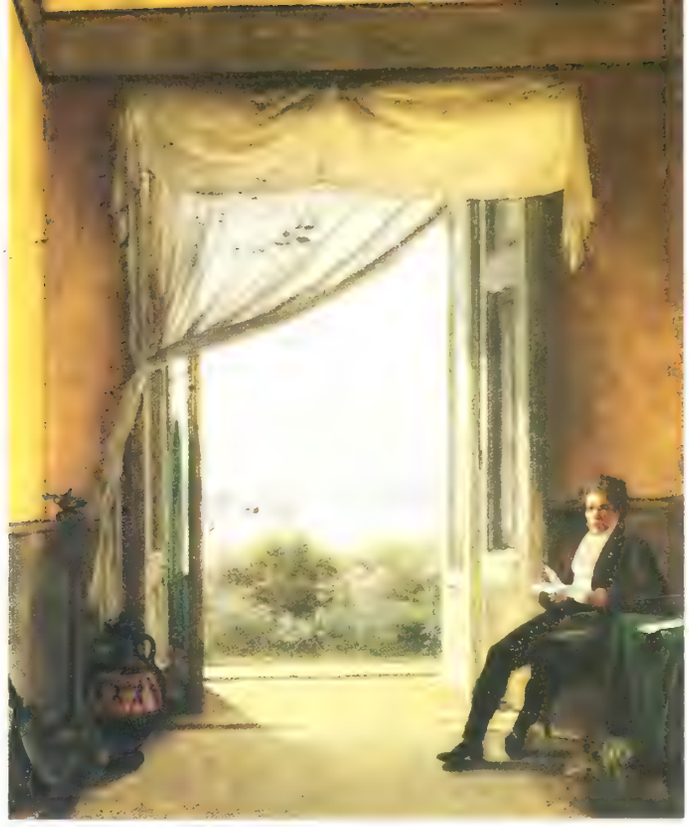


Architect, interior decorator, painter, and designer of furniture, objects, and stage sets, Karl Friedrich Schinkel was the prolific protean genius of Prussia. Now, the restoration of his long-neglected works in and around Berlin reconfirms him as an artist of the first rank and the greatest architect of his time.









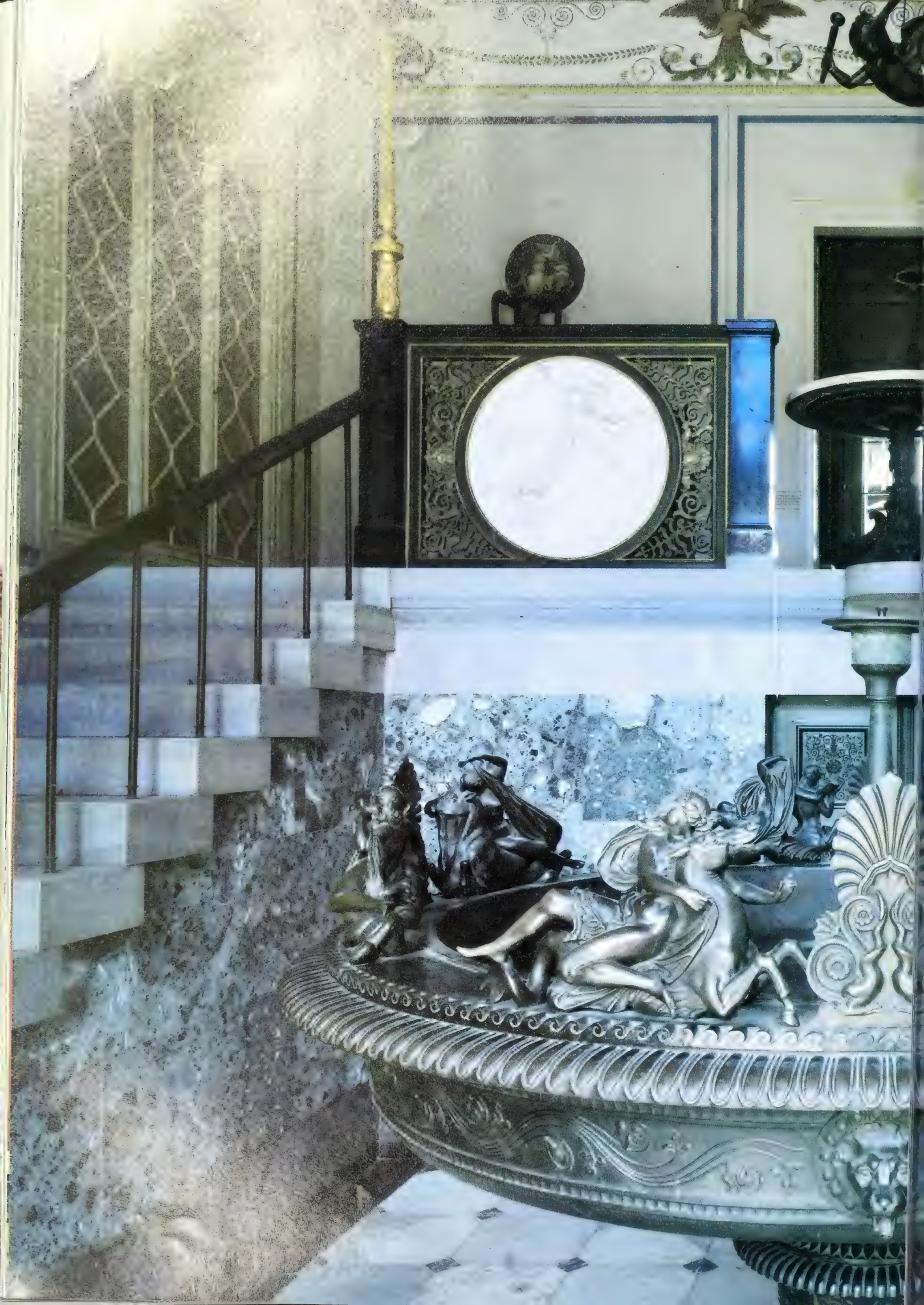
Above: Franz Louis Catel's watercolor of Schinkel in Naples, an archetypal Romantic locale. Painted in October 1824 during Schinkel's second Italian sojourn, it portrays him surrounded by Classical antiquities, with the island of Capri visible to the south through the open window. Commissioned by the sitter, it was intended by him as a Christmas gift for his wife, Susanne. *Opposite:* A color lithograph of the grandiose reception hall of Schinkel's unexecuted 1834 project for a palace on top of the Acropolis in Athens for King Otto I of the Hellenes, the Bavarian-born prince who was placed on the newly established Greek throne in 1829.

When Philip Johnson once flippantly declared that Frank Lloyd Wright was "the greatest architect of the nineteenth century," he was slighting not only one of the true giants of the *twentieth* century, but also the man whom Johnson actually believes to be the leading figure in architecture before Modernism: the nineteenth-century polymath Karl Friedrich Schinkel. More than fifty years have passed since Johnson first saw the works of Schinkel in and around Berlin and 25 since he began to proselytize among his colleagues on behalf of the great Prussian Neoclassicist. Today Schinkel no longer needs promotion: he is accepted without question by a younger generation of architects as a major source of inspiration, perhaps more influential than the founders of the Modern Movement. The splendid Exedra Books reprint of Schinkel's collected works—which were limned in surpassingly elegant engravings executed under his perfectionist supervision—is now a basic reference for designers and historians alike. The recently completed restoration of several of his most important buildings (the best of which are now in East Germany) has sent a small but steady stream of architectural cognoscenti on a demanding but ultimately rewarding pilgrimage. And the bicentennial of Schinkel's birth three years ago launched no fewer than three major exhibitions of his prodigious achievements and a slew of publications that have further reinforced his stature.

Not that it was ever questioned in Germany: Schinkel has always been appreciated as that country's most important architect of the nineteenth century. Others disregard even those qualifications of time and place: Schinkel is "the absolute summit" for the architectural historian Sir John Summerson. Why, then, is Schinkel virtually unknown to the same culturally aware American public that esteems Beethoven and Goethe—Schinkel's contemporaries and compatriots—as artists of indisputable immortality? There are several direct causes, such as the lack of English-language studies on Schinkel's work, the penumbra into which Classicism fell during the ascent of Modernism, and the inherent immobility of architecture as opposed to poetry or music.

But above all, Schinkel's reputation was a victim of the political upheavals of the twentieth century. His simplified version of Classicism was retroactively (and wrongly) claimed by the architects of the Third Reich as a spiritual antecedent of their own stripped Classicism, making his architecture a taboo topic in this country long after the rise and fall of Hitler. Many of Schinkel's buildings were destroyed during the Second World War; many of those that survived (most often in ruinous states) were made inaccessible by the partition of Germany and were largely forgotten in the chill climate of the cold war, which brought tourism to Schinkel's sites to a virtual halt. For Americans today, the new awareness of this brilliant creator is not so much a resurrection as it is an epiphany.

An artist's emergence from posthumous obscurity to high historical regard is almost always occasioned by one essential quality in his work: its ability to speak to us in a voice that resonates with our own time. That Schinkel's architecture surely does, on more than one account. First, the new-found fascination with Classicism in archi-





The vestibule at Schloss Charlottenhof was initially designed by Schinkel from 1826–29 in a relatively simple Neoclassical manner, but was greatly embellished from 1839–43 with new Schinkel designs at the order of Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm. The richly ornamented bronze fountain was installed in 1843, two years after the architect's death. The two roundels set into the balustrade, *Aurora*, left, and *Luna*, right, are plaster casts of a pair of bas-reliefs by the great Danish Neoclassical sculptor Bertel Thorvaldsen. Between them is a three-legged, marble-topped table by Schinkel, 1839. He designed the painted frieze of winged geniuses a dozen years earlier. Hovering in midair is a chandelier in the form of a torch-bearing winged genius by Friedrich Drake.



Above: The park surrounding Schloss Charlottenhof (visible in the distance at right) was laid out by the landscape architect Peter Joseph Lenné in 1825 and is one of the great masterpieces of late Romantic garden design. *Opposite:* The writing room of Crown Princess Elisabeth at Schloss Charlottenhof is among Schinkel's most ravishing achievements as an interior decorator, and its scheme of rose, moss green, and silver epitomizes his innate gift as a colorist of great subtlety and high sophistication. The silvered wood desk was also designed by Schinkel; the painted panels of dancing women are copies of Pompeian originals.

tecture, furniture design, and interior decoration is given validity by Schinkel's precedent, for he was one of the most able reinterpreters ever of that venerable tradition, raising it far above mere imitation and infusing it with a veritable living spirit. At the same time, he was a modernist in the best sense of the word: open to new ideas, innovative in his solutions to the specific problems that his age presented, and able to create buildings progressive both in function and in their effect on society. He designed the first modern art museum and one of the first modern theaters; he was one of the first high-art architects to be inspired by industrial structures; and he tried to raise the aesthetic standards of mass-produced objects fifty years before the great design reform movements.

The most important reason why Schinkel's work continues to have relevance is its sheer beauty. Yet its ravishing visual qualities are never accompanied by their frequent parallels. His designs are romantic but not sentimental, sensuous but not solipsistic, decorative but not superficial, rich but never ostentatious. That was true of all he set his seemingly ceaseless hand to, which in addition to architecture and interiors included everything from picture frames to porcelains, silver to stage sets, commemorative medals to military decorations (including that ultimate symbol of Prussian militarism, the Iron Cross). His surviving graphic works alone number some 4,000 drawings, paintings, and prints. He approached each design with the same conviction and sense of high purpose, for he was a true child of the Romantic Age in his profound belief in the redemptive power of art. "To be an architect," wrote Schinkel, "means to be a man who ennobles all human conditions...according to the demands of man's moral and rational life." Yet that was not a burdensome task for Schinkel, who also understood the importance of the pleasure principle quite well. As he put it, "All art is dedicated to happiness. For an artist, there is no greater challenge and there is no obligation more serious than to provide for the happiness of humanity."

Karl Friedrich Schinkel's early life established his loving view of the world with a firmness that later tragedy and adversity would not diminish. He was born in 1781 in the city of Neuruppin, some seventeen miles northwest of Berlin. He was the son and grandson of Evangelical ministers but was not raised in an atmosphere of Bergmanesque denial, and the Schinkel home was well acquainted with music, literature, and art. The family's second of five children showed unusual talents from an early age and was encouraged in his artistic interests by his parents. When Karl Friedrich was six, his father died, and the widow Schinkel and her children eventually







The conjugal bedroom as *bürgerlich* heaven: the sleeping chamber of Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm and Crown Princess Elisabeth at Schloss Charlottenhof is virtually indistinguishable from that of a wealthy merchant; it was highly unusual for royalty at that time to occupy the same bedroom. The double bed is flanked by gilded wooden Empire candelabra refitted to support the emerald-green silk bed curtain. On the wall behind the bed is a sepia drawing by Johann Heusinger after Raphael's *Transfiguration*. The mirrored doors lead to the Crown Prince's study, the walls of which are papered in the same apple green as the bedroom. Reflected in the right door is the Crown Princess's elaborately inlaid sewing table.



Above: The exquisitely simple Summer House at Charlottenburg, designed by Schinkel in 1824–25 for King Friedrich Wilhelm III. *Opposite:* The bedroom of Queen Luise at Schloss Charlottenburg, an eighteenth-century palace in what is now West Berlin, redecorated by Schinkel in 1809–10. His formal and coolly elegant scheme shows the influence of the French Empire designers Charles Percier and Pierre François Fontaine: the pearwood bed has motifs from their famous *Recueil de décorations intérieurs . . .* of 1801, the swagged mousseline wall hangings are similar to those in their bedroom for the Empress Josephine at Compiègne.

moved to Berlin; her son attended school there until the age of sixteen, when he decided to become an architect.

The young Schinkel had picked a most fortunate time and place to commence his chosen career. Berlin was then one of the great world centers of the Neoclassical movement and at the height of a glorious, if brief, period of architectural inspiration and opportunity. In 1798 Schinkel was apprenticed to David Gilly, who ran Berlin's best architecture studio. For all his respect for Classicism, Gilly was a deeply pragmatic professional, and he passed on to Schinkel his essential credo of three basic principles: economy, practicality, and simplicity. These were to serve the young architect in very good stead throughout his career, especially during its early phase.

If the decade before the turn of the century had been a golden age for architectural education, then for architectural practice the years after 1800 were particularly inauspicious. For the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century Europe was wracked by the Napoleonic Wars, and architecture—the art form most dependent on financial prosperity and political stability—was one of its major casualties. Thus Schinkel was almost thirty by the time he finally got the opportunity to practice architecture. Meanwhile, he eagerly sought alternative outlets for his talent and ambition. He designed china for Berlin's Königliche Porzellan Manufaktur (Royal Porcelain Factory) and produced furniture in the new Empire mode, which was welcomed with far more enthusiasm in Prussia than the advent of that style's chief instigator, Napoleon. With the money he carefully set aside from his design commissions, Schinkel in 1803 began a two-year Grand Tour of Austria, Italy, and France that culminated in the most important destination for the Romantic artist: Rome. With barely contained rapture Schinkel later reported, "I consider the day I entered Rome as my second day of birth, as true revelation, the beginning of a new life." Schinkel arrived back in Berlin in 1805, a year and a half before Napoleon, who took the captured Prussian capital after his victory at Jena.

The years of the French occupation saw Schinkel's earlier means of livelihood even further reduced, and he turned toward painting as his main occupation. Schinkel developed into a more than competent landscape artist, producing works rather *(Text continued on page 172)*





The Garden Salon of the Summer House at Charlottenburg was created by Schinkel at the height of his infatuation with Classical antiquity. Designed in 1824–25 just after his return from Italy, this jewellike structure was intended to recall the Villa Reale Chiatamone near Naples, where King Friedrich Wilhelm III had stayed in 1822. The curving settee copies an ancient Roman exedra found at Pompeii. Marble wall paneling, marble busts of King Friedrich Wilhelm III, left, and Queen Luise, right, and Classically inspired furniture and marble vases add to the antiquarian atmosphere. The tripod table in front of the settee is attributed to Schinkel; its painted porcelain top can be seen on page 156.





Schinkel's Altes Museum in East Berlin, 1823–30, the first modern museum building.

(Continued from page 168) reminiscent of those of the greatest German painter of the day, Caspar David Friedrich, though Schinkel never equalled Friedrich's imagistic power or penetrating psychological insight. Schinkel's greatest success as a painter was as the creator of enormous panoramas, which became an immensely popular form of public entertainment. Huge, continuous canvases mounted in the round, they depicted faraway places (such as Palermo or St. Helena) or highly publicized events (such as the burning of Moscow, one of Schinkel's greatest hits). Shown to the accompaniment of hidden choirs and lit with illusionistic effects, they were a kind of pretechnological Cinerama—part spectacle, part travelogue, and part newsreel. Among the audience at one of these extravaganzas was Queen Luise, the patriotic leader of the opposition to Napoleon and the national heroine of Prussia. Impressed with his obvious skill, she asked Schinkel to redecorate her bedroom at Schloss Charlottenburg on the outskirts of Berlin, and that entrée marked the beginning of his three decades of work for his most important patrons, the royal family of Prussia.

Schinkel's design for Queen Luise displayed several of his most winning characteristics to perfect advantage, not least of which was his keen instinct for knowing just how to please his clients. For the queen, he provided an intimate setting that was at once suitably decorous and subtly seductive: he hung the walls with gauzy white mousseline, through which pink wallpaper cast a flattering glow. The furniture, also by Schinkel, was sparse but unquestionably chic, based on the latest Parisian mode. Schinkel also kept in mind that the queen's husband was the parsimonious Friedrich Wilhelm III and accordingly provided a relatively low-cost scheme, abiding by the king's ironclad rule: *Je schlichter und einfacher desto besser* ("The plainer and simpler the better"). Yet so adept was Schinkel that in his hands cotton became far more elegant than silk, native pearwood far more alluring than imported mahogany or rosewood.

The queen's tragic early death just months later did not mean the end of Schinkel's royal patronage, for earlier in 1810 he had been appointed as a supervisory architect in the Prussian civil service, through which he gradually rose during the rest of his career. Napoleon's final defeat at Waterloo marked the end of the architectural hiatus in Europe, but it did not alter the character of Friedrich Wilhelm III. Schinkel was well aware of that, and his considerable gift for persuasion, his innate diplomacy, and his ability to appeal to reason all became invaluable tools in dealing with an exceptionally reluctant Maecenas. "Please remember," the king once admonished his architect, "that you are not building for a wealthy monarch, but for the impoverished owner of a manor." Schinkel knew how to respond in kind and often included in his proposals the cliché phrase of the prudent tradesmen of the Hanseatic League, *An Kosten werden gespart...* ("As for costs, we shall save...")

Nonetheless, the king was faced with responsibilities that even he could not avoid. By 1830 all four of his sons had married, each of them requiring new establishments both in Berlin and in the surrounding countryside. In addition to designing a series of magnificent town palaces for the princes in Berlin, Schinkel transformed the royal precincts on the banks of the Havel River and around the palace of Sanssouci at Potsdam into a Romantic dreamland without equal anywhere on the continent or in England. For Prince Karl he built Schloss Glienicke, remodeling an existing mansion and designing a number of outbuildings and follies in an astonishing array of architectural styles: a Roman temple, a Greek gazebo, an Italianate casino, a Moorish palm house, a Tudor hunting lodge, a Swiss cottage, and the Neo-Gothic Kavalierhaus. On a hillside overlooking Glienicke is Schinkel's Schloss Babelsberg, the Neo-Gothic summer residence of Prince Wilhelm (later King of Prussia and the first Kaiser of unified Germany) and his bluestocking wife, Augusta (who as a young princess of Saxe-Weimar had built houses in the Gothic taste with Goethe).

But the most superb of all are the buildings at the Potsdam estate of Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm (who eventually became King Friedrich Wilhelm IV). *(Continued on page 174)*



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(Continued from page 172) Schinkel was called upon to renovate a rather clumsy little villa on that property into a regal residence, and the result was Schloss Charlottenhof, an architectural gem and Schinkel's apogee as an interior decorator. If Schloss Charlottenhof was the perfect evocation of Schinkel's Classical vision, then the nearby group of buildings he designed for the Crown Prince just a few years later (executed by Schinkel's chief assistant Ludwig Persius) are among the most Romantic. Known as the Hofgärtnerei (Court Gardener's House) and the Römische Bäder (Roman Baths), they are nostalgically Italianate, based on the vernacular farm buildings of Tuscany and, in the interior of the baths, on archaeological examples. The Congress of Vienna might have brought to an end the Age of Revolution, but the bucolic ideal of Rousseau still flourished among the royal family of Prussia.

Not all of Schinkel's work was for the private use of the monarchy, and in fact his most famous building, the Altes Museum in Berlin, was revolutionary in that it marked the shift away from the royal monopoly on picture galleries and toward the public display of great works of art. The purchase by the Prussian government of two major hoards of Old Master paintings—the Giustiniani collection in 1815 and the Solly collection in 1821—led quite logically to the idea for a new national gallery. Schinkel proposed to the king his scheme for a new building (typically, Friedrich Wilhelm III had initially considered yet another remodeling), and thereby won the most prestigious commission of his career. Aside from its conception as a public museum, Schinkel's project was further innovative in being designed for that purpose expressly, as opposed to museums recycled from other building types such as palaces (the Louvre and the Hermitage) or offices (the Uffizi). Simple in plan, efficient in circulation, and flexible in layout (its freestanding wooden walls were a precursor of the open-plan gallery), Schinkel's Altes Museum has been surpassed by very few other museums in the 154 years since its completion.

Including the Altes Museum, no fewer than seven public structures by Schinkel were erected in central Berlin, including his last great executed work, the Bauakademie, completed five years before his death. Built to house the school of architecture (as well as Schinkel's offices, his apartment, and shops at the street level), its design still seems extraordinarily advanced. Moving away from the use of historical styles, Schinkel devised a rhythmic pattern of eight essentially identical bays on each of its four elevations, which, combined with the building's unusually large, multipaned windows, gave it a modular quality that now seems to point directly to the curtain walls of Modern architecture. But it was by no means bare of ornament: Schinkel enriched its exterior with extensive terra-cotta detailing, including doorway surrounds that depicted the mythic origins of the Classical architectural orders. (Badly damaged during World War II, the Bauakademie was torn down in 1961 despite vigorous protests. In its place was erected a banal modern box, which houses East Germany's Foreign Office. Ironically, now that Schinkel has been recognized as a national cultural treasure by the East Germans, plans are being discussed for the erection of a replica of the Bauakademie—with its original terra-cotta panels, which were carefully preserved—on another site nearby.)

As Schinkel's fame grew, so his health declined. A fanatically conscientious professional, he tackled even the smallest assignment with relentless seriousness. His official duties on behalf of the Prussian state (which at that time embraced Pomerania to the north, the Rheinland to the west, and Silesia to the east) required vast amounts of exhausting travel. Though he begged to be released from some of his obligations, he was not, for he was regarded by his government as its golden goose of architecture. Plagued by blinding migraines, Schinkel sought cures at several spas during his endless business trips and finally collapsed of a cerebral accident in September 1840. He lingered on for just over a year, drifting in and out of a coma, and died at last at the age of sixty.

It was an incalculable loss for architecture. What he still might have accomplished as architecture entered the Age of Industrialization—with his perfect balance between the real and the ideal, the rational and the emotional, the immediate and the timeless—remains a question for the ages. Yet what he was able to do in his remarkable lifetime is best explained in his own words: "A work of architecture must not stand as a finished and self-sufficient object. True and pure imagination, having once entered the stream of the idea that it expresses, has to expand forever beyond this work, and it must venture out, leading ultimately to the infinite. It must be regarded as the point at which one can make an orderly entry into the unbreakable chain of the universe." □



In Berlin, Schinkel's Bauakedemie, left, and Neo-Gothic Friedrich-Werder Church, right

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(Continued from page 104) of my guests!" And out rolls a Huston belly laugh, as expressive and humorous itself as any of his wonderful stories.

Lunch, or "farmers' dinner," as Huston calls it, appears at around four o'clock, an impressive and surprising feast put together daily by his Filipino cook, Archie, whom Huston has installed in a neighboring cove. Over fresh red snapper and pork strips cooked in Polynesian style, along with an assortment of salads, desserts, and Mexican wine and beer, Huston explains why he chose such a remote spot. "I don't like cities," he says, without any particular emphasis. "I don't like living too close to people. When filming a picture, you are very close to everyone, really on each other's bosom. When I'm through, I like to get away and be quiet, and not have other persons striking sparks, as it were." He adds that if he had to live in a city, it would be New York or Paris or Rome.

"You know," he says later, "in another generation there won't be places like this anymore . . . not instantly available the way they still are. This is the end of the streetcar line . . ."

This quintessence of the American man who, like many artists before him, seems to need the distant vantage living abroad provides, has often dealt with that inherent American theme of man in the purity of nature in his films. One of his great concerns today is the destruction of that nature. "Before anything else, I guess I'm an environmentalist, a conservative in the deepest sense of the word. And I hate to see what is inevitable On the one hand, I like to see things preserved. On the other, I hate to think of everything being a national park!" Another punctuating laugh. "We're just running short of world, that's all. It's running out on us."

"Does your work reflect those concerns in a conscious way?" we ask.

"I'm not sure that I choose stories that have to do with that, at least not for that reason. There is nothing premeditated about it. If it happens, I'm unaware of it. In other words, I have no message to convey, though it may well be there. Critics have said various things about my work. Some I've recognized and some I haven't. But the fact that I don't recognize them doesn't make them any less true."

Perched above Huston on a living-room wall is a painting he made a few years ago of a large blue whale, reminiscent of his film *Moby Dick*. "We can sit here and watch whales go by," Huston says. "And there are a lot of dolphins, and those poorly named devilfish, which are actually manta rays. They are very beautiful when they leap out of the sea. And at night you can hear the noise they make when they slap the water with their great wings."



Lechugita, Huston's pet boa constrictor, coils around author Toll.

He is an inveterate lover of animals, this man who himself had to take the part of Noah in his film *The Bible* because no one else could get the vast menagerie he had collected to walk into the ark together. He is still amazed that audiences did not marvel at that feat, somehow taking it for granted that animals always walk into arks "two by two." At least one of his several marriages crashed on the rocks of his love for animals: having to choose between a favorite chimpanzee, who one night all but destroyed an apartment his wife had meticulously furnished, and the wife in question, he chose the chimp, with whom he moved to another house.

Huston loves to surprise. His craggy, patrician features barely hide the mischievousness in his eyes, and on his lips lurks a constant hint of amusement. Ready for lunch one day, Huston appears with his pet boa constrictor

"Lechugita"—little lettuce—contently coiled round his neck like some preposterous Elizabethan ruff. Don Diego, a handsome Rottweiler dog, and a little squirrel called Panchito run at his side. "What's wonderful in animals is that they aren't human beings," Huston says. "They're so well-disposed you just understand them. They are pure. One is rarely disappointed in them. If one is, then it's some human being's fault."

As the conversation spirits on, Lechugita quite happily curls up under a table for a siesta. Finally, Huston, bringing the talk to a close, reaches under the table to take the boa back to his enclosure. A sudden scream and large drops of blood fall to the floor. The boa had bit him deeply on two fingers. "It's all right, it's my fault," he says, grabbing a cloth to stop the flow. "He was asleep, and I surprised him. I should not have done that."

Huston has been his own man all his life, a "tough individualist," a maverick. "The idea of devoting myself to a single pursuit in life is unthinkable," he says. " I like to go from flower to flower." This cove of Las Caletas, where he paints, reads a lot—up to four books a week—takes long swims, occasionally fishes, reflects, receives his friends "from all walks of life," and plans his films, suits him well. With his Mexican companion Maricela beside him, he sees to the upkeep of the land and buildings he has leased from the local Indians, who own it collectively. One day, as we sit with them in his room, they discuss the design of the windows for a new studio by the edge of the sea.

"How high should the screening start?" Maricela asks.

Huston raises his hand about two feet from the floor. "About this high would be good. Let's make it 24 inches."

"That's too low," Maricela answers.

"Then make it about three feet."

When later we ask him who planned all the buildings in Las Caletas, he laughs. "I did, but it's nothing, as you can see. There is no conception. It's like what you saw a little while ago. You say, 'How high is three feet? Okay, that looks good.' There were no plans." And he laughs.

Huston loves to gamble. In his room where we retire to sit and talk, a backgammon board sits open on a table between us. I mention that I like the game. In the manner of a Southern gentleman encountered on a Mississippi riverboat, he invites us to play. We lose thirteen dollars. "I'm not a big-time gambler," he says, "but I have always played and laid bets: horses, cards, backgammon, whatever. But if I have to play with real pros, I'm sunk." He is full of stories of world poker championships and of his Tuesday night game in town, which has "grown into quite something," he says. "It's not a big game, but you can win or lose a couple thousand dollars." When I ask him why he has never made a film on poker or gambling, considering his great love for it, he says he would if he could find the right script.

As we speak, the radio that is his sole way of communicating to the outside world and to his secretary, Joan Blake, who tends the telephone and the mail at his office/town house in Puerto Vallarta itself, chatters amiably in the background.

Here in his home, Huston is a long way from the frenetic world of the Hollywood film industry, the source of his fame, where he started his career as a screenwriter on *A House Divided* in 1931 and *Murders in the Rue Morgue* in 1932. He first made his name in a big way in 1941 by directing Humphrey Bogart and Sydney Greenstreet in *The Maltese Falcon,* considered by some the best film he ever made. From there he went on to such classics as *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre, Key Largo, The Asphalt Jungle, The African Queen, Moulin Rouge, Moby Dick, The Roots of Heaven, The Misfits, Freud, The Night of the Iguana, Reflections in a Golden Eye, The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean,* and *The Man Who Would Be King,* many of which were filmed in impossibly faraway locations: the more inaccessible, many who worked with him were convinced, the better. Throughout, he remained a writer, co-scripting many of his own films, for which he received a number of important awards. His most recent accolade came last spring when The American Film Institute presented him their coveted Life Achievement Award.

Though many of his films have been blockbusters, others, which critics have acclaimed and passing time has highlighted *(Continued on page 178)*



(Continued from page 177) for their quality and agelessness, have not met with the box office success that for producers is often the final gauge of a director's merit. The fickleness of audiences perplexes him. Some of his best films, including *We Were Strangers, The Red Badge of Courage, Beat the Devil, Fat City,* and *Wise Blood,* have never received the audience support they deserve, though they have their cult followings. "But I wonder whether a film is good unless the audience thinks it is," he says. "Is the telephone ringing when you're not there? If the forest is empty, does a falling tree make a noise? There are people who come to look at *The Red Badge of Courage,* for example, as a classic, in a historical sense, but they come in a select group. They stop being an 'audience' in the way I mean it. They come and they admire and they say, 'It's a great picture,' but you show it to an audience and I suspect they'd reject it today as they did when it was first shown."

The exceptions are the French, he says, who have always made his films a popular success there. Why? "Well, I suppose the French are the smartest people in the world, the most intelligent, and they pride themselves on being sharp and discerning. American audiences don't give a hang whether they are discerning or not. They want to be entertained. I'm not sure if I admire one more than I do the other."

Yet he is impressed by much of what self, as distinct from them, thoroughly in the American film tradition, with all the clarity, common sense, and objectivity of good storytelling. "I've always felt that is what is important, though I've never really thought of myself as exemplifying it. But it's true, the genius of American films was in their sweep, their magnitude, a conception that Americans had of themselves, what Kipling said in *The Man Who Would be King:* 'We are not little men.' European film, at its very best, looks at its heroes objectively, with detachment, whereas in the American film the audience entered into the hero, he was the protagonist, and you were caught up into the sweep of the picture, into the adventure. You know, you were on your way to the O.K. Corral, and Doc Holliday was on your right and Wyatt Earp on your left. Every viewer was the man walking up that boardwalk of Tombstone with them."

Huston cannot name any one of his films as his best. There are things he likes in them, he says, moments that come alive. These moments are what he seeks. "This is something I've never really touched on before, but . . ."—he hesitates, groping for the right expression—"There are times when you see something, or you read something, and you react as though it were a living experience. You don't react to it as a literary experience, which can be a very strong and valid experience, too, but here what you read or what you see, it's



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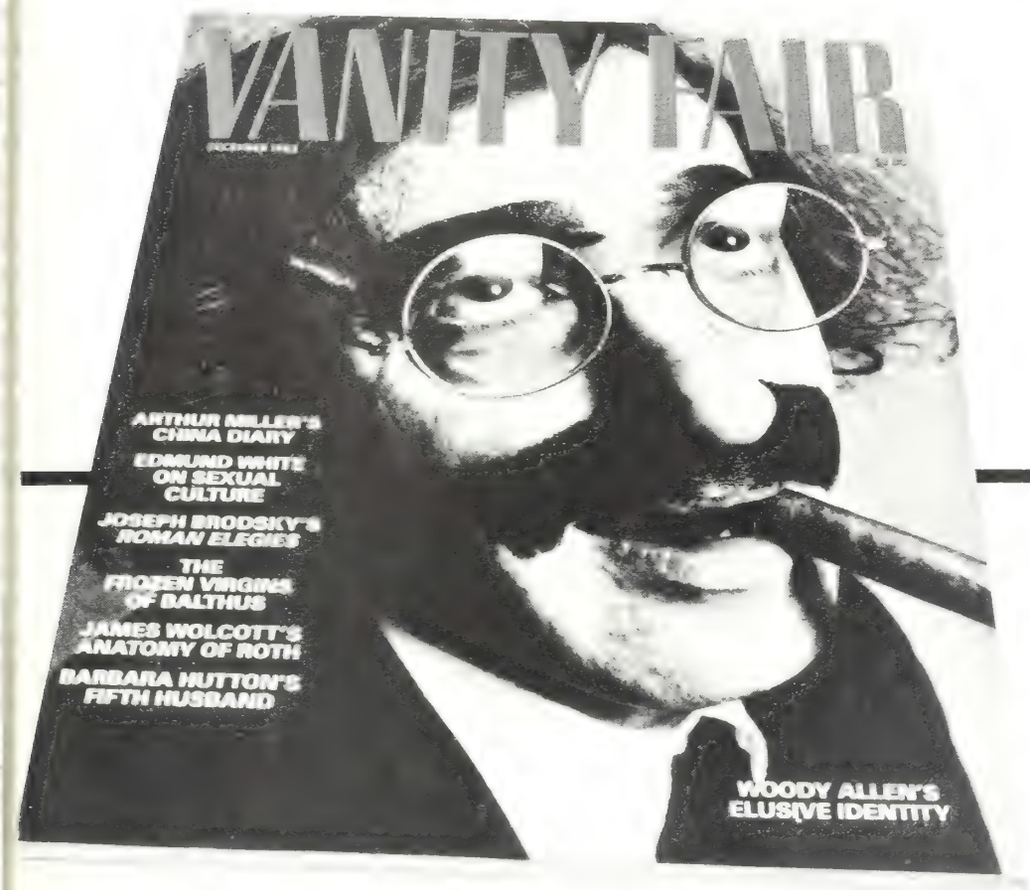
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VANITY FAIR

JOHN HUSTON

(Continued from page [illegible]) when they came to the [illegible] and they told Kipling what they had in mind. I though it was real. Not the adventure part, but that scene. It breathes. In *The Misfits*, there was that sequence where they come back to the house and Cliff has the bandage around his head and everything is rambling, but true."

"At what stage of making a film do you become aware of this moment, that it is living?" we ask.

"Oh, I feel it on the set when I am doing it. It just happens. It's there, that's all. It's even there implicit in the scene when it's written. There's the possibility of it and if you can make it breathe while shooting it, then it's down."

"You have said the greatest influence on your life has been the world of painting," we say. "What is its connection to film?"

"I don't really draw any lines. I like the same things in literature and film that I do in painting. I respond to the same things. Most of all, a sense of the mystery of life when it's brought up close to you. The eternal questions. A few weeks ago my daughter Allegra was here, and she said she didn't see anything in Rothko. I happen to have a book of Rothko's paintings here, so I turned to one and said, 'Look at that.' And she said, 'Oh!' She saw it. There it was." "In true art," he explains, "there's something in the spacing, something in the size. You look at a Picasso and you know that a big man was behind it. No matter how fine or how small the drawing, there's something in the proportion that says there's an immensity there."

"What is the lesson of your life in retrospect?" we ask Huston.

"Not to be bored!" he says, once again punctuating his sentence with a delighted laugh. "I think it is one of the great crusades. Not to be bored with oneself. If you find that what you are doing is uninteresting and that, doing it, you are becoming uninteresting, then you'd better change your routine. I'm held together by the things that fascinate me."

"Is there anything of the mystic in you?"

"I have no orthodox persuasions at all. I simply marvel. . . . Now I'll play you another game of backgammon." □

Editor: Marie-Pierre Toll

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Elizabeth and Miodrag Blagojevich

(Continued from page 120) in France, Huguenots fled, bringing new skills and design ideas to England and its colonies. The accession of William and Mary to the English throne in 1689 brought further Continental influences: the style known as William and Mary was born, and it soon reached the New World. The Blagojevich collection recalls these bygone events.

Col. and Mrs. Blagojevich were already knowledgeable about certain design periods when they set out on their journey backward in time. To learn what the earliest colonists' lives were like they added to the scholarly library they had established and sought out household inventories, those meticulous lists produced on the death of a property-holder that are a mine of cultural and material information today. They visited every historic house they could find and drew upon the knowledge of the antiquers' network of which they were already a part.

"We all knew each other and I was the baby of the group," Elizabeth Blagojevich recalls. Among them were Wallace Nutting, compiler of the classic *Furniture Treasury;* Electra Webb of Shelburne and Miss Ima Hogg of Bayou Bend; Katharine Prentis Murphy, the collector who helped Webb and Hogg and many others with the early periods; and "Harry" du Pont of Winterthur.

Posterity was in the minds of the givers of the second largest gift of objects ever received by Colonial Williamsburg, being surpassed only by the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller folk art. We are pleased that our collection will be enjoyed by future generations," the Blagojeviches said in making their presentation. The Yugoslav colonel and the Maryland Ridgely who have loved these "presences" for decades know their deep appeal. □

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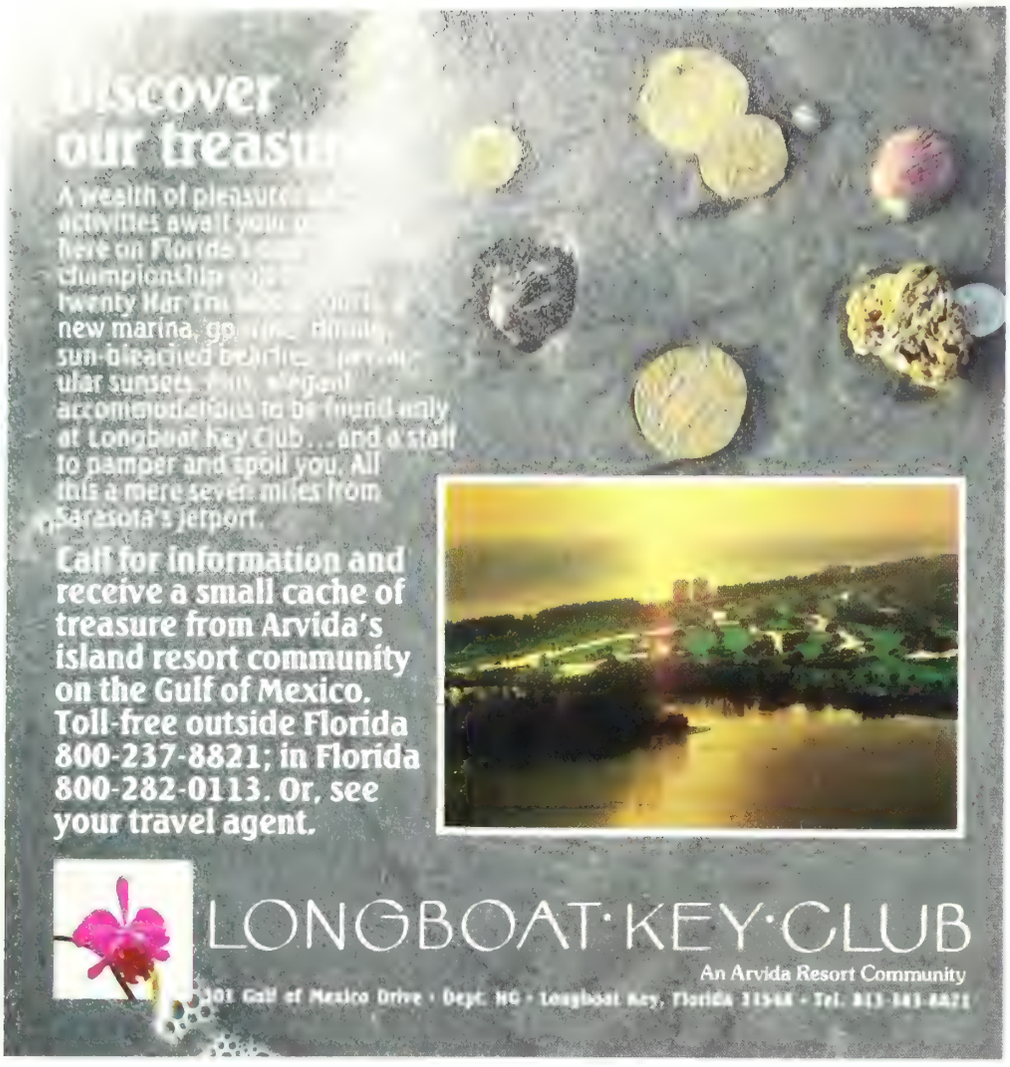
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SAILING AWAY WITH LÉGER

(Continued from page 138) requested to send the latest records . . . from New York, from the Boîte à Musique in Paris, from Gerald Murphy's favorite "platten" shop in Munich. The *Weatherbird*'s gramophone would be cranked up to send forth a concert of Debussy, Stravinsky, Darius Milhaud. When the mood changed, it was Charles Trenet, Jean Sablon, Mireille. Sara was crazy about Fats Waller. Everybody sang along with the records.

"Moi, je crache dans l'eau
Sur les poissons qui nagent
Ça fait les ronds rigolos."

Gerald played the new American hits on the white upright piano. Gerald sang tenor and Sara sang alto.

"When there's a shine on your shoes,
There's a melody in your heart, . . ."

The young Murphys were handsome, rich, sensitive to the arts, and bursting with a talent for life. They had three beautiful children—Honoria, Baoth, and Patrick—and their friends were the gifted of a generation. What they had, they shared with generous abundance.

"Gerald had this capacity for enriching your life with things he found, like Early American folk art and old Negro spirituals and early Western songs," said Archibald MacLeish.

The Murphys weren't stylish, remarked one of their many friends. "They were Style."

"Voilà, la vraie élegance americaine," said Picasso to Count Étienne de Beaumont on spotting Gerald at the Paris Opéra's premiere of Maurice Ravel's ballet *La Valse.*

John Dos Passos called their marriage ". . . unshakable—the Murphys complemented each other, backed each other up in a way that was remarkable."

Neither Gerald nor Sara liked big parties. Sara referred to them as "holocausts." Their intimates, however, they entertained with thoughtful lavishness.

"It wasn't big parties that made it such a gay time," said Sara. "There was so much affection between everybody. You loved your friends and wanted to see them every day. It was like a great fair."

In 1921 the Murphys settled in Paris because, as Gertrude Stein had noted, "Paris was where the twentieth century was."

Gerald, who had turned his back on

the family business, Mark Cross, saw modern painting for the first time and was astounded by Picasso, Braque, Derain, Juan Gris, and Léger.

"If that's painting," he told Sara, "that's the kind of painting I'd like to do." And for the next six months they studied together in the studio of Natalia Goncharova, a Russian painter who also did sets for Diaghilev.

Cole Porter introduced the Murphys to the French Riviera, then deserted by visitors in summer. It was instant love. They bought a house on Cap d'Antibes and renamed it Villa America. Here they welcomed the friends like homing pigeons . . . the Robert Benchleys, Philip and Ellen Barry, the Ernest Hemingways, the Fitzgeralds, Dorothy Parker, the Archibald MacLeishes, Dick and Alice Lee Myers, Katie and John Dos Passos, Fernand Léger.

Sara sent a check for six-hundred francs to Alice Lee Myers in Paris for a "ticket *aller retour* and *couchettes,* as an invitation without a ticket is no good to anybody, so don't argue will you?"

Almost a member of the family was Vladimir Orloff, a young White Russian the Murphys had met in Diaghilev's atelier working on scenery for the ballet. His father had been a banker to the czarina and his grandfather, whose yachts sailed the Black Sea, had encouraged him to study naval architecture.

So in 1931 when Sara wanted a *family* boat, Vladimir helped design the *Weatherbird* to meet the Murphy specifications for style and comfort. She had the refinement of yacht lines inspired by the *Vanitie,* an America's Cup defense contender.

To build her, however, Vladimir chose a shipyard near Le Havre that for 175 years had been constructing Newfoundland fishing schooners. The same sturdiness went into the *Weatherbird.* The schooner's teakwood deck was a fat 21 feet wide . . . the better to easefully sun, read, paint, and write letters.

"In those days everybody wrote letters to everybody everywhere," said Fanny Myers Brennan.

The boat had her own stationery, pale blue with her name in navy. In the upper left corner, Gerald had drawn a discreet *(Continued on page 188)*

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Continued from page 186

blue weather [illegible]

Sara invisibly stage-managed every detail for comfort aboard. Nobody was to want for anything. There were masses of towels, honey-and-almond cream, lavender soap from Grasse, witch hazel, gargle solution, coconut oil, lemon verbena scent, tins of Petit Beurre biscuits.

In port, she slipped off in the early morning with one of the crew to buy fruits, vegetables, bread, fish, and quantities of parsley. A Sara trademark was a small bouquet of flowers feathered with sprigs of fresh green parsley.

Gin and bitters was the *Weatherbird* remedy for seasickness. Cinzano with a twist was the ship drink. Gerald crushed ice in a long canvas bag with the letters I-C-E cross-stitched in red by Ernestine, one of the maids at the Villa. From 5:30 P.M. began the pleasant sound of the cocktail shaker.

Sara's dinner-party tables at the Villa America on the gray-and-white marble tile terrace under a silver linden tree are remembered for their silver candlesticks and low crystal bowls of pink camellias on fine damask cloths, which she had dramatically dyed navy or black and edged with lace dyed to match.

On the *Weatherbird* she laid the rectangular table in the deck house with strong bright linens and colorful provincial pottery. One blue-and-white dinner plate had a proverb written on it which might have been a Murphy motto: *Tout bonheur que la main n'atteint pas n'est que rêve.* (All happiness untouched by the hand is nothing but a dream.)

Although Honoria's cabin was decorated in the pinks she was crazy about, she and Fanny liked sleeping on deck, stretched on cushions, wrapped in blankets, and lulled by the music and grown-up talk down below. At six in the morning, Vladimir, the captain, would bring them glasses of strong Russian tea with lots of lemon and at the girls' insistence recount long stories of life in Russia.

One night Mrs. Dos Passos decided to bunk on deck, but, as Honoria wrote in her diary, "We couldn't because the moon was too bright. The Dos Passoses retired and Katie read her Arabs. I went down and to bed and read *The Prince and the Pauper.*"

On long trips, the Murphys rented rooms in a hotel upon arriving in port to bathe, shampoo, and wash away what Honoria called "cruise cake." Gerald "impresarioed" the shore leaves. Refreshments at a café terrace were the tune-in to the local scene. Dinners were on land to give the crew a rest. In Barcelona he had two taxis provide the party with a guided tour and take them as far as Gerona to see the cathedral. In Valencia, a music hall show featuring Celia Gamez, an Iberian Ethel Merman, was such a success they went twice. The sightseeing programs included visits to all the artistic treasures in the vicinity.

One evening Gerald told Fanny and Honoria, whom he called the Hortensia Sisters, to put on long dresses. He was taking them to the new casino in Juan-les-Pins to hear Lucienne Boyer.

Gerald, who moved like silk, asked Fanny to dance.

"Fanny, I know you think I am too short for you but I'm not. Just stand as straight as you possibly can. You look more beautiful that way and nobody will notice."

The port that always caused fevered excitement was St. Tropez, because that was where Mme. Vachon had her shop. Behind the store was her kitchen where she stirred up her ratatouille wafting heavenly perfumes of Provence.

Mme. Vachon's stock had a simple chic that has maintained its flair over half a century. She liked beige and oatmeal colors, as did Gerald, whose *Weatherbird* carry-all was her wheat-colored crocheted pouch that held the book he was reading, the cigarettes he smoked after a meal. Mme. Vachon used pale wooden eyelets on linen suits and string bags. (Just last year Fanny Myers Brennan transferred a set of Mme. Vachon's leather buttons to a new suit she had made.) Mme. Vachon's flat leather soles with woven uppers were famous. Gerald bought them in every color to give everybody on board. (Honoria still has one pair left and refuses to part with them.) Mme. Vachon also made tightly crocheted skull caps with her signature button at the center. Gerald bought these beanies by the gross to protect his head from the sun. He is wearing one in Léger's shipboard portrait.

From her home port in Antibes, the *Weatherbird* cruised along the coasts of Spain, France, and Italy. In 1934 she went over to Corsica, with Fernand and Jeanne Léger among those on board.



The deck of the Weatherbird built wide for comfort

"Fernand was very apprehensive, as he considered himself a very bad sailor," Gerald recounted in a letter. During the first day out the sea was smooth and Fernand, who had never been aboard a sailing vessel, was fascinated with the rigging and all the contrivances on board. He had brought his notebook and a few watercolors with him and he spent the entire day making sketches. He had never worked under such conditions, he said, and it stimulated him enormously.

"The second day out the weather turned bad as we encountered Mistral. Very much to his surprise he did not feel the rough sea as he expected and persisted in his work.

"He made quite a joke of his being able to remain at his post while some of the rest of us were unable to do so. It was for this reason that he wrote on the cover of the notebook, "*A Gerald, à Sara leur mousse trés dévoué (faithful cabin boy), F. Léger.*"



Léger's watercolor of his wife, Jeanne

Léger's sketches—there were 25 in the album but one has disappeared—speak of the last happy summer before Baoth and Patrick, the adored young sons, had died—one suddenly of meningitis, the other slowly of tuberculosis.

"Where is the logic of physical suffering? Of *any* suffering? Unless you learn to enjoy it, it seems to me to have no meaning," Gerald wrote Dick Myers.

"All that I ask is that we be allowed to sit, all of us, under a tree, and talk to each other like human beings.

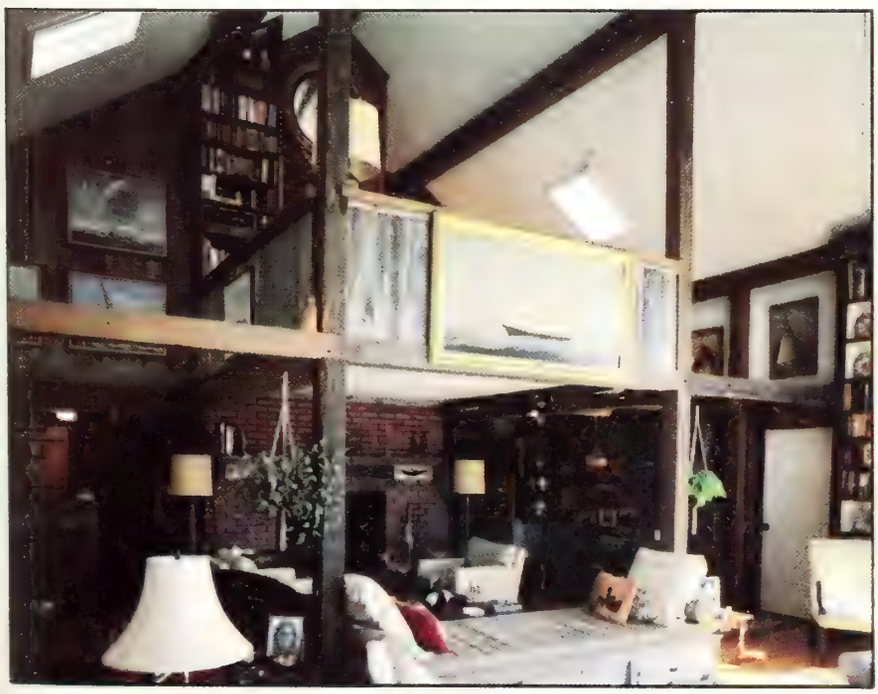
"Wait till the clouds roll by, Polly—

"Swell chance."

Gerald

Photographs of the watercolors are by Henry Beville; black-and-white photographs are from the private collection of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Donnelly. For additional reading on the Murphys: *Sara & Gerald: Villa America and After* by Honoria Murphy Donnelly with Richard N. Billings (Times Books, 1982); *Living Well Is The Best Revenge* by Calvin Tompkins (Viking, 1971).

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PASSAGE TO PARADISE

(Continued from page 147) forget-me-nots that run riot beneath stands of oaks and pines, flowering dogwoods, a variegated tulip tree of seventy feet planted in 1912, weeping beech trees, and a large collection of different types of maple that range from almost the tallest of trees to the smallest.

And, indeed, why do these hardy trees and shrubs grow so well less than a hundred miles from the temperate climate of Sydney? To begin with, Milton Park is some two-and-a-half-thousand feet above sea level and is on what are known as the Southern Highlands of New South Wales. Frost can be expected during six months of the year and snow, although not falling every year, is nevertheless not uncommon. It is protected from the wind and it has rich, natural volcanic soil that is sufficiently acid and well-drained so that heathers and rhododendrons grow easily.

Water, too, is in reliable and plentiful supply and both its sight and sound form an important part of the design of the garden. Beneath a massive cedar there is a waterfall which flows over shelves of natural sandstone. Directly in front of the large rambling Edwardian farmhouse is a circular pond edged in large standard wisterias, at the center of which is a fountain. And, at the bottom of the garden, in the sunken garden, another small pond is formed out of a huge piece of hewn sandstone that weighs several tons.

But it is due to Edwina Baillieu's knowledge of gardening and ability to organize that Milton Park retains its original design and feeling. And, following the tradition established by her mother, she has made her own important additions, such as the sandstone waterfall and the heath garden. And still giving valuable advice and helping her with the garden, as he helped her father plant the first trees, is Les Fahey, who has lived and worked at Milton Park all his life, watching it develop from farmland to the garden it is today.

Australia is a young country and so an eight-acre garden that is still only three quarters of a century old—and one with such a large collection of rare and interesting plants—forms an important part of the nation's heritage. The garden is open to the public for several weeks each spring, and in the autumn. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

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MOUNT CURVE

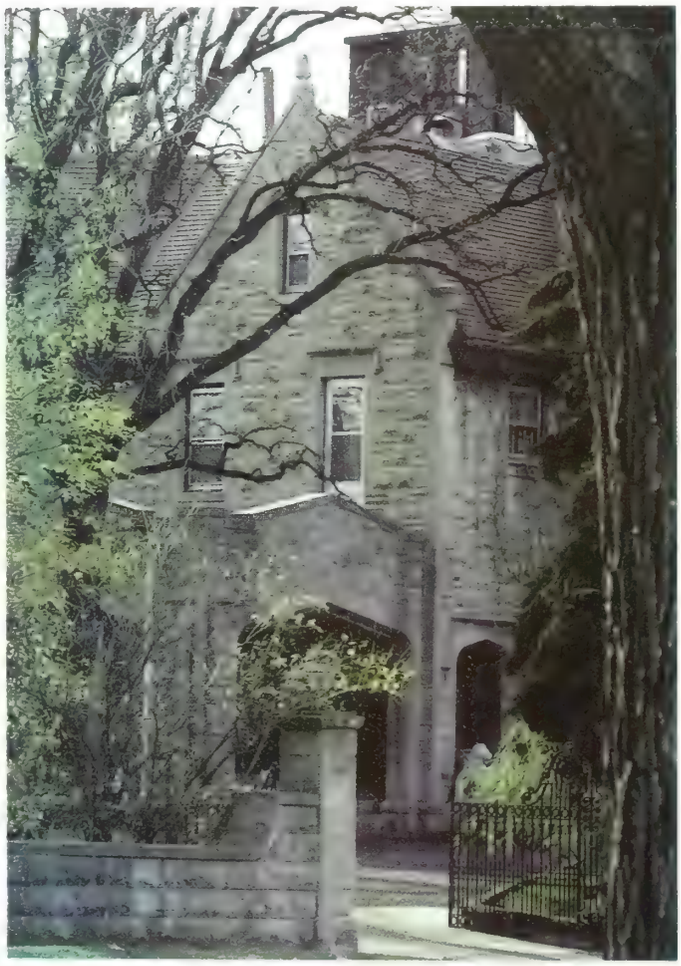
A turn-of-the-century street near downtown Minneapolis suffered under urban flight, but it gracefully survives

By Christopher Gray

The stranger to Minneapolis may be forgiven for supposing that the only place to live is in the western automobile suburbs of Edina, Long Lake, and especially Wayzata, a classic suburb, clean and comfortable, like Lake Forest or Grosse Pointe. But after taking in a show at the Walker Art Center–Guthrie Theater complex in downtown Minneapolis, the first-time visitor may by accident find his way up a nearby steep ridge and onto a wide, hilly street with big, broad Prairie houses shaded by oaks and elms. Here is the most pleasing address in Minneapolis; this is the street they call Mount Curve.

Minneapolis generally occupies a broad, flat farm plain, sliced diagonally in two by the upper reaches of the Mississippi River. A young city by Eastern standards, it saw its first generation of fortunes develop after the 1850s, typically in flour and lumber as river and railroad traffic combined to bring Eastern markets to the upper Midwest.

By the turn of the century the clusters of commerce and industry had pushed the choice residential section south over twenty blocks from the river, and the leading names—Pillsbury, Donaldson, McKnight, and others—were building their houses on the broad flat boulevards of Portland, Stevens, and especially Park Avenue. Many of these houses survive today, although most are in institutional use, surrounded by vacant lots, hospitals, and rivers of commuter traffic.





Above: The neo-Gothic Rogers house. *Below:* The most characteristic residences are big, overscaled bungalows on small lots on the desirable north side of the street.

It seemed as if business and residence sections might forever leapfrog south from there, along the gridded plat so typical of nineteenth-century Western boom towns, but by 1900 the residence section had climbed over the natural barrier to the west, a great ridge remaining from a glacial moraine that the Indians called the Devil's Backbone. Suddenly a whole new section was opened up, protected from the southerly advance of business, and elevated above the surrounding flatlands—inaccessible to the streetcars of the middle class, demanding private carriages as a price of admission. Chief among the streets in this new section was one that ran along the top of the ridge, rising and falling as old trails and creeks cut through it; this street was named Mount Curve.

Mount Curve begins as an unmarked turn off Hennepin Avenue, just a block beyond the Walker Art Center–Guthrie Theater complex, which lies at the foot of the ridge. Other streets run into Mount Curve from both sides but rarely pass completely through, so even the first-time visitor will know he is on a preeminent thoroughfare. The intersecting streets often run directly into Mount Curve opposite houses set on broad embankments, giving *(Continued on page 194)*

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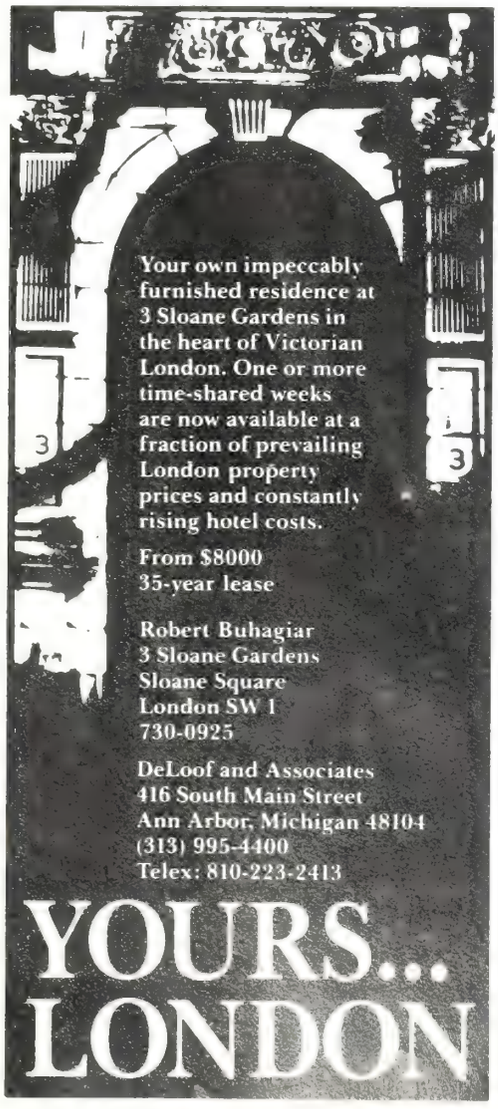
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ELOQUENT

HOUSE & GARDEN.

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(Continued from page 192) these lesser streets the feeling of driveways or *allées* for the Mount Curve houses.

By the 1890s there were a few Victorian brick houses along Mount Curve, but it was not until after 1900 that the roomy, almost farmlike bungalows that give Mount Curve its special character went up. These were built by families still prominent in Minneapolis today. North was the choice side to build on, where the ridge slips away steeply to limit adjacent houses and afford a sweeping northern view across the lowlands and, a bit to the east, downtown Minneapolis. Some of this early group of houses are rather conventional palaces in popular East Coast styles—such as the palazzolike Martin residence at 1300 or the castellated Rogers residence at 1415, both designed by William Channing Whitney, who practiced extensively in the older Park Avenue district. Oddly, these seem merely pleasant, not quite large enough to fulfill the promise of their grander prototypes. The most successful and evocative of the Mount Curve houses tend to be overscaled for their design, as if even the architects' best efforts could not accommodate the huge budgets of their prosperous clients. The Winton house at 1324, by Chicago architect George Maher, is one of these—a great inflated Prairie bungalow, with two dramatic, flattened urns outside the front door comparable to the suburban Chicago houses of Frank Lloyd Wright, who Maher had worked with at another firm in the 1880s. The Brooks house at 1600, by Edwin Hewitt, is perhaps the most imposing of this group—a huge, long white Prairie palace, a cross between an aircraft carrier and a Mediterranean villa. Then there is the Foss house at 1606, a great gambrel-roofed Queen Anne and neo-Colonial, which would look at home in almost any suburb—if reproduced at two-thirds scale. The Donaldson house at 1712, designed by Minneapolis's premier firm, Kees & Colburn, is perhaps the closest to a work of art, dripping with Secession and Sullivan-style ornament, with museum-quality arts and crafts interiors within.

Later building episodes returned to more conventional, eclectic styles—Tudor, Neoclassical, French Provincial—but retained slightly overscaled

appearance and small lotting. With a self-assurance peculiar to Minneapolis, few of the Mount Curve elite imported talent from Boston, New York, or other centers of national taste and usually retained local architects. By 1930 almost all the lots were occupied, often with the investors, lawyers, and businessmen who served the lumber and milling fortunes that built along Mount Curve before them. There are sixty-odd houses on the street in all.

Although the large and fashionable Kenwood neighborhoods, with their distinctive lakefront avenues, grew up adjacent to Mount Curve, the street was at all times something special in the hierarchy of Minneapolis addresses. "There was always a Mount Curve set," remarks the woman who founded the Junior League just off Mount Curve in the twenties. "It is such a small town in a way, we've all known each other for so long." This sort of close society is characteristic of Minneapolis, where the big family companies have held out against conglomerates and remained under local control.

One relatively solid rule for the Mount Curve elite was to spend the winter on Mount Curve and then go out to summer in their second houses in Wayzata. With easier automobile commuting, more and more families gave up their city houses, moving to Wayzata, Edina, or Long Lake full time, as early as the twenties. Mount Curve did not really drag until the fifties, when corporate headquarters began to leave downtown for more pleasant surroundings. The older elite still lived on Mount Curve, but fewer younger people were moving in. It became harder and harder to sell big, old-fashioned houses, and Mount Curve, unprotected by single-family residence restrictions, began to be dotted with big houses converted to apartments or rooming houses.

But unlike the typical suburbanites in other cities, Mount Curve emigrés did not cut their ties with their old street, instead keeping up a constant back-and-forth between city and country, holding Mount Curve on an equal footing with its suburban counterparts. So the street continued as *the* residential address in Minneapolis. "A lot of the property was held onto after the families moved out, and if sold, sold *(Continued on page 196)*

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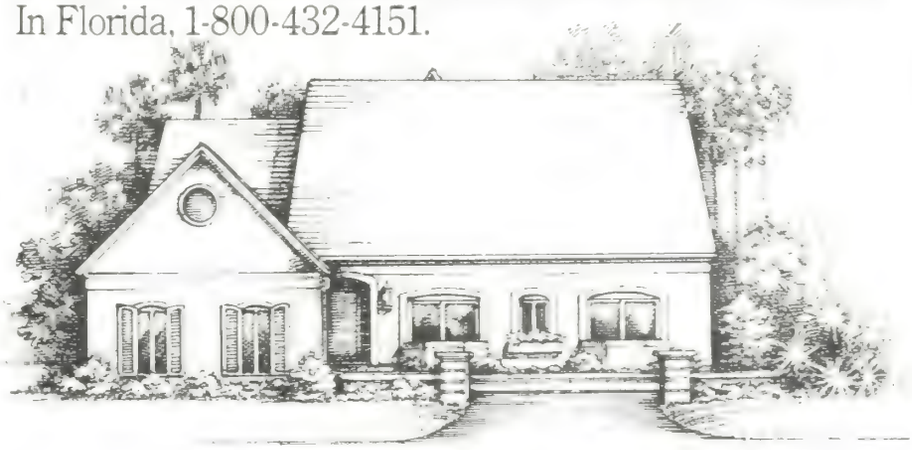
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(Continued from page 195) reluctantly," says a current resident. "In Wayzata I think they have a real protective feeling toward Mount Curve; this is where they lived until they started commuting."

There is definitely a protective instinct toward Mount Curve, both on and outside of the street. Members of the older families are quick to point out the more typically famous residents of Mount Curve—composer Dominick Argento, Walker Art Center director-curator duo Martin and Mickey Friedman, and *Star and Tribune* columnist Barbara Flanagan—but the outsider will only find out by coincidence that there are two Wintons, a Wurtele, and other old or owner-builder families discreetly settled on the street. Likewise, if you ask an older resident if there are any active social vestiges of the Mount Curve group, they will offhandedly say "there may be a few remnants," but move the conversation on to other topics. No one will mention the yearly January-February get-togethers at one resident's house. Designed to break the winter doldrums (no mean task in frigid Minnesota), eight or ten women, most either living or brought up on Mount Curve, gather for tea and a lecture by a scholar once a week. Some now live in Wayzata, but for a few hours each year the old Mount Curve group is back together.

As it now is, Mount Curve is just barely on solid ground—at least as a first-class residential street. Even in the better, western half of the street, perhaps a quarter of the houses have been cut up as apartments—with cars crowding the driveway and a distinct dormitory air. Recent zoning changes have institutionalized these apartment conversions, pushed through by neighboring residents thinking that they would forestall illegal, poor-quality alterations. But there is still a strong air of the propriety of the private house on Mount Curve; some apartments have been reconverted to single-family residences, and several elaborate, modern houses have gone up since 1964.

As in other American cities there is a pronounced trend to move back in from suburban quarters to avoid the commute and to be in a more neighborly, less rural atmosphere. Conley Brooks Jr. recently bought the house next door to the one his great-great uncle built in 1905. He grew up in Long Lake, his wife, Carol, in Wayzata. "You know the doors actually slam here, and there just aren't that many old houses out at the Lake [the Wayzata area on Lake Minnetonka]. But the important criteria is that I can leave here at 7:22 for a 7:30 breakfast meeting downtown."

One attraction for many of the Wayzata returnees is Mount Curve Place, a three-story neo-Tudor town-house row, designed to echo the 1910s Dunwoody mansion, its predecessor on the site. As such buildings go this one is good, and it continues to attract a nucleus of the retired elite who want low maintenance in an enclave otherwise full of grand houses.

Today Mount Curve at its best still seems serene and untroubled—the big Prairie residences run along the top of the Devil's Backbone, catching the last sunlight of the day in Minneapolis. Some outsiders might find it smug, but the big houses are unpretentious in their way—a bit like high-style farmhouses—unabashed expressions of Minneapolis's agrarian prosperity.

Some Mount Curve residents, especially those new to the street and unfamiliar with its origins, are pessimistic about its future, predicting the gradual fall of its big houses to apartment conversions. But others are not so sure: "I think the balance is established," says a Winton child raised and still living on the street. And a neighbor, born on the street and recently returned from Wayzata, says, "I still see the girls I used to play with in the little park here. Now people my age [about sixty] are beginning to sell their Lake houses and move back, closer to downtown, to the museums, the symphony, their friends."

In the evening the big Midwestern parlors light up, ready to receive guests or families returning from a day visiting out at the Lake. Children play in leaves on the broad front lawns, and occasional tourists go by, suddenly alert that this street is quite different from the others they have seen.

One man, now living in Wayzata and London, still has his childhood room in his parents' house on Mount Curve, and remembers that the dips and bumps along the ridge, the varied houses made it an ideal street to walk along. "I still think of it when I step out the front door, wherever I am. I always wish I were stepping out onto Mount Curve." □



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JOURNAL

A STUNNING SHOW OF FORCE

The Shogun Age. Los Angeles County Museum of Art, through Feb. 26; Dallas Museum of Art, Mar. 17–May 26.

Japan's warlords, the shoguns wrested power from the emperor in the seventeenth century, altering both political and art history. The emperors cultivated the aesthetic of simplicity, but the shoguns went all out for glitter and display. Their strong, unsubtle art is typified by the three-hundred pieces in this striking exhibition.



Suit of armor (*gusoku*), lacquered iron plates, Momoyama period.



IMAGES THAT GREW FROM INNER NECESSITY

Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915–1933. The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, through Feb. 12; The High Museum of Art, Atlanta, Mar. 15–Apr. 29.

Retrospectives of the work of major artists are always problematic. A lifetime of achievement is condensed, and there is rarely enough space to introduce influences, see them gradually germinate and finally flower. Time is telescoped and genius emphasized at the expense of humanity.

So among the luxuries afforded by the three-part Kandinsky exhibition series presented by the Guggenheim Museum is the occasion to gain a better understanding of the flow of time, the changing seasons in a painter's career. Last year the exhibit concentrated on the first phase of Vasily Kandinsky's work, which began in 1896 when, at age thirty, he rejected a career in law and economics and made his commitment to art. For the next fourteen years, until the outbreak of World War I, Kandinsky lived primarily in Munich, a city whose liberalism and cultural variety contrasted strongly with the restrictive environment of his Russian homeland. It was in the Bavarian capital that the emerging painter began to assimilate a range of influences that included nineteenth-century symbolism and romanticism, folk art, German Art Nouveau, and cabaret theater. There too he found a community who could share his belief in the nonrational, transcendent, spiritual nature of art. This first period in Kandinsky's emergence as a singular force in modern art coalesced with the formation of The Blue Rider group. Taking its name from the symbolic horse and rider appearing in

POURQUOI PAS PARQUET?

French marquetry artist Yann Hervis's intricately inlaid portrait of Yves Saint Laurent, *right* (for Andrée Putman's new YSL showroom in Chicago), recalls the rare-wood murals so beloved in the Art Deco period—a welcome return of the *bois* relief.



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MEXICO'S ART MECCA

Since its opening three years ago, Mexico City's Museo Rufino Tamayo (the gift of the noted Mexican artist) has quickly established itself as a major presence in the world of art, a fact underscored by its being the major avant-garde cultural center of the world's second-largest city (pop.: 14 million).

Under the imaginative leadership of its late director, Alberto Raurell Soto (who was tragically murdered last June and will be succeeded this summer by Robert Littman), the Tamayo has offered an exciting series of exhibitions and performances, ranging from its fine permanent collection (including Picasso, Ernst, Magritte) to such experimental works as Tina Girouard's 1983 mixed-media installation *¡Vamonos!, left,* a 45-foot-long assemblage of Mexico City bus fronts, a hundred gold-leaf machetes, hot-pink piñata serpents, and ziggurat birdcages holding canaries. Coming up: a major retrospective of the work of Mexico's greatest architect, Luis Barragán.

many of the paintings by Kandinsky and those in his circle, this free-form association of artists was the nucleus for ambitious plans for a program of exhibits, publications, and theatrical programs and musical scores. During these years, Kandinsky developed and refined both his theories and paintings. He sought a common spiritual basis for all the arts, and his belief in synesthesia, that a particular sound, for example, has a sensate equivalent in a precise color, moved his work in the direction of abstraction. By the end of his time in Munich, he had crossed the boundary from the descriptive to the abstract, finally committed to depicting only those images that grew from inner necessity.



In the Black Circle, 1923



Vasily Kandinsky, *Red Oval,* 1920, oil on canvas

Every creative decision that Kandinsky made during his Russian and Bauhaus years was the culmination of years of search, struggle, and turmoil. But Kandinsky was blessed in finding resolution and an atmosphere suited to the exploration of his system of beliefs while he still had time and energy to paint. And we too will benefit from the good fortune one more time when, in 1985, the Guggenheim mounts its last installment in this series—*Kandinsky in Paris: 1934–1944. Mary Ann Tighe*

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Herbert Lippmann, armchair, ca. 1929



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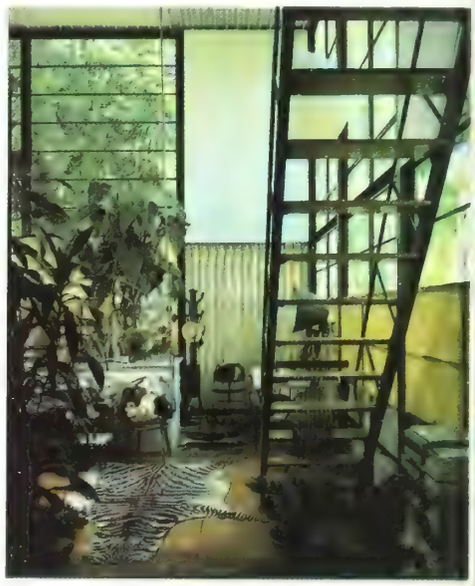
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(Continued from page 129) go wrong. It took so much time and energy, and that much time and energy could be put into something that we could control more." Instead, he and Ray continued designing furniture, making films, and planning exhibitions, using the house that has been variously described as "playful" and "witty" as a serious workplace. The separate studio still serves not only as a guesthouse but also as a storage space and working area. It is a study in the study of objects, where accumulations of shells, stones, and various other bits laid out for inspection make lively patterns. Ray and Charles Eames thought of their house as a cave, not in the sense of a retreat for rest and inaction, but a private place where they could gather information for consideration. "We used to bring a piece of furniture we were working on home to look at it, because at the office everything was out of scale. Most of whatever is here is something that was just brought over and left."

With the recent increased interest in fifties designs, some Eames pieces such as the early molded plywood chairs and tables are so sought-after that prices are already rising to "antique" levels. But their popularity is not new. Almost all of the original designs were immediately and enthusiastically admired by the Eameses' fellow architects and designers and the general public as well.

In the opinion of Arthur Drexler, director of the Department of Architecture and Design at New York's Museum of Modern Art, Charles Eames has contributed three of the major chair designs of the twentieth century. One of them, the lounge chair and ottoman, has been an international status symbol for executives since 1956 when it was first made. Its down-filled, leather-covered surface and curved sections of rosewood veneer seem wildly extravagant. In fact, the chair is supremely comfortable as well as luxurious, ample justification for its presence in the office of achievers throughout the world. The other two chairs are the 1946 plywood dining one and the 1950 fiberglass with metal legs. There is a well-used lounge chair and ottoman in the living room of the Eames House, looking from the side remarkably like a human form stretched out comfortably, feet up, and about to read the evening paper.

Charles Eames often cited the importance of the "small, obscure, but vital bits of seemingly unrelated information which accumulate in any tradition." He pointed out that any design which ignored these bits of information might be satisfactory, but was rarely satisfying.



Separated by a courtyard, the Eames house and studio work as one.

He and Ray achieved so many totally satisfying designs that hardly a day goes by when there isn't a visitor or group of visitors arriving to look at the house and talk to Ray about her husband and their work together. Pinned to the wall just inside the front door is a frayed and yellowed rectangle of rice paper with two large dark Japanese characters painted on it. It is a traditional sign normally posted outside a theater where a troupe of kabuki players is performing to indicate a full house. Since a sold-out performance meant the company would have money for food, drink, and shelter, these fat characters are happy ones. "I've had it pinned up," says Ray Eames, "and it has fallen down, and now that corner is lost and I'm sorry, but there is something about it that makes me resist the formality of a frame, and when it finally disintegrates, well, that's it." With her husband Charles, Ray Eames has spent her whole life resisting the formality of a frame. The result is that there has always been room in her home for new information, another interesting object, one more guest. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron



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MASTER OF THE STRAIGHT LINE AND ANGLE

The garden design of Sesshū, Japan's celebrated fifteenth-century painter-priest

By Donald Richie



The pond-and-island garden of Joei-ji, the only remaining part of the fifteenth-century garden the young Sesshū was commissioned to make on the grounds of Unkoku-ji, outside Yamaguchi city.

Sesshū, who was born in 1420 and died in 1506, is perhaps Japan's greatest artist. Writing of him during his lifetime, the priest Shūhō said: "Sesshū's brush is natural and spontaneous . . . it seems as though his very blood were ink and everything he touches turns to painting." Writing four hundred years later, Ernest Fenollosa said: "He is the greatest master of the straight line and angle in the whole range of the world's art."

Art in fifteenth-century Asia was mainly landscape painting, though there was also official portraiture, Buddhist scenes, genre pieces. Following the example of the Southern school of the Sung period painters, particularly Ma Yüan and Hsia Kuei, painters in both China and Japan chose landscape as the universal subject. Chinese landscape painting was also concerned with the ideal, a place perfectly proportioned, in which an order—Taoist, Buddhist—was to be discerned. Such idealized landscape scrolls, already popular in China, were shortly in great demand in Japan as well.

There was, indeed, an entire school of such painters in Japan. One of its members was the famous Shubun, and it was under him that the young Sesshū studied. What he painted is not known since so much of Sesshū's work was destroyed in the civil wars which ravaged Kyoto, where he had spent his early life. It was, however, probably Chinese-style landscape painting, brushed in *sumi-e* charcoal on silk or paper, the genre for which he was later famous. What he otherwise created during this early period is also lost—all except for a single landscape garden, that at Joei-ji.

That artists should have also been landscape gardeners is not surprising—no more surprising that in our time such artists as Picasso, Matisse, Rouault should be stage designers. In Japan, which has no towering, ragged, Chinese-style mountains, both painting and garden were imaginative in that the artist had to create his subject. This doubly suited the taste of the times because it made the results more ideal.

Sesshū, in his early twenties, longing to go to China and study under the real masters, far too young to be considered for such an honor, was invited to take charge of a small temple some distance from Kyoto, the capital where he had been studying. The civil disturbances which were to destroy the city had already begun and that may be one of the reasons that the young artist-priest agreed to so exile himself. Another may have been that, young as he was, he would be allowed to create what he wanted.

To later contemporaries, after Sesshū had gone to China, had studied with the masters, had come back to Japan and revealed himself as a master painter, the artist was still almost as famous as a landscape gardener. Four of his later gardens still exist: those of the Kisekibo, at Hikosan in present-day Fukuoka, at Mampuku-ji in Shimane, near Masuda, at the Iko-ji, also near Masuda, and at the Fudain in the Tofuku-ji in Kyoto. Though all are in various stages of disrepair (the Iko-ji is the best preserved), they all give some indication of the garden style of the older Sesshū. Only Joei-ji, however, gives an indi- *(Continued on page 204)*



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No large stone should be higher than the veranda from which the garden was to be viewed, and none in the northeast — the direction from which evil came

(*Continued from page 202*) cation of what the work of the younger Sesshū was like.

The garden was a commission. Masahiro Ouchi, leader of the clan which controlled what is now Yamaguchi Prefecture, ordered the young artist to make a garden on the grounds of Unkoku-ji, a large temple compound of which only Joei-ji remains. It was to be a pond-and-island style garden.

There were already various garden styles in Japan but during the fifteenth century the pond-and-island garden was the most popular. It was rock-filled and rocks then as now were well thought of in Japan. It was also ideal in that references were utopian, to a better Buddhist land. There were rock islands which could be called Tortoise and Crane, both symbols of happy longevity; there was often a large rock which could be the Buddhist Mountain of the Blessed, and so on.

Such popular iconography, though it may have gratified the lord and his friends, one may imagine did not much interest the landscape artist. One may imagine this because, given the landscape manuals still extant, artists of the period had many other concerns in making the proper garden.

One of these manuals, the anonymous *Sakuteiki,* dating from the twelfth century, was undoubtedly used by landscape artists of the fifteenth, is filled with rules. No stone was to be placed on an extended centerline drawn from the pillar of the main building; no large stones should be higher than the veranda from which the garden was to be viewed; there must be no hill at the southwest, and no large stones in the northeast—that dangerous direction from which evil came.

In addition, "one ought first place the principal stone, having a distinct character, and only then proceed to place the others—one must comply with the 'requesting' nature of the principal stone," and select the others to satisfy this "request." Also, for every "running away" stone there ought to be several "chasing" stones, all placed "to resemble children playing at tag."

The Joei-ji garden, though it has undoubtedly been somewhat changed in the intervening half a millennium (it was definitely cleaned up in the late nineteenth century by the Takamoto Mori), still adheres to many of the early *Sakuteiki* recipes. Stones still request and are answered, rocks still play tag.

But there is much which is unique about the Joei-ji garden. The islands in the pond are all straight-sided and flat-topped. They exhibit definite angles, decided planes. This is the kind of stone which during Sesshū's life came to have, as an old manual phrases it, "the feeling of quiescence." The way in which these straight, angled stones are allied, placed next to each other shows, as one authority phrased it, complete artistry through the juxtaposition of choice. To gaze at these stones is, indeed, to realize that Fenollosa, who was thinking of the painting and had never seen this garden, was right to speak of Sesshū as the greatest master of the straight line and the angle. Very few, indeed, have seen this garden though it is known to the gardening experts. Its existence is not noted in the *Official Guide to Japan,* and the other guides, if they mention it, merely note its existence. Sesshū must have thought the location at the end of the world, and most tourists still find it such. It is just outside of Yamaguchi city, a large town far from Kyoto and even farther from Tokyo, a place also on no main rail line and quite distant from the nearest airport.

Consequently, the spirit of Sesshū and his times seems closer in this garden than it does in any of the others. There are no tourists, a spider has spun a web across the path to the garden. One sits alone on the veranda of the *hondo* and gazes at the wonderful and varied geometry of the rocks, all set within a context of the living, the organic, the natural. This combination of man and nature, so well understood by Sesshū and his followers, brings one very close to the green of the leaf, the blue of the water—and the hardness of the stone is made to reveal its essence, a timelessness we sitting in the late sun can glimpse if not fully comprehend. □



The island rocks in the pond are all straight-sided and flat-topped

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HOUSE & GARDEN

SPLENDOR IN SCARLET
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COVER
A parrot painted by Jean-Baptiste Oudry hangs over a stunning blue horn and aventurine lacquer commode said to have belonged to Nicolas Fouquet, finance minister to Louis XIV. Photograph by Feliciano. *Story on page 86.*

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REED & BARTON



The gasoline-powered range of Mercedes-Benz automobiles for 1984 extends from the 2.3-liter four-cylinder 19

For 1984, five of the more potent gasoline-powered automobiles sold in America are sold by Mercedes-Benz.

CHANGING CONDITIONS never seem to catch the engineers of Mercedes-Benz napping.

Diesel cars, years in advance of the efficiency stampede.

Turbodiesels that anticipated a demand for efficiency plus performance. And it should now come as no shock that Mercedes-Benz greets the current performance renaissance with a range of *five* muscular gasoline performance cars.

In fact, gasoline-powered models now represent half the Mercedes-Benz line. Four of them–the 190E 2.3 Sedan, the 380SE Sedan, the 500SEL Sedan and the 500SEC Coupe–are new to America for 1984.

They help form the most vivid group of performance automobiles Mercedes-Benz has ever built for sale.

The most spirited Mercedes-Benz is unquestionably the stunning new 190E 2.3 Sedan "–perhaps the best in the world in its size class," in *Road & Track's* opinion. And perhaps the equal, in pure driving exhilaration, of any sports sedan now sold.

BOLD PERFORMANCE, MUTED NOISE.

The 190E combines its trim 2,655 lbs. and a four-cylinder, 2.3-liter fuel-injected engine to reach test track maximums of 115-mph-plus. Yet it is so finely engineered that vibration and noise are as muted as in larger Mercedes-Benz sedans

Its performance character is underscored by the five-speed manual gearbox that can be ordered as an alternative to the four-speed automatic.

"Transmission designers fi around the world," *Road & Tra* suggests, "should take a sabba to spend time at Stuttgart lean ing the Mercedes way of build gearboxes."

A V-8 LIKE NO OTHER

The new 380SE Sedan exploit the technology of the eighties, shine as one of the most con-fidently responsive passenger cars of the eighties.

Turbine-smooth and jackr bit-quick, its 3.8-liter V-8 engir evolves from a new design ge ation meant to deftly balance power and efficiency.

Note that its block is even made of a different substance than most V-8's–cast not in iro but in an exotic alloy of alumi num, magnesium and silicon radically cuts weight. The pist in this engine move not again metal cylinder walls but again surface of slippery, smooth, seemingly indestructible silic crystals.

The 380SE's torque-conve four-speed automatic gearbo so well integrated with this p plant that it seems to function almost as part of the engine. the benefit of satisfying perfo mance motoring.

What that 3.8-liter engine does for the 380SE it does fo 380SL Roadster, the two-seate descendant of Mercedes-Ben immortal SL sports car series carried over intact for 1984.

*Approximate suggested advertised delivered price at port of entry. ©1984 Mercedes Benz of N.A., Inc., Montvale, NJ.



at $24,000; to the 5-liter V-8 500 SEC Coupe, at $57,000.* Left to right: 190 E 2.3, 380 SE, 500 SEC, 500 SEL, 380 SL.*

cedes-Benz launches two flagship models for 1984–500 SEL Sedan and the SEC Coupe. They top off the line performance line in nidable fashion.

The 500 SEL, featured below, ive-passenger sedan of near usine status. The 500 SEC is its sybaritic four-passenger touring coupe counterpart.

Each is propelled by an Olympian performer of an engine: the five-liter, light-alloy Mercedes-Benz V-8, new to America for 1984 but already somewhat of a legend on the highways of Europe.

So massive are its power reserves that, though not a practice recommended for normal driving, it could quietly cruise at 55 mph in *second* gear. At 55 mph in top gear it is turning at a lazy and barely audible 1,886 rpm. Acceleration from zero to 55 mph is jet-smooth. Acceleration from almost any point in the speed range, in any gear, is vivid.



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The automobiles powered by these engines are painstakingly engineered to high performance levels, from suspensions to steering to brakes. And to the stern safety standards imposed by Mercedes-Benz on every car it builds.

These five gasoline-powered Mercedes-Benz models for 1984 are meanwhile complemented by five of the most advanced *diesel*-powered automobiles you can buy–each an outstanding performer in its own right. Making for the most varied, the most exciting, the most timely lineup of models Mercedes-Benz has ever sold in America.

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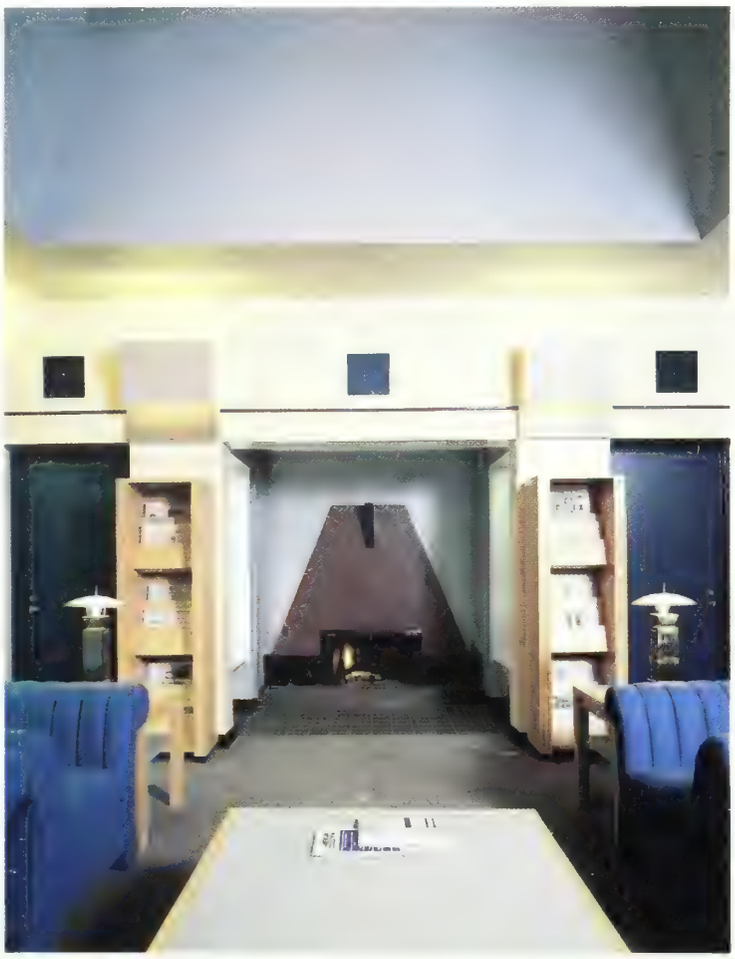
THE EDITOR'S PAGE

One of the most special things about House & Garden is our relationship with people who take their life's pleasure in creativity. Our story on page 100 provides a perfect example. Discovered by art director Lloyd Ziff on a trip to France and photographed by the French photographer François Halard, it is the magical home of André and Margaret François. Its trompe-l'oeil walls, the owners' collections and their artful arrangements of them, along with André François's elusive paintings of trees on the property, demonstrate the many forms creativity can take in just one household.

Because we were familiar with the beautiful rooms he had done over the years for The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, we were all looking forward to seeing decorator Henri Samuel's own house in Paris. We were not disappointed. His rooms reflect the sophistication of a man who has been arranging beautiful rooms in museums, historic houses, and private apartments since the twenties. His Paris house, pages 154 to 163, makes us even more anxious to see the new Samuel-designed Jack and Belle Linksy Galleries, which will open at the Metropolitan in June.

Readers in San Juan Capistrano now have an extra pleasure ahead of them as they go off to pick up their books, for architect Michael Graves's latest building is the new library there. Sensitively related to the Mission Style of Southern California, it takes that region's vernacular architecture and gives a modestly sized building Graves-style grandeur. Back from her photography session there, our architecture editor Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron reports that the new library is full of wonderfully human spaces in which to find a good book and read.

The art of collecting is seen in several stories this month, with collections that range from the rare to the avant-garde to the idiosyncratic. In our opening story the collection tends to the rare: rare Chinese sculptures, paintings by Goya, Oudry, and Cassis, and fine French furniture in the Louis XV and XVI styles, all pulled together by the splendor of scarlet, page 86. In another story, found on Audubon Place in New Orleans, two collections—one of eighteenth-century French furniture, another of twentieth-century art—are at ease in a very American house of broad rooms, high ceilings, fine woodwork, and leaded-glass windows. In still another, the collection is an impressive array of large-scale modern art, very much at home in a Deco-Moorish-Florentine villa-turned-gallery in Florida.



A reading area in the new Michael Graves–designed library in San Juan Capistrano.

None of these collections, however, is quite as unusual as the one found by photographer William Eggleston and editor Martin Filler at Graceland, the memento-filled home of Elvis Presley. Graceland opened to the public in June 1982; this spring it expects to have its millionth visitor. Eggleston, whose work concentrates on haunting images of the Deep South, doesn't normally take on assignments but agreed to this one from House & Garden because of his fascination with the subject matter. A resident of Memphis himself, and never a fan of Presley when he was alive, Eggleston has become increasingly interested in the Elvis legend since the singer's death. As has Martin Filler, who reveals in this issue: "For Elvis Presley, Graceland was the fixed star in his volatile personal universe, the center that somehow always held even while so much else in his life exploded."

Home is also important to Luigi Barzini, as you will see in reading "The Last Italian," page 170. The author describes not only the evolution of his house and garden on the Via Cassia outside of Rome and the changes that have taken place in the world and its culture during the almost forty years since he first built his villa and planted his vineyard, but more importantly, the place of a house designed to "perpetuate the family sense of solidarity for generations to come."

It is a good vision and we hope many will share it with him.

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Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief

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ar Corporation is an engineer,
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Our accountants screamed
ecause the interior of this new
r came in over budget. Fortu-
ately, our engineers screamed
uder.

Result: orthopedically-
esigned front bucket seats that
djust in 16 different directions.
nd a climate control system so advanced it can change the interior air five times a minute.

A Volvo engineer named Larsson came up with an entirely new design for a rear suspension. Our accountants claimed it was too expensive. (An 18" scale model alone cost $60,000.) But it also allowed for an incredible degree of quietness and comfort. So our engineers got their suspension.

In designing a new car, most companies go directly from clay models to sheet metal to save money. Volvo engineers insisted on a costly, but important intermediate step: a full-scale wooden model. This, they felt, would permit superior fit and finish in the final production car. Again, our accountants groaned. But our engineers got their way.

You'll find examples like this throughout the 760 GLE. Instead of a car that smacks of corner-cutting, you'll discover a car that's beautifully made.

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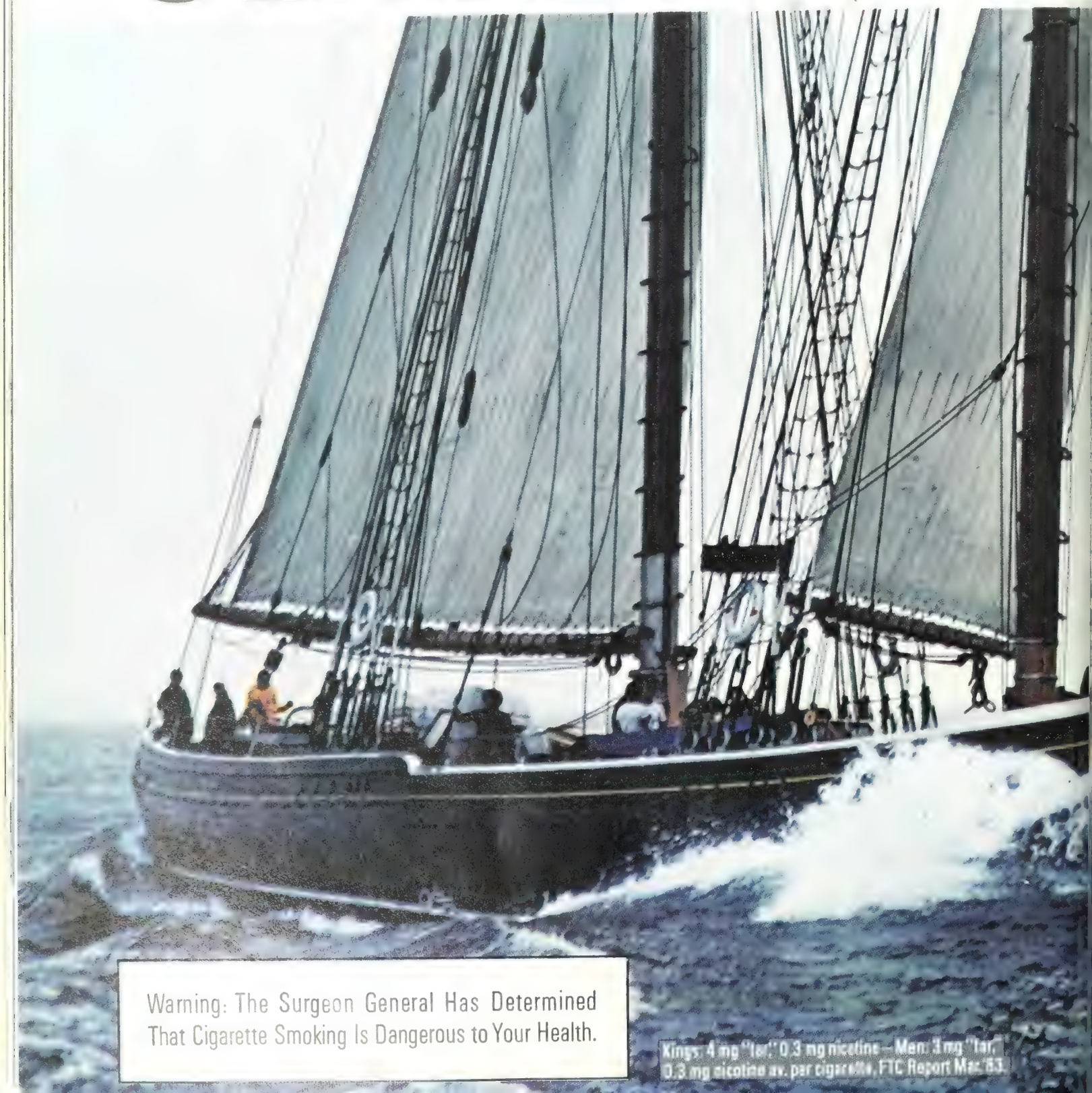
But down the road, you'll be thankful it was designed by people who have mastered the art of building cars.

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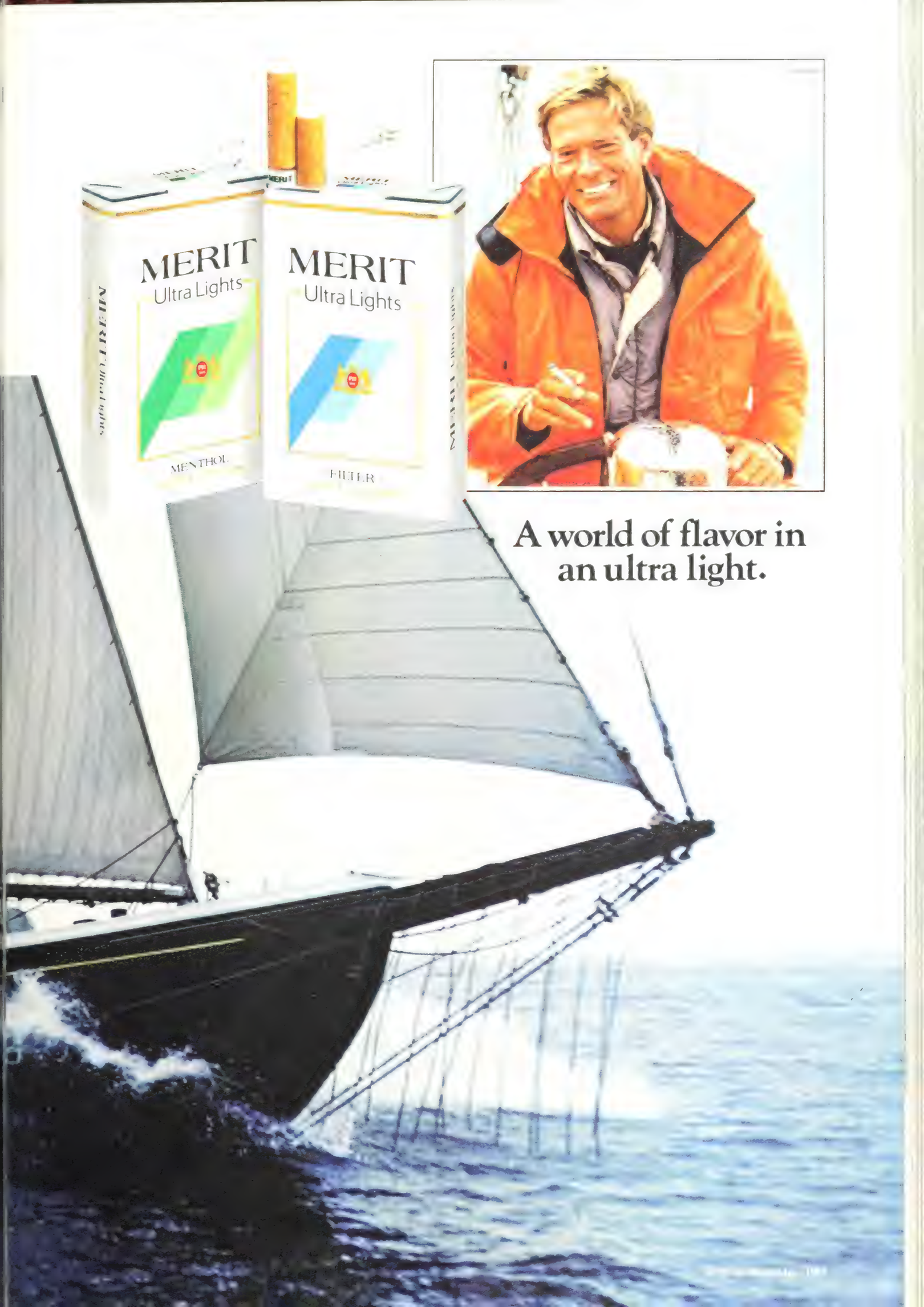
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BEHIND THE SCREEN

A new show at the National Gallery is symbolic of the renewed interest in this practical art form

By Nancy Richardson

Artist-made screens—the main focus of an exhibition, "The Folding Image: Screens by Western Artists of the Nineteenth & Twentieth Centuries," at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., March 4 through September 3—represents an appealing episode in the almost two-thousand-year history of the decorative screen. The history of the folding screen is fascinating because it stretches back so far, embodies both Oriental and Western cultural influences, and symbolizes the overlapping worlds of the fine artist and the furniture maker in a single dramatic object. In addition to its twentieth-century role as a kind of three-dimensional painting, the screen is being collected and commissioned with renewed interest for the same practical, architectural, and decorative reasons that evoked it in the first place.

Decoupage screen framed in mahogany with scenes from Queen Victoria's life. Probably made for her Golden Jubilee in 1887. Trevor Potts Antiques, New York.

Our taste for decorative screens is something that was established several hundred years ago, and with the exception of a lull in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century there has hardly been a moment when they were out of fashion. In the late sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries in Europe screens were as much of a necessity in a room as chairs and beds. Houses were heated by fires in fireplaces or stoves, and rooms were routinely hot near the fire and cold near the windows. The most basic kind of screen was one that acted as buffer to either extreme. Other screens were used to hide things. A high screen usually stood near the door of large reception rooms in French royal palaces. It was a cover-up for the bed and belongings of the ever-present Swiss guard. In other multipurpose sitting rooms shoulder-high screens created a pocket of privacy in which inhabitants could change their clothes while other people were in the room.

Paintings of the period give us a feeling for how screens looked in a room. Jean-Francois Detroy's painting of a group of friends listening as one reads Molière aloud shows a screen forming a boundary for an intimate circle within a large room. This sort of screen had handles so that it could be moved. The panels were fitted with double hinges so it could be arranged in a Z-shape without falling over and also with candleholders—an eighteenth-century equivalent of *(Continued on page 22)*

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Landscape screen by Jim Dine represents sky, sun, grass, snow, and rainbow. On loan to the National Gallery of Art from the Pace Gallery, New York. *Below:* Detail of Lady Wilton's decoupage scrapbook screen, London.



(Continued from page 20) our portable reading light. Screens like the one in the Detroy painting were covered in needlework and sometimes in silk to match the other furniture in the room. Silk, damask, and velvet screens were often hung with a group of portrait miniatures. According to Jean Feray, Inspecteur Principal des Monuments Historiques in Paris, the most extraordinary eighteenth-century screen ever made was twelve panels of Lyons silk designed by Louis XVI himself with gilt bronze rather than gilt wood for the frame.

It is not the European decorative screen, however, but the Oriental screen that people have always thought of as a piece of pure decoration desirable above all for its looks. Both in Janet Woodbury Adams's recent book, *Decorative Folding Screens* (Viking) and in the catalogue for the National Gallery's current exhibition by Assistant to the Director at the Yale University Art Gallery, Michael Komanecky, the history of the influence of the Oriental screen on European taste has been carefully traced. The thread of the research is this: the Chinese invented the screen in the second century A.D.; the Japanese took up the Chinese model, making it out of paper rather than wood, in the eighth century. Though interrelated, each culture used the screen differently. The Chinese house had stationary walls. Screens were used to control light and drafts and to create privacy. The painting of screens was a fine art for a long time, but by the time the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English got to China, screens were made mostly by craftsmen. Japanese houses did not have stationary walls and for architectural reasons, several sorts of screens developed. The Japanese folding screen was made out of paper; it was meant to be movable, flexible, and easy to carry. The design of the hinge allowed artists to treat the screen as though it were an uninterrupted picture plane.

Europeans loved the lack of perspective in Oriental painted screens, the abstraction of forms and the general flatness of the design. In spite of this, it was the Oriental lacquer screen that was desired above all and remained in full fashion for 150 years after the time of its introduction to Europe. Chinese Coromandel screens—so called because they were originally shipped via the Coromandel coast of India—were usually made in pairs, each one twelve panels of inimitably lacquered wood. The design was incised into the lacquer with a knife. Both sides of the screen were finished and the designs usually were unrelated. The principal portion of the design was continuous across all the panels. *(Continued on page 24)*


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Continued from page 22 The wide borders of these screens were decorated with flowers, bowls, birds, emblems, and inscriptions. The Japanese generally did not carve a design into the lacquer but rather built up a design made of gesso that was sprinkled with gold dust before the lacquer was applied.

Oriental lacquer screens were both rare and expensive in Europe for a long time and were therefore frequently copied in gilt leather. European painted screens—second only to Oriental lacquer screens in their pure decorative appeal—were also sought after. Some of the most charming ones imitated Chinese motifs in the prevailing fashion for chinoiserie. Major artists, however, did not work on screens. Watteau is known to have painted one screen, and Boucher also painted a single screen as a royal commission. Some of Watteau's paintings of pastoral scenes were copied on screens from time to time. But in the last decades of the eighteenth century the screen was no longer an important element of decoration, nor was it seen as a fashionable substitute for a painting.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century and for the ensuing fifty years the screen was solidly out of style for both artists and craftsmen. There are isolated examples of screens being used as folding picture frames for a series of engravings that were usually pasted directly onto the panels. In the early nineteenth century watercolors of interiors in Russia and Germany, a *zimmerlaube,* or screen of vegetation growing on a trellis, became a new way of separating a bedroom into sleeping and sitting areas. With the development of scenic wallpaper panels in the early part of the century, the screen used as a pseudo-wall became an alternative way to mount a series of panels.

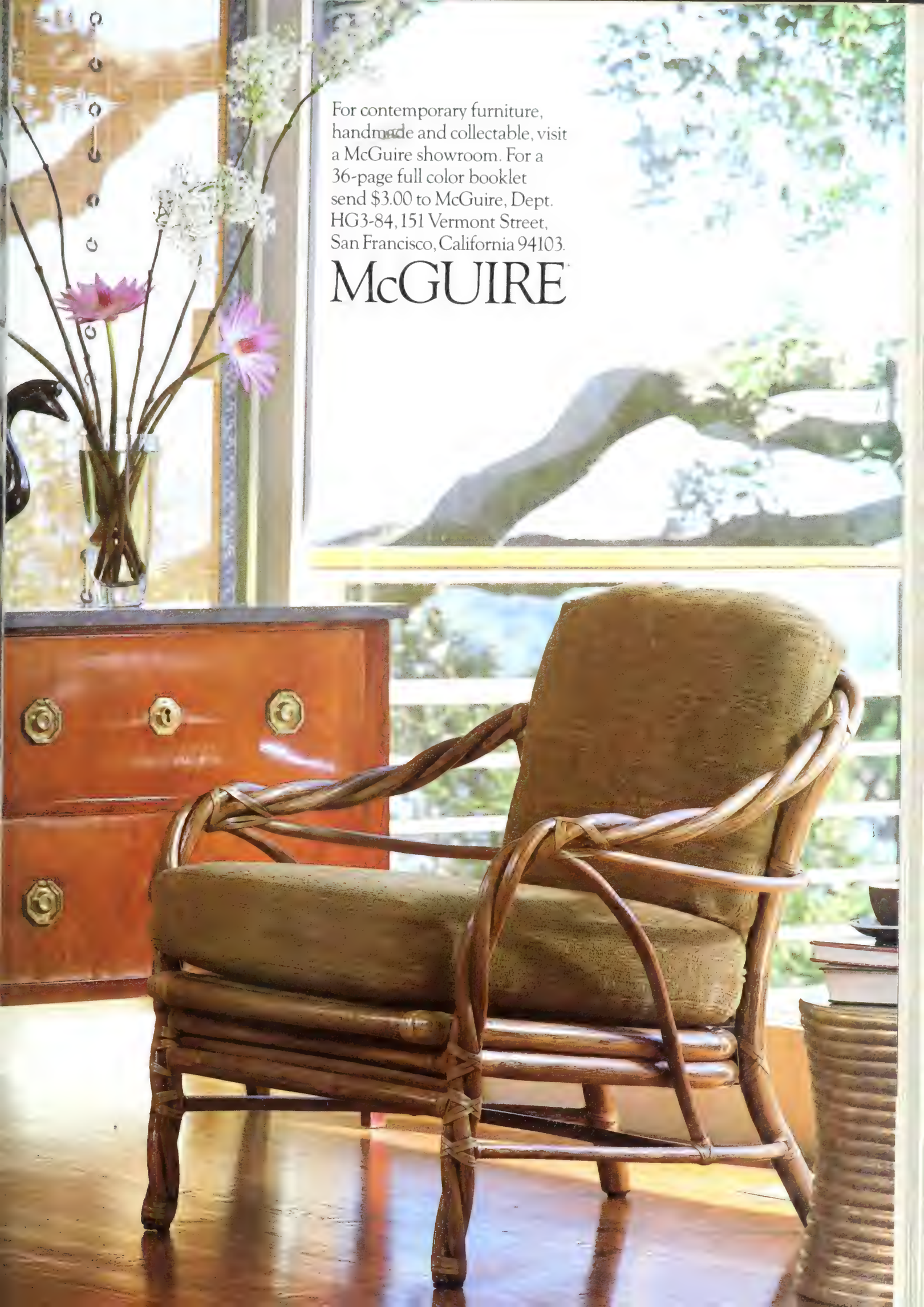
In spite of the development of central heating, the screen was in great demand again by the end of the nineteenth century. Part of its vogue was due to the influx of Japanese decorative objects—fans, embroidered silks, and contemporary gold paper screens—that occured with renewed trade with Japan in the 1850s. These screens were universally incorporated as elements of decoration in actual rooms and also used as major compositional elements in paintings by Whistler, Manet, Tissot, and Sargent.

In the 1890s in France, painters such as Vuillard and Bonnard, who were already inclined to paint the intermixture of patterns of late-nineteenth-century interiors, recorded the fashion for these Japanese goods in their paintings of rooms. The trend then was away from big easel pictures, and these artists—known as the Nabis—turned instead to painting decorative wall panels and elements like screens. Vuillard's commissions for a series of screens for the Natanson family—publishers of the art periodical "La Revue Blanche" and patrons of Vuillard and his friends—represent one of the high moments for the screen as a European art form.

The Oriental screen was not as much an influence on English screenmaking as it was on the French. William Morris and other Englishmen of the Arts and Crafts Movement began making screens again in the 1880s as part of a revival of an interest in needlework based on medieval tapestry and embroidery. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema made a screen, on loan to the National Gallery exhibition, that was both a conversation piece of his bride-to-be's family and a piece of furniture.

The late nineteenth century in England also marked the flowering of the made-at-home scrapbook screen. These highly individual decoupage creations were made by cutting out embossed color pictures—Valentines and Christmas cards included—and pasting them to a mahogany screen which then received a coat of varnish, page 22. Another popular treatment used by amateur screenmakers was the arrangement of cutouts from colorful seed catalogues, which were mixed with photographs or engravings. It was thought then that these screens looked best if color and black-and-white weren't mixed, but in Diana Wilton's contemporary English interpretation, the mixture is a great success.

In our era the creation of screens springs from a wide range of inspiration. Early-twentieth-century craftsmen such as Jean Dunand and Eileen Gray became enamored—as had eighteenth-century craftsmen before them—by the lacquer work of Oriental screens. Both Gray and Dunand studied with a Japanese craftsman to learn the technique. The designs they applied to their *(Continued on page 26)*



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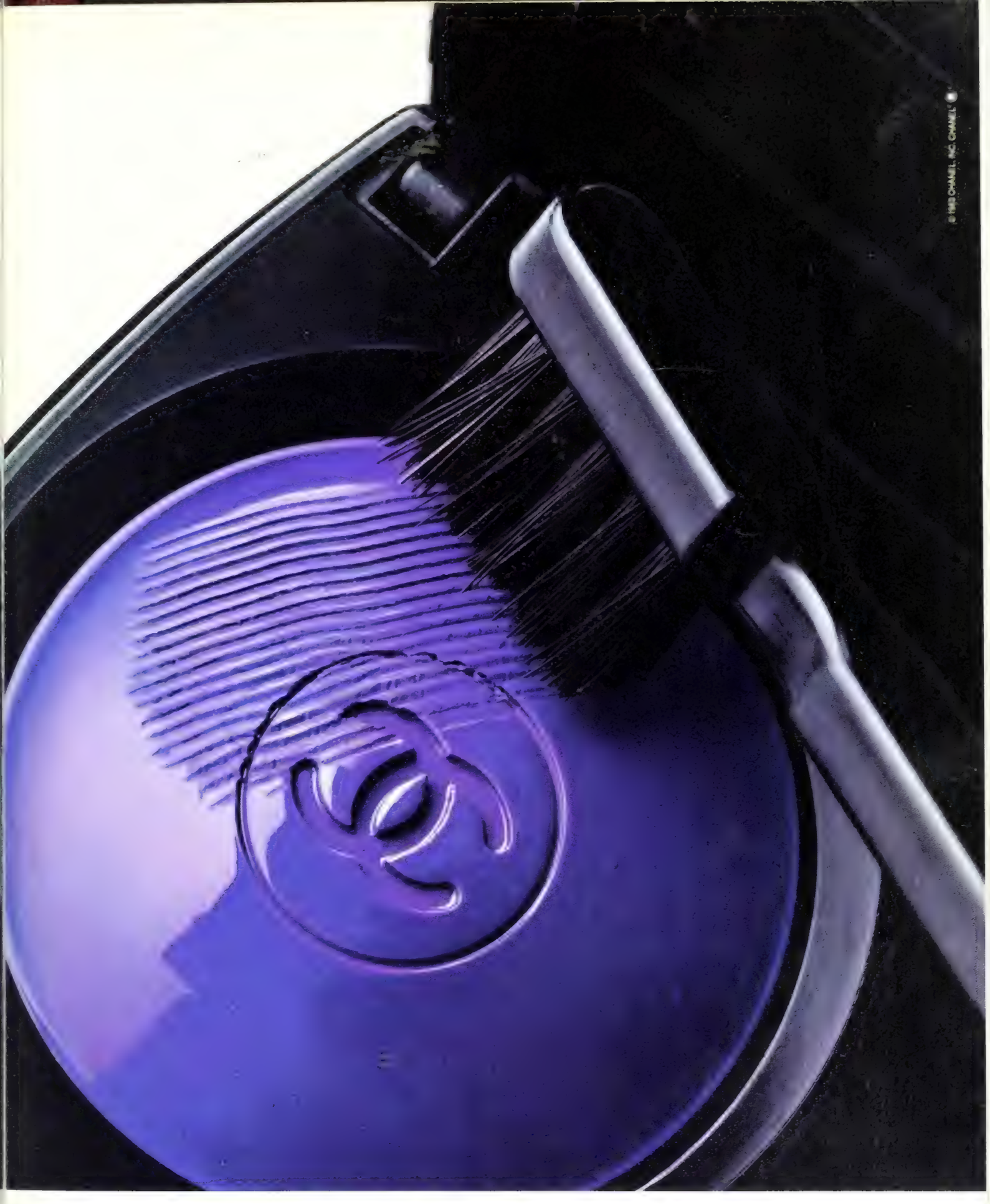
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(Continued from page 24) lacquer screens, however, owed nothing to Oriental designs except that they treated the total surface of the connected panels as one unbroken space.

Some twentieth-century painters have painted screens in the course of tracing Japanese influences on nineteenth-century painters they admired. Others responded to contemporary artistic stimuli and employed the screen form for secondary reasons. During the era of the Omega Workshops, Vanessa Bell used a decorative screen commissioned for a music room as an opportunity to work out four female figures in a Cubist manner. The Surrealists subverted the screen to suit their own agenda by treating the screen as a titillating piece of furniture. Their screens achieved the necessary shock value by being transparent. Other artists experimented with screens as a form of sculpture or as a metaphor for the human body. Very recently the architectural possibilities of screens attracted architects such as Michael Graves, Robert Stern, and Stanley Tigerman to do a group of screens for an exhibition at the Rizzoli Gallery in New York and Chicago, 1982–83.

Though twentieth-century artists and craftsmen have produced numerous screens, the major traffic in the last forty years has been in old screens. Seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century Oriental and European screens have been attractive to collectors and decorators. Today, as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Coromandel screens are valued above the rest. Lesser screens maintain their popularity as they are useful or charming in the room's arrangement. What else could shield the kitchen door from the view of those at the dining table, hide a radiator or television? Wallpaper and carved-wood screens are used in bedrooms or sitting rooms much as they always have been: to give an impression of architecture and create a cozy atmosphere. "New" screens commissioned by decorators over the last fifty years are coming back onto the market undervalued and unidentified. Look for screens by Charles Baskerville, or Elsie Mendl's friend A. Drian. Syrie Maugham's mirrored screens framed in brass are going for a song—an encouraging sign if you'd like to enter the screen game late. □



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UNDER THE BIG SKY

Camping out in the western wing of America's vast museum of landscapes

By Alexander Cockburn

The last time I found myself damning all covered bridges, Vermont, and the Northeast generally, I legged it for the western wing of the national museum, in this instance the swath of country stretching northeast from San Francisco as far as the western ends of Montana and Wyoming, edging into bits of Oregon, Idaho, Utah, and Nevada on the roads thence and thither. This is country famed for its unrivaled collection of landscapes invented by such painters as Alfred Jacob Miller, Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, and Frederic Remington; by such photographers as Timothy O'Sullivan, William Henry Jackson, A.J. Russell, and John K. Hillers. There, between those immense horizons, you can feel the romance and even terror of the frontier and of the wilderness above which, as John J. Ingalls put it, "forever broods a pathetic solemnity born of distance, silence, and solitude."



The author passed this sign for a nonexistent store ten miles south of Wind River Canyon, Wyoming, an hour before sunset.

A purist would no doubt wish to approach this portion of the national museum in a manner consistent with the history of the frontier, inching slowly toward the sunset across the Great Plains. Thus, Herbert Quick wrote of his ancestors, "they turned their faces to the west which they had for generations seen at sunset through traceries of the twigs and leafage of the primal forests, and finally stepped out into the open, where God had cleared the fields, and stood at last with the forests behind them gazing with dazzled eyes . . ." But with advantages denied Quick's forebears we hopped over the Midwest and the Great Plains and started right off with our backs to the sunset, perched above Glenellen on a ridge between the Napa and Sonoma valleys, waiting for the summer fires in the brown, sun-dried grass down the hill to burn right up to the door of our tent.

A lot of people say damn all tents too, but there's no way you can savor landscape and wilderness from the window of a Best Western. In our case Classy Clunkers of Santa Rosa furnished the full-size station wagon, and Eureka the twelve-by-ten-by-eight-foot tent. A word here about tents. Tent architecture has made no advance since the teepee, in which your Indian could at least light a fire. It has indeed regressed since the days of Laurence Olivier's marquee at Agincourt or the majestic shelters on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It is apparently the ambition of the modern mass-produced tent designer to produce something that can be carried up a mountainside on the back of a small dog or child and in which the unfortunate denizens are crammed like refugees from a Turkish earthquake. Let our architects spend less time building skyscrapers and more time making tents that can accommodate beds, tables, and chairs; are uplifting to the eye; and can be erected and dismantled by people of average strength and intelligence in the light of the moon.

The fire was beaten back and, on a hillside fragrant with eucalyptus and the ripening vine, we stowed ourselves into the Clunker and headed north up the coast toward Eureka and that twilight zone where Sublime meets Kitsch, along Redwood Highway. You might think that man, meeting a 250-foot, 2,000-year-old *Sequoia sempervirens,* would be content to leave well enough alone. Man of course has done nothing of the sort. He likes to cut down *Sequoia sempervirens* since, in the words of one local brochure, "it is a superior building material being lightweight, with clear grain and insect resistance."

Another thing man likes to do is saw off, salami-style, slices of *Sequoia sempervirens.* These polished burls are then *(Continued on page 32)*

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(Continued from page 30) ...from the sides of Route 101. Every gift shop in a piece of *Sequoia sempervirens* ... cunningly fashioned into tiny lamps, adorned with the gnomelike figurines that people apparently associate with big trees. Laden with such treasure, the traveler can finally drive, just north of Myers Flat, right through poor old *Sequoia sempervirens*, specifically the "Shrine Drive-thru Tree."

So much for the kitsch. But once you escape Founder's Tree, Chimney Tree, Tree House, Immortal Tree, and all the other plaguy trees where dendrophilia meets the profit motive, you are indeed in an immense, whispering cathedral, amid columns and flying buttresses of those *Sequoia sempervirens,* which so aroused the nineteenth-century traveler and which prompted Joseph B. Strauss, builder of the Golden Gate Bridge, to moralize:

"So shall they live, when ends our day.
When our crude citadels decay;
For brief the years allotted man.
But infinite perennials span . . .
To be like these, straight, true and fine,
To make our world, like theirs, a shrine;
Sink down, Oh, traveler, on your knees,
God stands before you in these trees."

And indeed we did sink down a few hours later in the Patrick's Point state camp ground, 25 miles north of Eureka, less in awe of the godhead in the redwoods than at the splendid view of the Pacific rolling its way onto Agate Beach. I had brought dried chanterelles from New York. A little stock, some red wine, fettucine, and the great red sun fading into the waves; around us the Winnebagos and Airstreams of the older folks stood watch amid the tranquil, decorous repose which is the atmosphere of most state and federal campgrounds after dark in the United States.

The Trinity River heads south from its source high in the Trinity Mountains of northern California and then, level with Redding, hooks west through the coastal range into the Pacific, accompanied most of the way by Route 299. The Trinity is everything you could want from a good mountain river if you were a handy watercolorist somewhere in the early nineteenth century: a profusion of blue pools, white water rapids, and the slower reaches where trout hover in the eddies; redwoods and conifers marching their way steeply up the mountains on either side. From the High Victorian sententiousness of redwood country we headed east across the Sacramento Valley toward the region of fire and ice.

At the southern end of the system of volcanoes and glaciers known as the Cascades, which stretch down from Mount Garibaldi in British Columbia, are Lassen Peak, Mount Shasta, and Crater Lake. After an afternoon circling south and east of the perfect fourteen-thousand-foot cone of Mount Shasta, we drove into Lava Beds National Monument. This is relatively high country, five thousand feet or so above sea level. The land is semi-arid, but covered with Sierra juniper, bitterbush, sage, mountain mahogany, and fern bush. Slightly to our north were the lava beds themselves where, from 1872 to 1873 the Modoc chief known as Captain Jack held off the U.S. Army for six months, inflicting 168 casualties and costs of $500,000 against nineteen dead Modocs, including four hanged and one suicide.

As they led Captain Jack toward the gallows the preacher discoursed on the felicities of heaven. "Do you like this place called Heaven?" Captain Jack asked the man of God. The preacher gave another glowing description and Captain Jack said, "I'll tell you what I will do. I'll give you 25 head of ponies if you take my place, as you say Heaven is such a nice place; because I do not like to go right now." There was no taker, and Captain Jack's embalmed body was sent on a tour of the East. The Modocs, who uniquely had been in one place from the time of settlement of North America until the coming of the Europeans, were sent to a small reservation in Kansas and soon ceased to exist. We looked at drawings in the lava pipes made by Captain Jack's ancestors a thousand years ago and went to sleep to the boom of nighthawks.

If the concept of the picturesque had to be defined for a primitive Modoc, I suppose Crater Lake, eight thousand feet up and a few hours' drive north of the Lava Beds into Oregon would do the trick. There is something almost banal *(Continued on page 36)*

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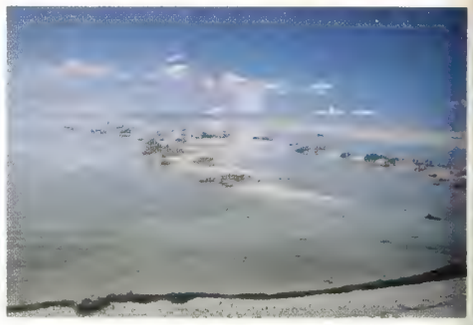
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(Continued from page 32) about the perfection of this crater filled with indigo water, two thousand feet deep. It is almost certainly the scene of the greatest volcanic explosion in postglacial time, greater even than the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883. Some 6,600 years ago 42 cubic miles of a mountain posthumously known as Mazama lifted into the air, leaving the six-mile-wide caldera now called Crater Lake.

We slept above the snow line, some four miles back from the crater lip, and next morning drove out of this nineteenth-century postcard into the minimal tones and vast empty canvases of southeast Oregon and northwest Nevada. The road stretched ten, twenty miles ahead of us through the Sheldon National Wildlife Refuge, drained of all but two or three tones: brown, olive, and sage green. If Crater Lake was Smokey-the-Bear landscape, with the odor of ursine cuteness, this was landscape as enemy. As a woman homesteader said on first seeing the prairie, "Why, there isn't even a thing one can hide behind."

On the map it looked as though there was a nice place to camp in the Santa Rosa mountains, sixty miles north of Winnemucca. The Clunker groaned its way through twilit hairpins up to eight thousand feet. Our only companions in eternity seemed to be the westward flying plane 38,000 feet above our heads: landscape as silence. The wind picked up as we pegged the tent to a boulder-strewn slope. In the night the wind and rain came, and the tent fell. Trembling with cold, I lashed the canvas ruins to a rock and drank heavily against the hope of dawn.

For two days we cut up through Idaho, through the Sawtooth National Forest, past Ketchum and the peaked horrors of ski condos, along a Salmon river swollen and muddy with rare summer rains. Fly fishermen swore sadly in the saloons. The lush Sawtooths gave way to the bareness of the Lost River Range. We turned south from Salmon to Leadore, traveling down the fertile, Mormon-settled Lemhi Valley. East of us was the Bitterroot Range and the Continental Divide. We climbed the divide and found a marker. To the very day, 178 years earlier the advance guard of Lewis and Clark's expedition had reached the same spot. As their *Journal* put it, what they believed to be the remotest headwater of the Missouri "had so greatly diminished in width that one of the men in a fit of enthusiasm, with one foot on each side of the river, thanked God he had lived to bestride the Missouri. . . . They had now reached the hidden sources of that river, which had never yet been seen by civilized man; and as they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain—as they sat down by the brink of that little rivulet, which yielded its distant and modest tribute to the parent ocean, they felt themselves rewarded for all their labors and all their difficulties."



After a night in Flaming Gorge, the author had this view from Rte. 80 of the Great Salt Lake at noon.

Just north of the Montana-Idaho state line we drove through an enchanted upland landscape, through the fens, red hills, and quiet waters of the Red Rock Wildlife Refuge, devoid of man, to the first national park created—in 1872—in the United States: overloaded, overcrowded, ever-popular Yellowstone.

Here is where the photographer Jackson and the painters Bierstadt and Moran invented nineteenth-century western landscape in its Sublime form. As the U.S. Senate pondered the bill creating the first national park, Jackson's photographs of the geysers were distributed, handsomely bound, as the *coup de grace* in persuasion.

One has to go back to the first descriptions of Yellowstone to appreciate the tremendous impact the scenery, the gorge, the falls, and the geysers had upon the nineteenth-century imagination. Though the trapper Jim Colter had explored the area in 1807 no one believed his descriptions of what they derisively called "Colter's Hell." No one believed Jim Bridger's reports of Yellowstone in the 1840s either. As late as 1869 Lippincott rejected David Folsom's *(Continued on page 38)*

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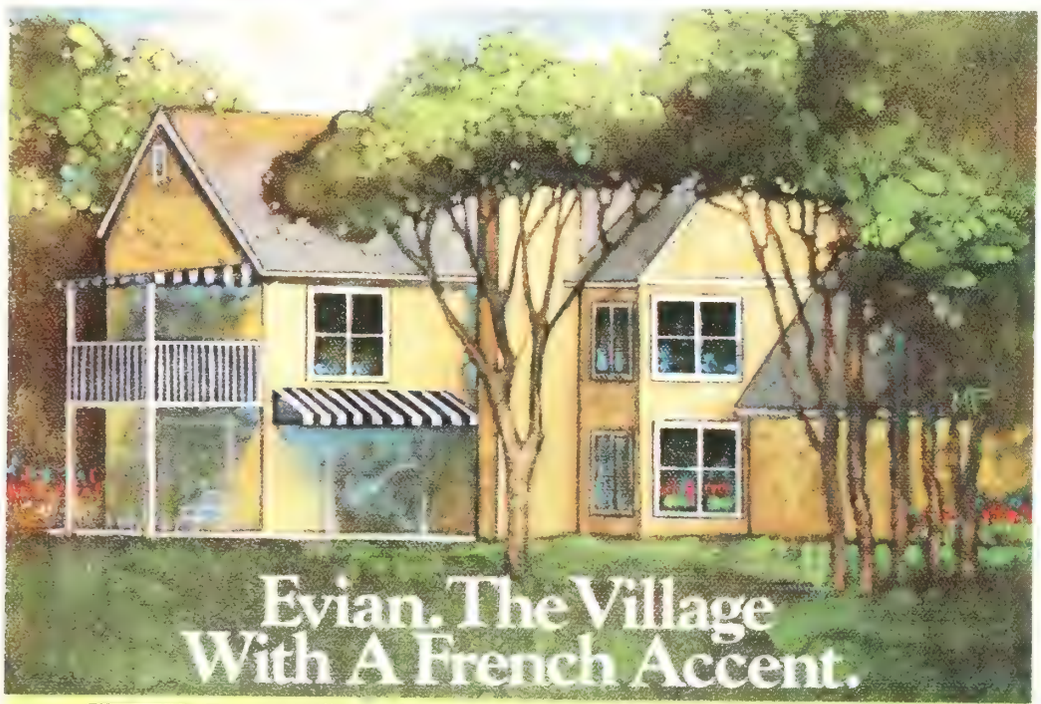
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(Continued from page 36) detailed account of the Folsom–Cook–Peterson expedition on the grounds that the publisher did not publish fiction.

Folsom's account, published finally in the *Western Monthly,* did prompt expeditions in 1870 (Washburne–Doane) and 1871 (the Hayden survey) that led to the final "discovery" of Yellowstone. "Taken as an aggregate," Lieutenant Doane wrote, "the Firehole basin surpasses all other great wonders of the continent. It produces an effect on the mind of the beholder utterly staggering and overpowering." Dr. Hayden, even more enthusiastic, announced that "life becomes a privilege and a blessing after one has seen and thoroughly felt its cunning skill." Nathaniel Langford, one of the 1870 group, said almost blasphemously of one geyser, "We were standing on the side of the geyser nearest the sun, the gleams of which filled the sparkling column of water and spray with myriads of rainbows, whose arches were constantly changing . . . while the minute globules into which the spent jets were diffused when falling sparkled like a shower of diamonds and around every shadow . . . could be seen a luminous circle . . . resembling the halo of glory represented in paintings as encircling the head of Divinity. Two of these wonderful eruptions occurred during the 22 hours we remained in the valley. This geyser we named 'The Giantess.'"

It takes a touching, pre-Freudian innocence to call one geyser "The Giantess" and another "Old Faithful," and it was an undoubtedly sensual fervor with which these Victorians saw the geysers as symbolic both of abandon and of self-control. Of Old Faithful's supposedly rigid regularity Hiram Chittenden, the great historian of Yellowstone, said inaccurately that "a chronometer is scarcely more regular in its action."

Poor park today! Red Rock Refuge, less than a hundred miles farther west, may be empty, but all day long lines of cars and trailers went through Yellowstone. The campgrounds are full. Here is not solitude or grandeur but the business of Broadway or of Disney, subduing The Giantess, Old Faithful, and the others to the status of country-fair freaks. At night the grizzlies, now denied the garbage to which they had over the *(Continued on page 42)*

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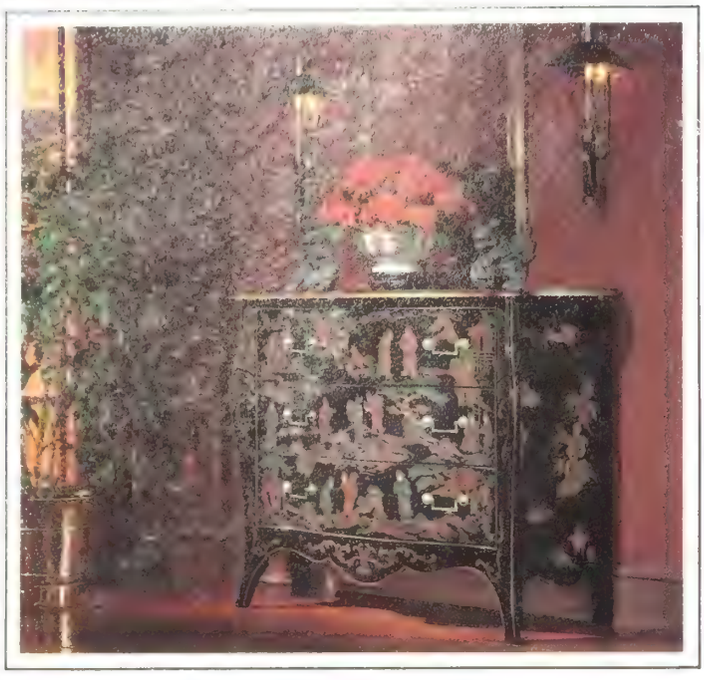


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(Continued from page 38) years become habituated, menace the campgrounds. "Ate seventy pounds of a fellow over in West Yellowstone," an old-timer remarked to me with satisfaction. "Right out of his sleeping bag. Fool didn't take off the clothes he'd been cooking in." Yellowstone should be closed for a decade, allowed to breathe and to recover.

We reached the easternmost extent of our landscape tour, and there in the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, in the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, we could see its history from the zealous anthropology of Karl Bodmer and George Catlin through the romanticism of Bierstadt and Moran to the mythic, racist vulgarities of Charles M. Russell. Alongside the paintings there are the "facts" of western iconography: the saddle that developed from the simple stirrup link and lasso pommel of gauchos to the ornate and immensely heavy show saddles of the late nineteenth century; the rifles and six-guns that in one generation cleared the West and animated the rodeos which toured the States and Europe.

We stayed a week in one of the oldest and still the best of the dude ranches, Valley Ranch on the south fork of the Shoshone. Then, alone in the Clunker, I headed west again. Down through the Wind River canyon I headed over hills, green trees against red earth, surging west toward the Rockies. Over South Pass, known to tens of thousands of emigrants on the Oregon Trail, and where two women organized suffrage in the territory in 1869, I drove to Flaming Gorge. The hills of northeastern Utah opened down into Salt Lake City and the great desert to its west. Desert and sky mirrored each other and married on the horizon in feathery blue-and-white mirages. Now it was landscape as endurance, months for the pioneers and scarcely two days for me through Utah and the empty hills of northern Nevada. Damn all hills! Damn Interstate 80! Damn the Clunker! There at last were the Sierras and the Donner Pass and not long thereafter the orchards and vineyards of Napa. For me it was closing time in the western wing of the museum where, finally, in the wine country, landscape loops back upon itself and we could be in old Europe once again. □

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VAN DAY TRUEX

The man behind the Parsons table edited the world of design with a faultless eye

By Christopher Hemphill



Van Day Truex photographed in Paris in the thirties. Collection: Albert Hadley

"Interiors speak!" Van Day Truex declaimed in a lecture delivered more than forty years ago. He had just returned to America after an extended stay in France and was recounting what he had learned. Over the following four decades, American interiors came to speak through him. In time, he became their preeminent mouthpiece. First at the Parsons School of Design and later at Tiffany & Co., he exercised an influence that so populates the present landscape as to be almost imperceptible.

Take, for example, the now-ubiquitous Parsons table. At Parsons it was never known as such. In keeping with Truex's architectural bent, it was called the "T-square table." He had borrowed its design from Jean Michel Frank, with whom he shared a problematic relationship with modernity perhaps best described as "avant-garde traditionalism." Frank, however, was a tragically ill-starred figure estranged as a French exile in New York from the hurly-burly of American commerce, while Truex enjoyed conspicuous good fortune both before and after his repatriation. Even when his hair turned silver he was still called a golden boy.

His gift of gab, allied with a genuine and flattering interest in other people, made him a born teacher, and he never abandoned the pedagogic habit. With his peculiar combination of reticence and flamboyance, he was destined to be a legendary figure within the decorating world but largely unknown outside of it. To his often determinedly silly profession, he brought high seriousness, and his contribution forms part of the history of what might be called the "Europeanization" of American taste.

In 1925 he had arrived at the Paris branch of Parsons to study with the austere William Odom, himself an important part of that history. Truex, however, was a different sort of expatriate. A thoroughly American physical type with ears like Dumbo's, a jaw like Dick Tracy's, and a figure like a scarecrow's that looked good in clothes, he could be as expansive as his native Kansas. Divining the secret of many another American in Paris, he charmed the French by speaking their language perfectly but with a distinct Middle Western twang, and he had something to say. Add to this his good manners, his unfailing sobriety, the social fluidity of Paris *(Continued on page 46)*

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Above left: Lady Mendl at the Villa Trianon. *Center, top:* An arrangement over the fireplace at Truex's first house in Provence. *Center, bottom:* Partygoers photographed by Truex before the Beistegui Ball in Venice, 1951. *Above right:* Rock crystal in the dining room of the Villa Trianon

(Continued from page 44) in the halcyon-sounding days between the wars, and it is no wonder that he got around.

"It was all there—the provocative, the intellectual, the brilliant, the creative," he wrote toward the end of his life about the effect that Paris had had on him. His modesty prevented him from adding that he had also affected the French. His seersucker jacket, blue jeans, and sneakers were seen as complementing the "poor chic" propagated by Chanel and Frank. Unlike theirs, Truex's style represented a triumph over actual poverty. In décor he evolved a sort of poor man's version of the famous striped and tented dining room at Lady Mendl's Villa Trianon which he soon knew well, doing over his rooms completely in mattress ticking. When he revived this material in New York after the Second World War, it became something of a cliché among his students. "Don't forget to shrink it first," he would remind them with characteristic practicality.

Parsons *coulisse* gossip of that period, which today can be neither confirmed nor denied, had it that Truex, in order to pay for his education in Paris, had worked as Odom's chauffeur for one day; after that, the story went, he rode in back. Whether this is apocryphal or not, his rise was an extraordinarily rapid one. Soon assuming many of Odom's teaching duties, he eventually took over his job.

Truex's talents flourished in several media. In addition to beginning a series of sepia-ink drawings of landscapes, he also became a passionate amateur photographer of his wide and wordly circle, keeping the results in albums that few saw. Toward the end of the thirties volumes an ominous note appears. Just too old to be drafted, Truex returned to New York in 1940 and soon assumed the presidency of Parsons.

The war years, as recorded in his albums, seem an idyllic succession of country weekends with friends like the Gilbert Millers and the Harrison Williamses. Truex's undeniable snobbism was of a piece with his sense of quality; he was a connoisseur of people as well as things. Wartime, however, was hardly a propitious time for interior decoration, let alone its promulgation. Only after the war did Truex emerge as more than a particularly charming extra man.

Because of the G.I. Bill, Parsons in 1946 had its largest enrollment to date—all of sixty students. Odom had just died and Truex had become the school's director. Unlike his predecessor, he made himself available to all. Like most good teachers, however, he taught by indirection; his comments were often gnomic and usually cautionary. Many of them haunt their interlocutors to this day. Albert Hadley remembers a pronouncement on an exercise in chinoiserie: "Be careful that it doesn't look like an Upper West Side chop suey parlor"; for David Whitcomb, who had designed a canopied bed lined with orange-red silk, it is "Take care that is doesn't look like the burning of Brünnhilde"; for Joseph Braswell, who had become enamored of trompe-l'oeil effects at Palladio's Teatro Olimpico during a Parsons tour of Italy: "Beware of vistas. It might be a dead-end street."

Even students unable to afford the advantages of the European tours were made to feel *(Continued on page 48)*

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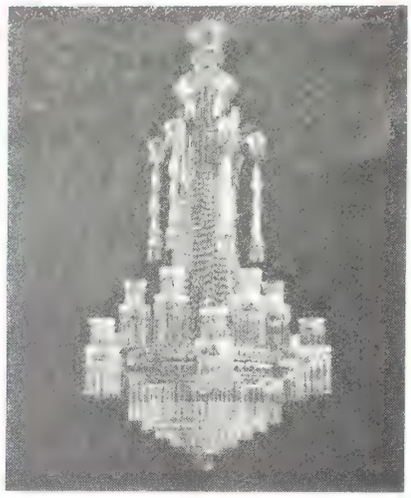
of color. The detail of the table base in the kitchen, at left, demonstrates the special effects that can be created. This bathroom's two-tier countertop, also by Charles Morris Mount, has a clean, uncluttered look. Its unusual, subtle colors are just two of the many color options COLORCORE offers beyond the standard shades.

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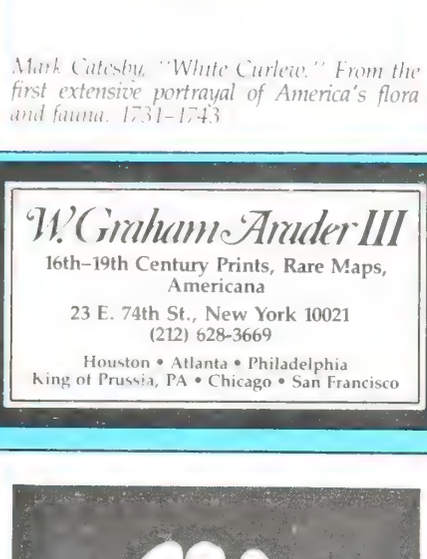
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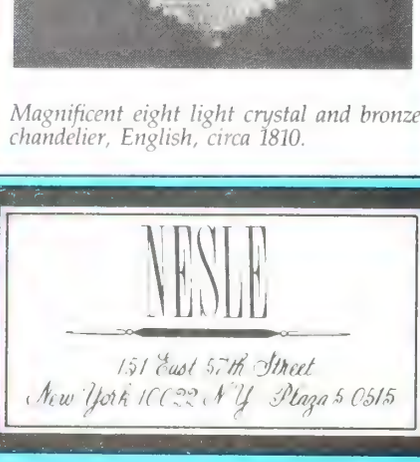
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(Continued from page 46) "at home in the world," a condition Truex considered the central purpose of education. Sharing the benefits of his worldly conquests, he arranged for them to see the grandest interiors that he knew. After they graduated he helped them get jobs and continued to follow their careers with interest. When he introduced Albert Hadley, who was working for his good friend Mrs. Archibald Brown of McMillen Inc., to Mrs. Henry Parish II, another good friend, he inaugurated one of the most influential collaborations in modern American decorating.

Naturally, his own style of living had the greatest influence on his disciples. In the forties, he redecorated his small apartment at regular two-year intervals—first green, then red, then umber with neutral accents—and had the results published. The latter scheme and its converse were to suit him for the rest of his life. Typically, he had picked up the idea in Europe. It had precedents in both Syrie Maugham's modish "all-white" schemes and in the more cerebral work of Frank. Some maintain that Truex suffered from a mild form of color blindness in which contraries like red and green are disquieting. If this is the case, he made an advantage out of his liability that had far-reaching consequences in the work of his students, even as they quoted a remark of Billy Baldwin, his best friend, that became celebrated: "Van, you're going to beige yourself to death!"

As it happened, Truex never succumbed to insipidity. His monochromaticism was always governed by what he called "a structural and grammatical sense of color," and, above all, by his single-minded powers of control. "Control," "edit," and "distill" were his favorite words. Each redecoration and change of his apartments was supposed to represent a distillation of what had preceded. Of these apartments, the next to the last, on Park Avenue, is perhaps best remembered by his disciples.

"When I saw it, I thought, 'You wouldn't have to go to Parsons,' " Inman Cook, a former Truex student who now owns Woolworks on Madison Avenue, recalls. "If you were smart, you could have picked everything up from that apartment. It was a there— *(Continued on page 51*

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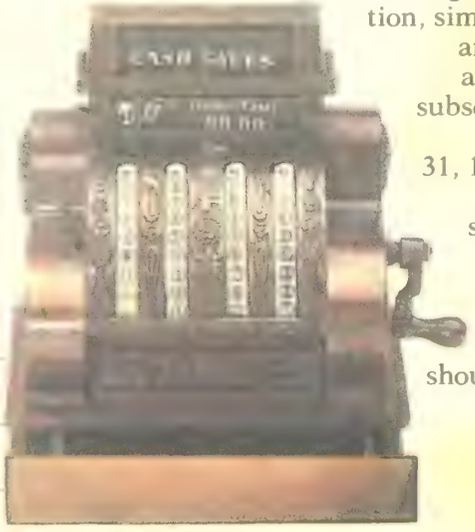
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(Continued from page 48) the bare floors, the so-called Parsons tables, the Giacometti lamps, the black lacquer, the rattan, and especially the arrangements. At first glance, everything was on an axis and completely symmetrical. Then you saw one thing, then another, ever so slightly off—quite intentionally."

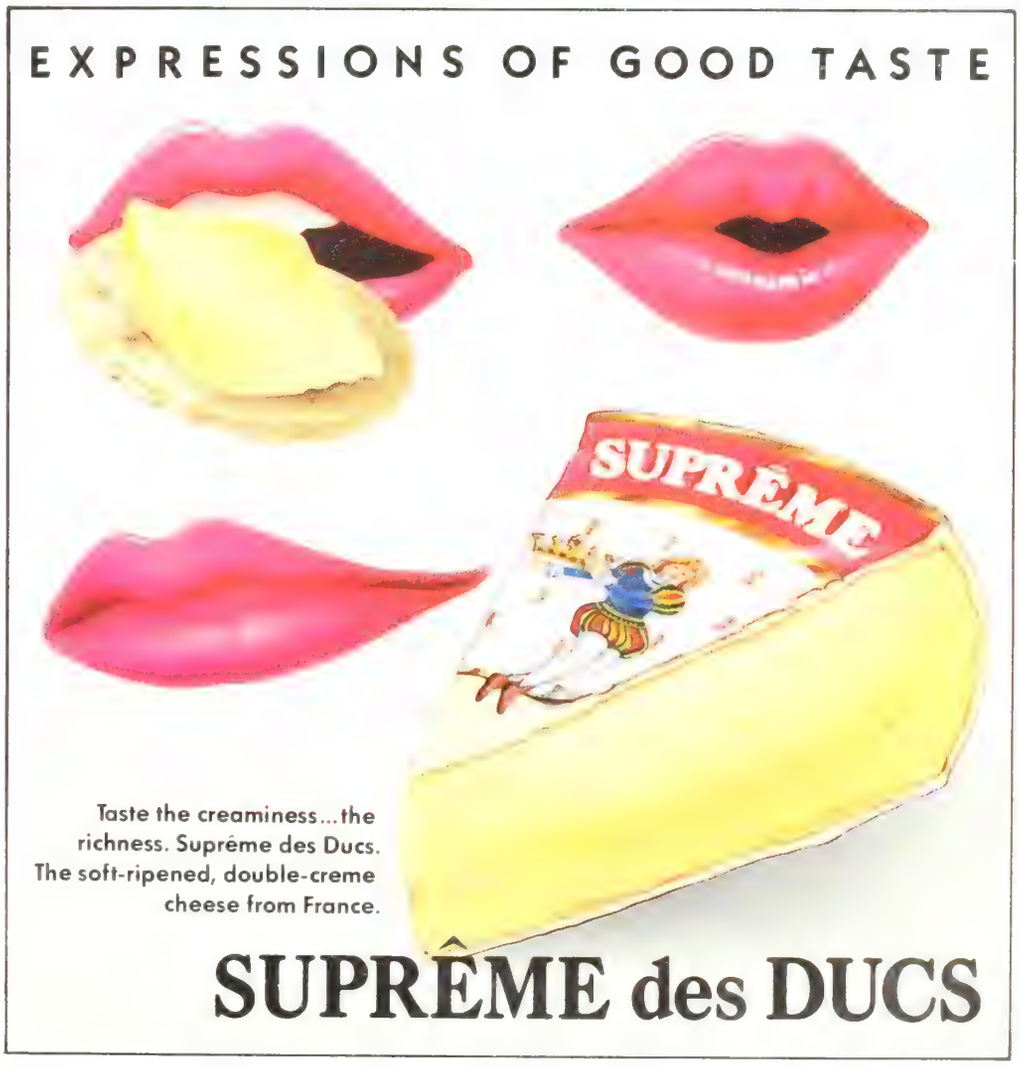
This play between symmetry and symmetry as a constant in Truex's aesthetic; he liked to invoke as an example the random deployment of light movable furniture against rigidly symmetrical boiserie in eighteenth-century French rooms. At Parsons such arrangements found quasi-scientific status in a system known as "Dynamic Symmetry." Formulated by Frank Alvah Parsons, after whom the school was named, it had been taught by Odom to Truex, who taught it to all his students. With the aid of tracing paper, they were enjoined to superimpose first a rectangular grid, then an intricate series of diagonal axes upon a photograph of an exemplary object—say, an Attic vase—in order to discover its constituent properties of balance. While many of Truex's devices—his predilection for overscaled furniture in small rooms and his use of empty space in large ones, among others—have since become canonical, their architectonic underpinnings have fallen into disuse. Despite its period-sounding name, the system is surely due for a revival.

In 1953 Parsons changed suddenly and drastically. Before, the atmosphere had been frankly elitist and rather clubby. Impecunious but promising protégés were subsidized by discreet scholarships secured by Truex from his rich friends. Now, the trustees decided that the school should embark on something more along the lines of mass education. Truex was out of a job.

He told his friends that he thought his life was over. Naturally, new opportunities arose almost immediately. First, engaged as a consultant by Yale & Towne, he commissioned a line of architectural hardware from artists like Miró, Léger, and Noguchi. Then, in 1955, Walter Hoving enlisted him as the design director of Tiffany & Co., a connection maintained until his death.

"Stuffy, boring, old-fashioned, middle-class, (Continued on page 52)





[illegible] Billy Baldwin's characterization of the store when Truex arrived. "Van took it by the horns and absolutely reformed its china, glass, and silverware." Although his mandate was to modernize the store, he disliked the impractical side of much modern design. He considered streamlined silverware that is difficult to hold and cylindrical glasses impossible to stack attempts to reinvent the wheel. He preferred to revive classical European techniques and forms. While his taste, consonant with the fashion of the fifties for organic forms, owed much to nature, it was usually nature interpreted through the medium of art, notably that of the eighteenth century. As a result, most of what he chose looks timeless and remains in production.

At Este, he weaned artisans from ceramic jugglers for tourists and set them to making faïence caprices like plates with trompe-l'oeil olives resting on them instead. Similarly, he encouraged Portuguese silversmiths to simplify their traditional trompe-l'oeil work and had them make boxes in the shapes of apples, oranges, and peapods. A workshop in Paris known as Le Tallec was employed to hand-paint Tiffany's "Private Stock" porcelain with patterns edited by Truex from great European examples. In the Wedgwood archives, he found all its old shell molds and had them put back into production. He did the same thing with Venetian crystal vases, whose surfaces he enlivened with scalings, checkerings, and honeycomb patterns, playing irregular patterning against regular forms in keeping with the system of "Dynamic Symmetry."

He also liked the play of one medium imitating another. Several of his own designs, like a disarming silver copy of a humble berry basket, were inspired by the old Parisian "poor chic" idea. Probably his best-known design is a Baccarat crystal decanter in the shape of a Bordeaux bottle, which he called "Van *ordinaire*." Although in the collection of The Museum of Modern Art, it is modern only in its purity and classicism of form. The world of existing things, Truex felt, contains all things we need just waiting to be found. What *is* modern about his example is his elevation of the editing process to a kind of authorship.

The editing never stopped. Although in his inaugural American lecture he had decried "changing an address as often as a lady changes her season's hats," he continued to do exactly that. He tried to spend half of every year in a succession of houses in Provence—the first Louis XIII and



A furniture arrangement at Truex's last house in Provence.

rather grand, the second a decrepit farmhouse he completely rebuilt, and the last, right up against a hill in Ménerbes, a house he built from scratch that looked as if it had always been there. All were simply outfitted with rattan and furniture made by local carpenters. Attracted by Truex's cooking and conversation, guests at these houses happily submitted to a spartan regimen like their host's that began at dawn and ended, because of his distaste for drinking, early in the evening.

From Provence, he issued broadsides against what he called "the blast of promotion and the blast of fashion." In truth, back in New York he excelled at orchestrating both. He was without even the more appealing sort of sentimentality; after his apartments and houses had been published, he invariably lost interest in them. Just as he had sold his house in Ménerbes for francs, the hill next to it collapsed, convincing him the sale would fall through. Not only did it not, but the franc in the meantime went way up. " 'Van,' I told him," his business adviser and friend John Pierrepont recalls, " 'everything you touch turns to gold.' "

The commercialization of his work in other hands troubled him not on bit. He furnished his last apartment a most entirely with inexpensive Doc Store versions of his old Parsons "T square" furniture. Here, after *on* cocktail, never two, he would conduc tête-à-têtes at a table set with a "Van *o dinaire,*" his widely imitated "Bam boo" silverware for Tiffany's, an Wedgwood Drabware—"awful name marvelous color," in his words. Eve the food was beige—blanquette d veau or scrambled eggs à la Elsi Mendl, the latter a concoction involv ing curry powder and cream. "Th trick is to know a few good recipes b heart," Truex would observe with wink, "and then repeat them."

Strangely enough, for all his *savoi vivre,* he also had a markedly morbi side. Toward the end of his life he too to carrying a cyanide pill on his person terrified that he might suddenly be come enfeebled, and constantly re wrote his list of bequests, neve changing the names of recipients lik Brooke Astor and Mary Rockefelle but always reshuffling the particula possessions.

His planned retirement never came In the fall of 1979 while visiting Con necticut with a group of friends, th fabric designer Alan Campbell amon them, he found what he thought woul be the perfect house for that retire ment. Although he made courtly apo ogies for not feeling better, as far as h friends could see he was as engaging a ever. That evening, apparently un aware, he suffered a fatal heart attac back in New York.

"Van was above all a teacher, Campbell recalls. " 'There!' he used t love to say and then wait for your reac tion. I remember when it was a field o lavender around an abbey in Provenc that he had decided was the *most* beau tiful thing in the world. Have you eve seen a field of lavender? It was beaut ful but odd—bare earth with littl clumps of lavender. When we returne to the house in Ménerbes I saw it as for the first time. It was surrounded b masses of lavender and masses of ye low butterflies. I think Van cultivate the lavender. For all I know, he cult vated the butterflies, too." □

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Barbara Kafka tastes with, from left, Joseph Baum, original consultant to Windows on the World; Tony Aigner, of the restaurant's operating company; and André René, its chef.

A GOLDEN PALATE

How the joys of eating put Barbara Kafka on the road to culinary celebrity

By Mary Cantwell

Barbara Kafka is a very thin, well-dressed resident of Manhattan's Upper East Side who tastes rather than eats. So do many of her neighbors—how else account for the skinniness of the women strolling upper Madison Avenue?—but with this difference. When Barbara Kafka tastes, her taste buds behave like the pinball machine in *The Time of Your Life*. When properly played they go crazy.

Barbara Kafka's taste buds have total recall and elegant perceptions. "It's just that I know how things taste, and why they do, and how they should," she says in an attempt to explain a phenomenon as inexplicable as perfect pitch. But however modestly Ms. Kafka may choose to describe her talented tongue, the fact is that it has brought her close to the summit of the food world. As the head of Barbara Kafka Associates, she advises food industry presidents and restaurant entrepreneurs, and in California, America's new gastro-intestinal heaven, she is "practically a celebrity."

The food world is not agribusiness, although who's to say that a James Beard endorsement of turnips might not result in several thousand more acres being planted annually? More likely, however, is the food world's power to affect the fortunes of the grower of sugar snap peas, the maker of goat cheese, the small operator up there . . . in Maine, say . . . who markets a superior mussel. Such people, once hailed, may find themselves rich and certainly respected. If, as someone once said, distinction in the sixties meant having your hairdresser for an escort, in the eighties it means being cozy with a chef. Not any chef, mind you, only those who, like Alice Waters of Berkeley's Chez Panisse, bring to food what Kenneth Battelle brought to hair. Miss Waters's goat-cheese soufflé, for instance, is as much a trend-setter for now as was Kenneth's (and Mrs. JFK's) bouffant in 1960.

It's amazing. Twenty years ago America didn't have a food world. I had people who wrote cookbooks, people who worked for women's magazines and knew how to make a tuna casserole look good, and a citizenry blissfully ignorant of competition eating. Then, almost overnight, such questions as, "Did you read Craig [Claiborne] on Baumanière last week?", "Is this Julia [Child]'s mousse?" and "Have you tried Michael [Field]'s veal?" began to sound throughout the land. Suddenly the time was right for Barbara Kafka, and Barbara Kafka was right for the time.

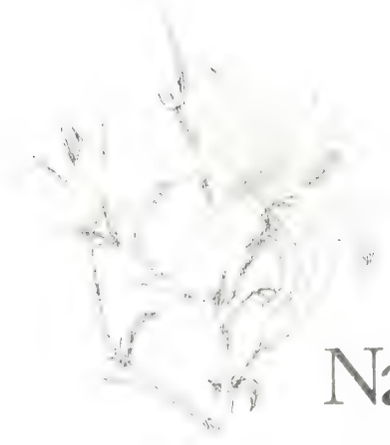
She was born and grew up in New York City, the "spoiled only child" of a lawyer and a gentleman in the fragrance business. Her mother, being too busy litigating, didn't cook, but Rachel Wellman did. Rachel was a black woman who came from Canada and was raised by *(Continued on page 56)*



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(Continued from page 54) the Salvation Army—not a promising beginning for a *fine bouche*—but she could cook "anything you described." Rachel was the reason Barbara Kafka hung around the kitchen. "I got a great feel for cooking there," she says. "There was love attached to it." Rachel's kitchen was also the source of a cake Ms. Kafka has still not figured out how to duplicate. "Chocolate with whipped cream between the layers, over which she kind of floated another layer of chocolate."

But there was more to Ms. Kafka's early culinary education than Rachel. There was France, a word that evokes an idea as well as a country. "For me, a New York Jewish child of a first-generation father—my parents came enormous distances in their own lives—France was culture." Intermingled with that culture was its cuisine, and to those who came of age in the fifties France's was the only cuisine. Anything else was cookery. That the word *means* cookery was irrelevant. If one was eating steak it was food; if the steak had a sauce on it and was the work of a restaurant called La Whatever, it was cuisine. Being a New Yorker, and an affluent one at that, Ms. Kafka was lucky enough to be exposed to America's few temples of French cooking.

When she married, shortly after Radcliffe, Ms. Kafka took to her own kitchen the love of food she'd learned at Rachel's elbow, a desire to do her mother one better, a fearful perfectionism, and a low threshold of boredom. "I kept trying out things," she says, "comparing six or seven recipes and looking for the urtext." She also liked performing for guests: "There is always the danger of showing off."

Until she got pregnant and quit (the mother having worked, the daughter didn't want to), Ms. Kafka was in book and magazine publishing, usually as a copy editor, and burned to write. But what about? Leo Lerman, then an editor of *Mademoiselle,* settled it for her. "Write about food," he said.

So she did. She undertook a restaurant column for *Playbill,* paid for everything out of her own pocket, and probably operated at a loss. Wrote fairly regularly for a fashion magazine, did an article for its arch-rival and was startled when her first editor never spoke to her again. Translated a book of menus and *(Continued on page 58)*



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(Continued from page 56) recipes by Toulouse-Lautrec. Pulled together a book about kitchen equipment. Edited and translated a French magazine about wines.

Ms. Kafka's progress was not vertical but horizontal, which, contrary to the theory that lateral moves are mistaken, often creates useful eddies. There came a time when she had done so much, however amateurish her start, that "How about Barbara Kafka?" became the almost inevitable answer to "Do you know anyone who could . . . ?"

Joseph Baum, a brilliant restaurant entrepreneur, thinks that Barbara Kafka can do just about anything. "The way I work is generally to exhaust the possibilities, and with Barbara there are always endless possibilities. So when we work together there's a kind of point counterpoint. Barbara's fertile . . . she's forever raising the horizons . . . and she has a great mass of information." He hired her to help buy the table service for his Windows on the World in the World Trade Center, but plates proved only a base for a pyramid. Ms. Kafka also worked on the wine list, recommended the cellar master, advised on the menus, and eventually hit the kitchens. "When you start working with the chefs," she says, "you're working in an artisanal world. And sometimes being innocent about a lot of things helps. You just do it." Asked the source of the confidence that enables her to "just do it," she replies, "a kind of intellectual arrogance." "What Joe saw in his head was more created than defined, so I began to define it. You could call it . . . an attempt to define American high style in food."

Just what is American food, let alone when it's high style, is something currently puzzling those who make a living thinking about such things. Purists claim that American food is that which is essentially indigenous: e.g., johnnycake with maple syrup. Another camp makes a claim for all the ingredients in the melting pot, but cooked so as to achieve apotheosis: e.g. Craig Claiborne's menus for the Economic Summit Meeting at Williamsburg last May, which featured a Tex-Mex luncheon and the occasional bagel. Judging by a dinner Ms. Kafka devised for *Vogue* several years ago, she is of the latter group. The "typical Kafka Menu" listed shrimp quenelles with watercress sauce, borscht, poached chicken with summer vegetables, and poached pears filled with pear sherbet.

After "Windows," Ms. Kafka edited a small and rather special magazine called *Cooking* (since rechristened *The Pleasures of Cooking*). "With that as a fallback position," she says, "I figured I could start my own business." Which is to say, Barbara Kafka Associates.

"I give the same advice to someone who wants to open a restaurant that an editor would give a writer. You prune the idea so it's clear to people, and you make everything else relate to it. But you've also got to make money, so you think about leftovers too, and of not having everything in the broiler unit at the same time."

Barbara Kafka Associates also works on products—recently they developed recipes for an ice-cream machine—and Ms. Kafka herself is the inventor of a power whisk. Her store, Star-Spangled Foods, which was supposed to be to American food what New York's America Hurrah is to American folk art, folded after eleven months. "It may have been," she muses, "a touch premature." After *Cooking* she edited *The Four Seasons;* at the moment she's finishing a book, *Food for Friends,* advising a new Greenwich Village restaurant, which she says should have "the informality of a bar and the convenience of a restaurant," and writing a monthly column for *Vogue.*

The years of cooking, tasting, and cogitating have left Ms. Kafka, if not precisely jaded, a bit fatigued. "Eating," she reports ruefully, "is not the fun it used to be. I can never be innocent again." That's the kind of thing a lot of successful people say: the arrival is never as much fun as the ascent. And this ascent, although often rocky, has been unusually pleasant in that Ms. Kafka has almost always managed to avoid a nine-to-five job. But when one mentions her luck in being able to afford the luxury of failure—she has never, after all, had to worry about where the rent was coming from—Ms. Kafka stiffens. "The *great* luxury," she says, "was that I wasn't afraid of starting over. And I did that a lot. That was the security I was given as a child: that I could manage, that I could do things. *That's* the luxury." □



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GRAHAM STUART THOMAS' THREE GARDENS
By Graham Stuart Thomas
Capability's Books, 189 pp., $29.95

HOME GROUND: A Gardener's Miscellany
By Allen Lacy
Farrar, Straus and Giroux
272 pp., $14.95 (April)

THE WELL-CHOSEN GARDEN
By Christopher Lloyd
Harper & Row, 176 pp., $18.95 (March)

THE ADVENTUROUS GARDENER
By Christopher Lloyd
Random House, 248 pp., $17.95



The Labernum tunnel at Dundonnell House in northwest Scotland; though private, it is open to the public three times a year.

Four garden books at once, eminently readable, are too much to ask for. But such is the occasional (very occasional indeed) smile of fortune. Graham Stuart Thomas, one of England's celebrated gardeners, is best known to Americans for his veritable bible of roses in only three volumes, all of them psalms and proverbs, and for his work as Gardens Consultant to the National Trust. He has grown thousands of things, many of them maddeningly rare to the American loam, but now for the first time he looks back over a long career as puttering gardener at home.

Graham Stuart Thomas' Three Gardens is the account of his own gardens over the years, and since his last one around his cottage is small, it is instructive to see what he has come up with. And there are surprises.

A "small" garden used to be four to seven acres, but now, even in England (where a stalwart race is still prepared to spend more, work more, and insist on more in the garden) a grim realism has set in, reflecting rising costs of land, a virtual disap pearance of outside la bor, and an increasin perception (not notice so much in the day when other peopl could be persuaded t trim hedges, dig docks and clip verges) that th usual day has only 2 hours in it. The garde in back of the cottage i only sixty by sevent feet. As one of th world's ultimate au thorities on all that i beautiful in the rose, h must have gone nearl mad choosing from full thousand of th most indispensabl kinds, the scant handfu he now maintains These include 'Aliste Stella Gray', 'Perl d'Or', 'Reine des Vio lettes', 'Reine Victoria 'Mme. Pierre Oger' 'Comte de Chambord' 'Jacques Cartier', an that turn-of-the-cen tury American rambler now virtually extinct i American commerce 'Gardenia'. He had t keep, he felt, the ol white 'Mme. Hardy' 'Belle de Crecy', and 'Ferdinand Pi chard'.

In half the space required by 'Gar denia', he could have had both 'Vio lette' and 'Climbing Goldilocks', as h no doubt knows, but then roses are lik love in the sense that you can hardly of fer another fellow advice or expect hin to take it. *(Continued on page 62)*

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(Continued from page 60) And some o us will feel vindicated, indeed, at his in clusion of both 'Jacques Cartier' an 'Comte de Chambord' (virtually indis tinguishable), which are shamefull neglected. Any rose chosen from th multitude by Thomas may consider it self safe from oblivion for the next cen tury if not positively immortalized. Mr Thomas is that rare garden writer yo gently wrangle with ("and would yo kindly explain how you expect to sus tain your life without the alba rose 'Ce lestial'?"), for he inspires the sam affectionate response accorded a wis and totally reliable old retriever wh nevertheless is his own dog still.

The book includes that great rarity diagrams of the three gardens com plete with measurements. It is said b some that a fanatical interest in length breadth, and depth are signs of incip ient insanity; if so, most serious gar deners are headed for Bedlam, sinc we invariably like to know just how th garden is laid out.

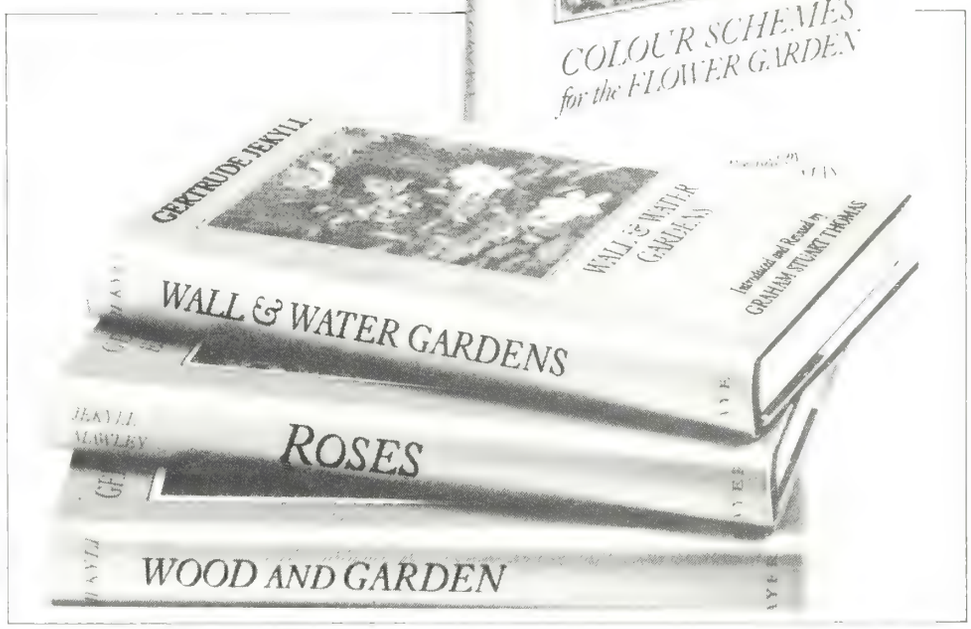
Only 750 plants are mentioned b this gardener who could have hel forth on 10,000, but it is very far from gardening dictionary or a practica guide. What it aims at, and splendidl succeeds in being, is a personal odysse through happy fields, as you might say though few fields were ever so packe with fragrant flowers as Mr. Thomas' three gardens. One surprise is his em phasis on good garden design, and hi restraint is an embarrassing lesson t the rest of us. It is an easy book, arous ing only moderate waves of envy.

Christopher Lloyd is another kettl of fish entirely. He, too, is one of th world's great gardeners south of Lon don. Not only is he possibly the bes garden writer today, he also has a Great Dixter one of the world's mos beautiful gardens.

He, too, grows that rose, 'Perl d'Or', and this may be the place to sa its foliage is positively poor, its color quite ambiguous yellow, and it is by n means good enough or rare enough t presume to die on a gardener, though have lost it twice. The chief difficult with Mr. Lloyd is that if he were t mention a sunflower, one would fee incomplete, in fact a barbarian if on did not have it, so great are his persua sive powers. Even more annoying, he i almost invariably correct in his judg ments. If he *(Continued on page 66)*

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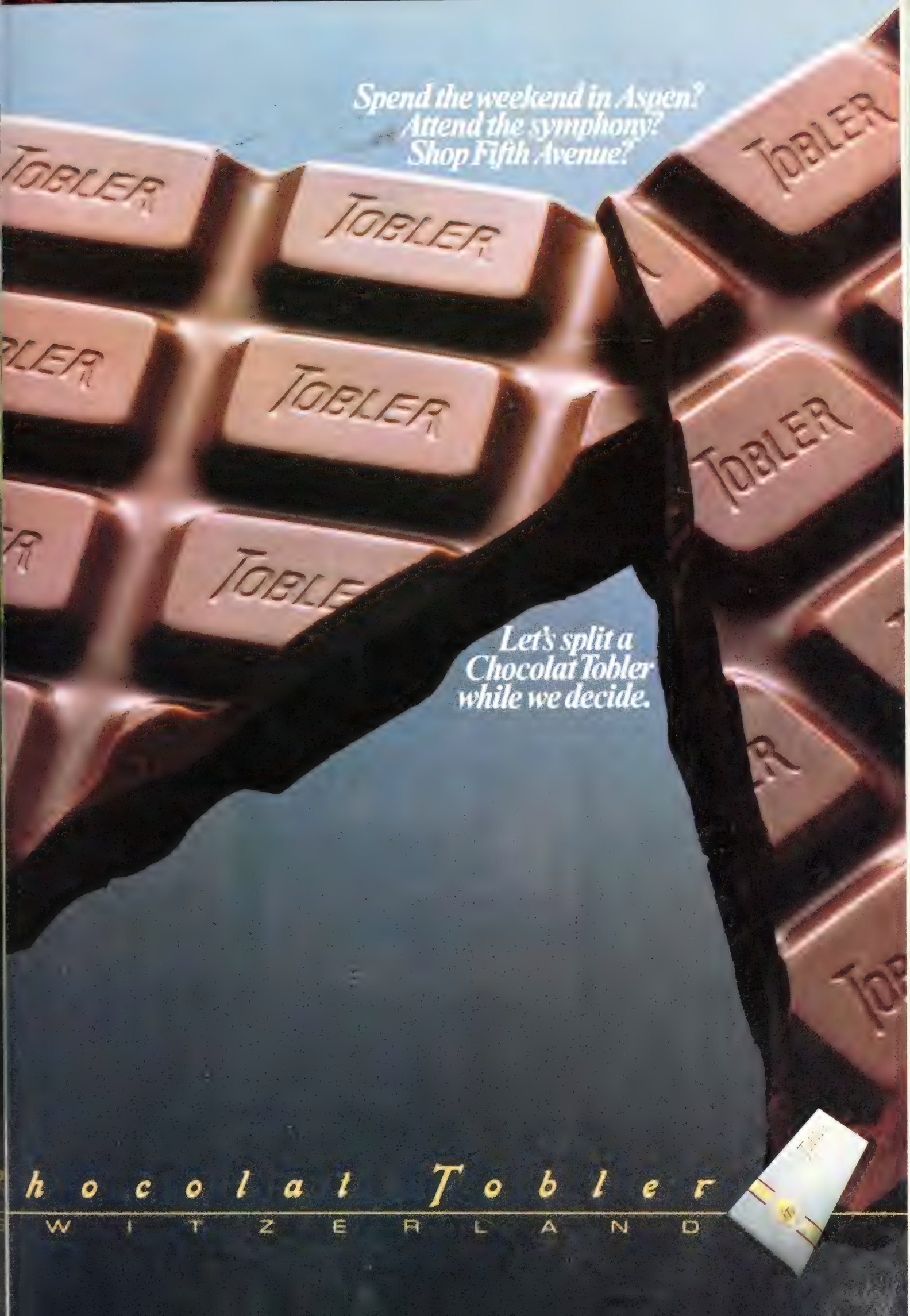
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(Continued from page 62) lathers up in print about, say, a somewhat obscure clematis such as 'Perle d'Azur', and if one acquires it in order to see for oneself, it always turns out Lloyd was correct. It *is* a plant of unparalleled or at least unexcelled merit. In such earlier Lloyd books as *The Well-Tempered Garden* and *Clematis*, the reader soon gets used to not arguing with him, not because he is stern or unforgiving (he is endlessly good-humored), but because when you come right down to it and try yourself, he is right.

What a pleasure when he is wrong. In his new offering, *The Adventurous Gardener,* he goes out of his way to belittle Sargent's crab, which he says is quite without character and has insignificant fruit. But as every right-thinking gardener knows from birth, Sargent's crab is the finest of all crabs for the small garden, and almost the only crab of supreme beauty. It has far more character in its branches and habit of growth than other crabs, and its fruit (a fine scarlet) is lovely from October on. It is, furthermore, nicely scented, and unlike most crabs, which tend toward vulgarity one way or another, it is everything in the way of refinement that a small tree should be: the same quality you find in the dogwood, the Washington thorn, or the Foster holly. One likes to think Lloyd failed with this crab, heh, heh, heh. On the other hand he is right, as usual, in his lavish praise of the tea crab, *Malus hupehensis* which with Sargent's is one of the finest among all crab apples for the small garden in which ultimate loveliness is required, or at least hoped for.

You have to call a book something but *The Adventurous Gardener* has nothing to do with such adventures as growing redwoods in a pot or attempting a large bed of *Tecophilaea;* there are no wild dreams in it, and one is not especially adventurous if one grows the ordinary *Kerria* or the various rugosa roses (two among many of the first-rate plants he deals with). Most readers of gardening books would have been happy with *More From Lloyd,* but such a title would mean little to those whose lives have been blighted by a failure to know who Lloyd is.

His other new book, *The Well-Chosen Garden,* is a continuation of his *The Well-Tempered Garden,* and equally full of (Continued on page 70

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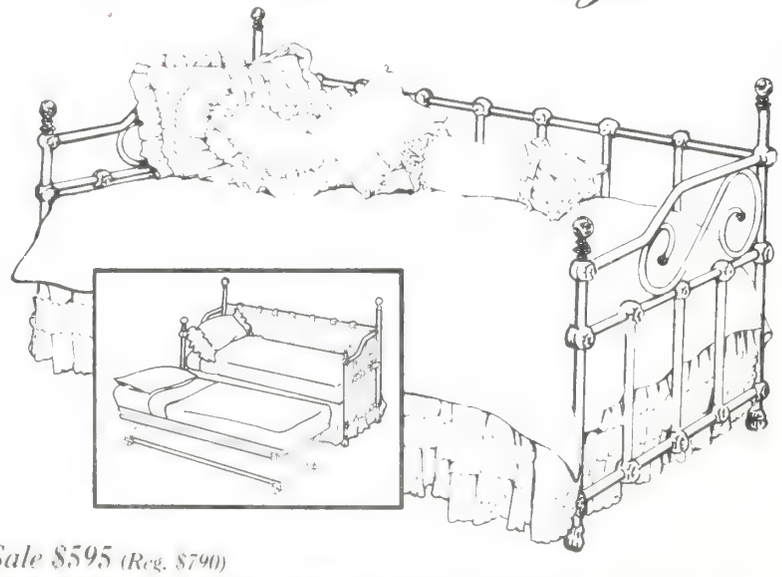
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BOOKS

(Continued from page 66) comment on a multitude of plants. He ofte mentions plant juxtapositions he ha found especially rewarding *(Nerin Bowdenii* with *Aster Amellus,* for ex ample), but best of all he tells yo things you would already know if yo grew this or that plant, but which yo have no idea about the first time yo try. Certain mulleins, he points ou have a disconcerting way of formin rosettes far larger than expected, an their great leaves (as he says) lay friendly lion's paw over smaller kitte plants in the neighborhood. This hardly esoteric gardening lore, but I' wager there is hardly a gardener aliv who was not astounded the first tim he grew *Verbascum broussa* (one of th handsomest mulleins) only to discove its basal rosette occupied a circle a yar wide and killed everything within tha space. So these things that you lear the hard way are much more easil learned in the books of fine writers.

There are so few garden writers of vast experience who possess taste chastened by time, slugs, and late freezes

A great deal of learning goes int Lloyd's books. To profit the most fro them, one needs to have a good garde dictionary or encyclopedia at hand t check the plants as he mentions them Otherwise, one sails over the unfami iar names. *Alchemilla mollis,* the lady mantle, is one of the most worthwhil of all garden perennials, and every gar dener who grows it treasures it. Yet it not all that common in American gar dens. If, when it is mentioned in Lloyd one looks it up and thinks about it an acquires it, the life of the garden be comes richer. Of course, *Hebe* are no going to decorate chilly American gar dens, no matter how beautiful they ar and no matter how much the gardene knows about them; they are simply to tender. *(Continued on page 72*

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as one runs across references to it.

enthusiastic about something like *Buddleia,* and in his novitiate and enthusiasm he is likely to overvalue them, or any other plant he is exploring for the first time. Wait a few years—the *Buddleia* will still seem quite splendid but only in a measured and restrained way. There are so few garden writers of vast experience who possess a taste chastened by time, slugs, and late freezes; of these, there are still fewer who pack three books' worth of information into one slender volume. And there are scarcely any who can do this in a style as brisk, merry, and wise as Lloyd's. One of the few unarguable things in gardening is that any book of Christopher Lloyd's should be acquired instantly.

Finally, in *Home Ground,* a book of new essays and pieces from *Horticulture* and from his garden column in *The Wall Street Journal,* Allen Lacy approaches almost all plants as if he were Adam wandering about Eden, struck blind to discover so much wonder in the meadows. When he comes upon *Alstroemeria,* he is a boy with an electric train for Christmas. He does not repeat the usual incorrect information that if the roots are broken the plant will die (they should be handled with great care, but breakage is not necessarily fatal), and he might have added that they may be planted safe from freezes at the astounding depth of twelve inches.

He has good things to say for rudbeckias, which strike me as weeds unworthy of a place in any garden except a supermarket parking lot, and I must say he makes them sound attractive. Like everyone else, he ignores the one grand member of the tribe, *Rudbeckia maxima,* inelegantly known in rural America as burr heads, but which is handsome enough to hold a place in gardens where ordinary coneflowers would be weeded out. Still, if a gardener likes rudbeckias or dislikes (like Lloyd) Sargent's crab, you have to make allowances for sunspots and brainstorms and the astonishing fact that not all gardeners see things as clearly as we do.

He offers a great deal of information and it must be a most unusual gardener who does not discover things he didn't know before. But the great thing about his book is its sense of delight, its irresistible wholesomeness—a good choice indeed for a gardener who is just becoming a bit wary of marigolds. He encourages, he points ways, and he writes with a surging quality that is entirely refreshing at a time so many American gardening books are dull as minutes of a board meeting. □



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THE VIENNA SUCCESS

With major designers in love with the works of the Wiener Werkstätte Galerie Metropol offers a look at the real thing

By Ken Silver



Owner Wolfgang Ritschka on one of two Otto Wagner chairs, 1902, beneath a Bertold Löffler poster, 1908; flower stand, also by Wagner, 1904.

Interest in the Wiener Werkstätte (literally Vienna Workshop), which was founded in 1903 in order to produce Austrian modern design of the highest quality, is as great as it has ever been among scholars but only recently has it caught the eye of the collector. Last year in Monte Carlo a desk by Koloman Moser, one of the Werkstätte founders, sold at auction for $325,000 and just recently in New York a Josef Hoffmann vitrine brought nearly as much. But it hasn't always been this way. "When I began, just over ten years ago," explains Wolfgang Ritschka, owner and founder of Galerie Metropol at 927 Madison Avenue in New York, "the Wiener Werkstätte pieces were difficult to find—they still are—but they were also quite inexpensive; there just wasn't much interest in the Austrians. Josef Hoffmann died a poor and mostly forgotten man in 1956."

Indeed, while there have long been avid collectors for modern design—for the work of Werkstätte contemporaries like Charles Rennie Mackintosh, for original Bauhaus furniture and objects, for Le Corbusier's, and for Rietveld's furniture—no comparable group existed for the Viennese work. This is especially striking since Vienna is synonymous with a certain kind of modern culture: the city that gave us Freud, Schoenberg, and Klimt has a special claim on our attention. Yet the reasons for the neglect of Wiener Werkstätte are not hard to divine. Put quite simply: by the Modernist standards of Le Corbusier or Mies, th work of Hoffmann and Moser look "impure"—there is an obvious love decoration for its own sake, albeit very restricted conception of the dec rative, that has kept the work out of th High Modernist pantheon. Althoug the Wiener Werkstätte, as both an o ganization and an aesthetic, was direc ly inspired by the English Arts an Crafts movement—by the moralizin theory of John Ruskin and the mora ized vision of William Morris—th Austrian designs are not in the least pu ritanical. On the contrary, there is a exultation and a joy in giving pleasur In the case of Hoffmann's famou Fledermaus chair, for example, th immaculately rendered curve of th arms and back is countered, softene and made far less rigorous by the add tion of the *(Continued on page 78*

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(Continued from page 74) whimsical spheres—blatantly useless—that, as if they were the baubles hanging from the ears of a fashionable woman, are suspended at the two intersections of the back and the upright supports (and, again, four more times, underneath the seat). Elsewhere, the implacable geometry of the grids beloved of Hoffmann and Moser are made inviting by the addition of a quilted pad, a checked fabric, or a tufted cushion; or a piece of hardware is added for "interest," for which no theoretical justification could possibly be construed. If a whiff of the monastery hangs over the work of the Scottish Mackintosh, the aesthetic of the Werkstätte, which was directly influenced by his, is nonetheless its opposite: with a sense of Hapsburg luxury and Ringstrasse comfort, the Werkstätte's is an art of accommodation—a modernism *mit Schlag*. Although it's been a long time in coming—and perhaps it could not have happened without the current, anti-Modernist reaction—the moment for Viennese Modern's return is now fully upon us.

Behind the founding of Galerie Metropol, that immaculate, stark white shop on upper Madison Avenue filled with the best of Viennese Modern design—there lies a touching tale. As Ritschka tells it: "I began as an artist—I'd attended the School of Applied Arts in Vienna and then the Beaux-Arts in Paris. When I returned to Austria I set up a studio and began to paint. Of course, I didn't have much money, so I filled the studio with furniture from my grandfather's house—things he had been given at the time of his wedding, around 1910. I liked the furniture, but I hadn't really paid that much attention to it. But something funny began to happen, and to happen fairly often: people would come to my studio to see my work, would say polite words about my paintings, and then have wildly enthusiastic reactions to my grandfather's chairs and settees. I had, you see, a studio filled with Wiener Werkstätte furniture, pieces by Josef Hoffmann, Koloman Moser, and their associates." Gradually falling under the powerful spell cast by those great objects, and sensing the obvious direction in which fate's finger was pointing, Ritschka put down his brushes and hung out a sign. He and two partners now maintain a gallery on the Dorotheergasse in Vienna, as well as the gallery in New York. Among the treasures that currently grace the Metropol premises is a splendid Moser writing desk of 1901. Made of beechwood and mahogany by the Kohn brothers (the firm that merged in 1923 with Thonet and with Mundus, well-known bentwood manufacturers), the



Ceiling lamp, 1906, and chair, 1904, both by Josef Hoffmann.

desk still preserves an echo of *Jugendstil* sinuousness. The detailing is uniformly superb—from the brass feet at the bottom of the front legs, to the brass drawer pulls and inlaid leather writing surface. Metropol's most important collectors are Austrians and Americans who show rather different patterns of collecting. "First of all," says Ritschka, "the Americans are somewhat narrower in their interests than the Austrians—aside from furniture, we sell a great number of small decorative objects in our Vienna gallery—the *Gitterwerk* (gridwork) objects in silver and white enamel; the boxes, vases, and such, in *Paktong*—the beaten metal for which the Werkstätte was well-known. The Americans tend to be interested mostly in furniture, although that may change with time. Also, Vienna has the crazier—some really mad—collectors, the kind of people who want *everything* Koloman Moser ever made, for instance, which then may be deposited in a warehouse never to be seen again. The American collectors, on the other hand, often want to actually (Continued on page 82)



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THE DEALER'S EYE

(Continued from page 78) live with their things—to furnish their house or apartment with Hoffmann furniture rather like the Werkstätte's original customers." This means, of course, that the same pieces will not necessarily appeal to all collectors. "Obviously if you are building up a collection for a museum, your interest is scholarly—The Museum of Modern Art has bought from us, for example—and you want the furniture untouched: the original upholstery, no refinishing. But if you are furnishing a home, dilapidated and faded upholstery is too sad." Ritschka restores pieces in very poor condition with the textiles designed by the Wiener Werkstätte that are once again available. "Backhausen, the Workshop's original textile manufacturer, are now producing the old fabrics which they weave from the original designs, in the original colors, and on the same looms on which they were first woven. The only difference is that they now make the fabrics in cotton-and-synthetic blends for durability."

More difficult, and far more costly, is the restoration of the woodwork, most of which was beechwood and was often stained in various rich hues—very characteristic is a dark mahogany shade, but a wide range of other tonalities was used, including black and white. "I first tried to have pieces restored here in New York, but it wasn't possible. The craftsmen are not here, nor can the stains, lacquers, and polishes be found in New York. The craftsmanship of the Wiener Werkstätte, which was legendary, is a Viennese tradition." Consequently, Metropol employs two octogenarian restorers in Vienna who learned their craft in the final days of the Werkstätte (it closed definitively in 1932), and who are now training assistants.

Ritschka has had no problem with authenticity, despite the strong demand. "No one has offered me a fake yet, partly, I guess, because it's still a new market. But if some of the current reproductions that are being made of Hoffmann and Moser furniture are an indication, then I think it is going to be very difficult to fool a dealer—they just can't make these things as they used to. Without the craftsmanship, the spirit has vanished. That's what Josef Hoffmann said, and the more I come to know his designs, the more I see how right he was." □


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BY ALICE GORDON

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Above: The spacious entrance is lit by two Empire chandeliers. Over the gilt-bronze Empire console (and above the Louis XVI sofa on opposite wall) are paintings by Masissas. *Opposite:* On the Louis XVI table by Boulard are vermeil boxes, Meissen candlesticks mounted in gilt bronze, and a rock-crystal cachepot filled with a moss-wrapped orchid plant.







In this view of the huge living room, several of many prized possessions stand out: the luminous blue commode, the intricate eighteenth-century French tapestries mounted on screens, the seventeenth-century Chinese painting of a warrior, one of two in the room. Denning and Fourcade designed the silk-taffeta curtains and lightened the wood paneling to offset the rich glow of red-damask sofas and chairs on a nineteenth-century Turkish rug that covers almost the entire floor.





Opposite: Above each of two eighteenth-century red-lacquer cabinets Denning and Fourcade found for the living room are a Boule barometer and a sculpture after Michelangelo's *Night* and *Day*. *Above:* The owner's favorite piece among many candidates for that honor is this exquisite Boule writing desk. Louis XV painted and gilded chair is one of six in tiger silk velvet.



Above: In another view of the living room, a Japanese bronze tiger crouches on a Louis XV *bureau plat*. Leather chairs are also Louis XV. *Opposite:* Desk and chair in library are Louis XVI. Over the desk hangs a rooster painted by Goya. Reclining nude sculpture in foreground is Mexican.

In a sense, the decoration of this New York *pied-à-terre* began centuries ago. Gifted Chinese sculptors and painters played an important part; so did the great *ébénistes* for Louis XIV, XV, and XVI; the painters Goya and Oudry made a contribution, equaled in carved wood by the masterly Italian furniture maker Andrea Brustolon. Only several years ago, decorator François Catroux stepped in, followed by Robert Denning and Vincent Fourcade. In time was created yet another breathtaking setting for a woman who calls the whole world home.

The woman and her late husband had been collecting fine objects for many years, and when they chose this apartment for their annual four months of living in New York, deciding what to furnish it with meant, in part, selecting objects from their other houses in other countries. (They had also brought numerous treasures to their previous New York apartment.) To consider what they must have left behind is staggering, for here is a gathering of furniture, silver, and art the likes of which one usually finds only in a museum: a sixteenth-century Chinese torso that still has traces of its polychrome paint; German, French, and American silver, some of it dating from the seventeenth century; a pair of Chinese chests that once





Above: There are four massive chairs in the library by seventeenth-century master Andrea Brustolon, which have arms and legs of intricately carved pastoral figures (detail, *opposite*) and are covered in antique French tapestry. Bronze sculptures above bookcases are seventeenth-century Italian. Velvet covers the walls. Paisley carpet from Stark.

were in the sizable collection of the Marquise de Larain, nee Marguerite Rockefeller; an exquisite blue horn and aventurine lacquer commode made for Louis XIV's finance minister, Nicolas Fouquet, whose fatal mistake was displaying his wealth with more extravagance than the king himself.

But for this woman, owning priceless objects does not in any way preclude a comfortable relationship with them. She wanted this apartment to have the feeling of her other interiors around the world, and indeed, with similarly appointed residences in Portugal, France, and Mexico, she is used to luxurious comfort; it is something she demands and knows how to obtain. When she thought about the decoration of this apartment, she knew that red, and lots of it, was exactly what she needed to take the edge off New York City, which she considers colder than her native France. Red was what she was given, in abundant, luxurious supply. The walls in the entrance and library were covered with different textured patterns of red velvet and the sofas and chairs upholstered in red damask and satin. Heavy clouds of fringed red silk taffeta curtains were designed to crown the library and living-room windows. The same color swirls through the paisley carpet in the library and makes bold



Under an eighteenth-century Swedish chandelier glitters the owner's collection of antique silver. The sixteenth-century Chinese torso, with traces of its original polychrome paint, was in the great international exhibition of Far Eastern art in London, 1935–36. François Catroux designed the pleated-silk and wood screen.



Above: The master bedroom is swathed in a French cotton print chosen by François Catroux from Lemanach. Armchairs and bench at foot of bed are eighteenth-century French; side chairs are Italian. The owner of the apartment found the Japanese lady in a New York antiques shop. *Opposite:* Wedgwood nymphs run across the front of this delicate Austrian chest.

geometric strokes on the Turkish rug in the living room, where the tone of the paneled walls was lightened to give the entire room a warm enclosure.

In the dining room and master bedroom, red also appears, but as accent on the chairs in the former and as the soft focus of a pinkish floral fabric in the latter. The warmth of the dining room comes from the rich pattern of the eighteenth-century Chinese wallpaper, which was in the apartment when the woman and her husband bought it, and from the brilliance of the silver and crystal. The bedroom's cheerful flowers traipse over the walls and furniture in a delicate French cotton print.

When she is in New York, where she has many friends as well as two granddaughters in school, the woman loves to entertain, sharing her apartment's splendor and warmth on a frequent basis. With the fond memory of the delight taken in collecting by her late husband, who as a very young man sold a prized race horse to buy his first rare antique, she is still of a mind to buy beautiful things, and no doubt if she "can find anywhere to put them," the material treasures of this apartment will increase. In equal measure, so will the pleasure of the people who share it with her. □ *Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet and Kaaren Parker Gray*

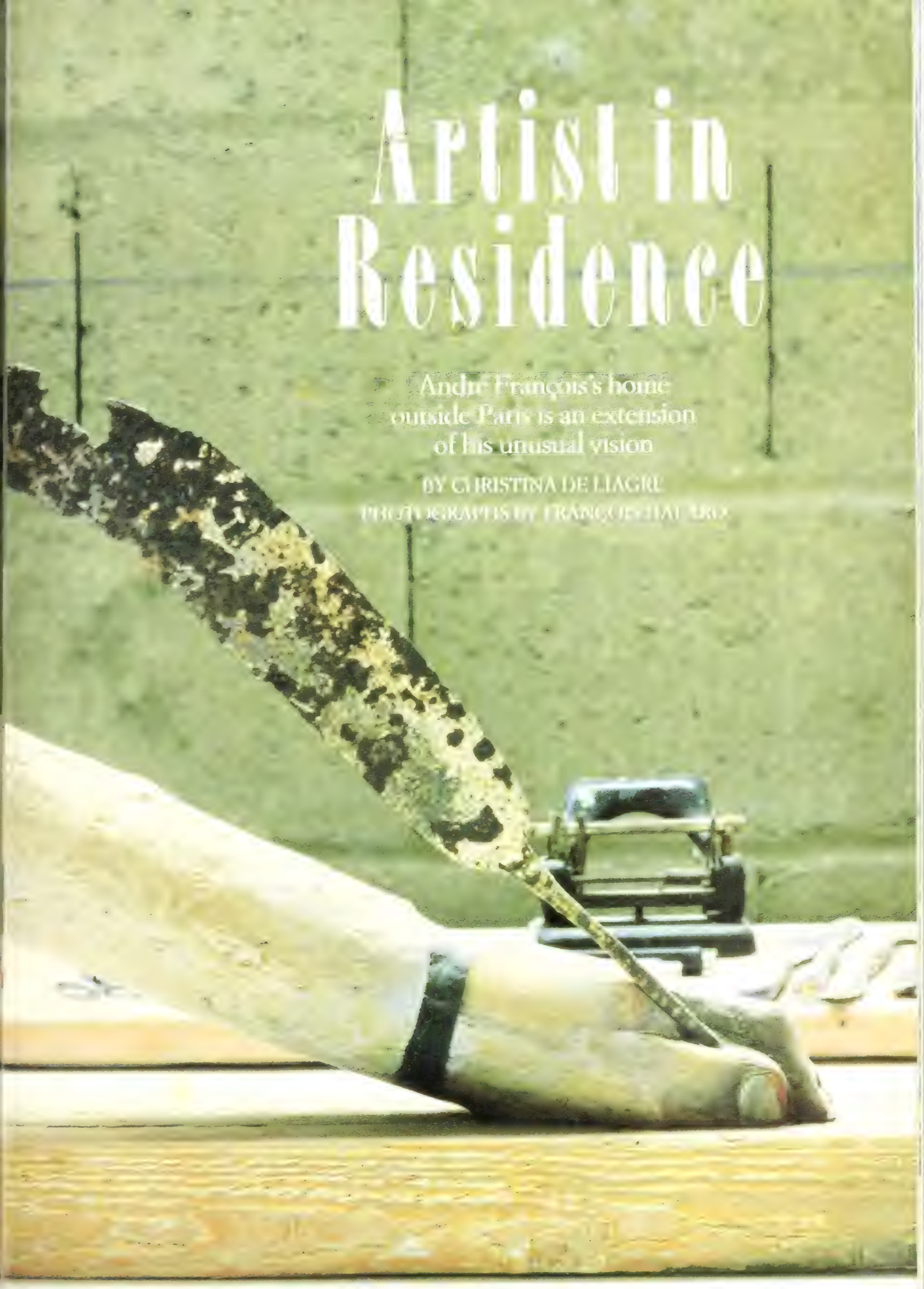




Artist in Residence

André François's home outside Paris is an extension of his unusual vision

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD







Preceding page: A view of Grisy-les-Plâtres. *Preceding page:* A sculpture by François, *Hommage à Jacques Prévert*, 1976, made of driftwood and a rusty farm tool in honor of the French writer who was a close friend. *Opposite:* Trompe-l'oeil stairs continue the climb from the first-floor landing. Master bedroom is to left and others down a narrow, pink hallway to right. *Right: Three Apples*, December 1976, one of pastel series of the garden as seen from the studio.

Grisy-les-Plâtres, a small village fifty kilometers north of Paris, boasts three farms, a baker, a butcher, a twelfth-century church, and an artist in residence: André François. What Saul Steinberg is to America, and Ronald Searle to England, André François is to France: a graphic artist *par excellence*, whose work has often graced the covers of *The New Yorker*, *Punch*, and *Le Nouvel Observateur*. Though Rumanian born, André François has put down the kind of roots in France typical of a tenacious transplant.

On a late December afternoon, André François and his English wife, Margaret, explained how they happened to find their house while we sat over tea in François's studio—a modern structure built by their son Pierre Farkas (the original family name) in 1973. Perfectly proportioned and flooded with light, it is set unobtrusively away at the end of a garden of fruit trees, slightly downhill from the stone house, which dates from 1820. Margaret François wears sneakers, faded blue jeans, and a light blue traditional French sailor sweater. Cut in bangs, her gray hair falls straight to the shoulder. Her husband, also tall and lean and an astonishingly vigorous, white-haired 69, wears the same sweater in navy blue over brown corduroy jeans and sneakers.



In the living/dining room, the chestnut-wood table was found at a local antiques shop; a factory lamp hangs overhead, bought many years ago by François. The mural, completed in 1956, shows china they use daily. Overhead on the right a painting from Haiti, in the middle a scene of the Pontoise Valley around Grisy-les-Plâtres from the Paris flea market, and on the left a dog painting from England.





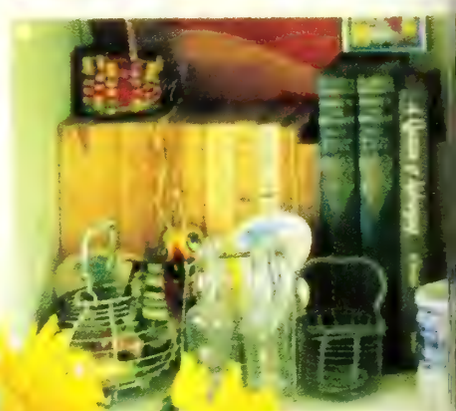














CIRCUS
littérature française





[illegible] inspired Margaret François to [illegible] shelves. She got her first one at Macy's. The collection, which includes many outlandish sardine tins, is taken down once a year for cleaning [illegible] the walls of this small room [illegible] the Marseilles harbor, for which he cut up an old engraving. The birds are engravings, too, from an [illegible] ornithological collection. "Birds are the only animals I am truly frightened of," François admits.

Left: Referring to his pastel [illegible] December 1976, François says, "The garden is very [illegible] are no evergreens. The [illegible] stark and bare."

We've been here since 1945," they begin to explain in what turns out to be a perfect counterpoint of mixed accents and languages. "At the end of the war we intended to move back to Paris, but it was impossible to find a place to let—so we bicycled out here one day to see what we might find. We came across a local schoolmaster who confirmed there was nothing. As we turned to go he asked André, 'What do you do?' When André replied 'I am a painter,' the schoolmaster threw up his arms and said, 'I am a poet! Wait, I'll get my bike and see if I can help you.' So the three of us biked from one village to another over muddy country roads, and nothing but nothing was in the offing. Finally, at sundown we got to Grisy and the village *notaire*—the official solicitor in charge of sales and rentals—said yes, he might have a house, but who were we? He needed references. The schoolmaster volunteered we were *close* friends of his! And so the *notaire* agreed we could move in right away; everything we owned fit into one suitcase."

Occupied by Nazi troops during the war, the house the Françoises were soon to call home was in a state of disarray. Upstairs the wallpaper was falling off in strips. Downstairs everything was very dark. *(Text continued on page 190)*



JACQUELINE HYDE

Above: Garden and Countryside in July 1980. A collage of different elements, a pastel of the garden in summer is flanked, top, by a pencil drawing of the studio curtains and, below, by one of the surrounding fields of maize, sugar beets, and potatoes. *Opposite:* On the marble-top bistro table outside the living room where Margaret and André François often eat are the cans they use to collect milk every evening at sundown from the neighboring village. On the wall is an arrangement of utensils, among them several grills and an old barber-shop sign.



SENSUOUS MODERN MOVEMENT

Krueck and Olsen throw a curve in Mies's Chicago high rise



Opposite: Screens of perforated aluminum dividing living and dining areas appear to slide along tracks of color. *Left:* Shimmering screen bows around the double-beveled glass top of the dining table, whose bolted steel legs spring from the floor like stamens from a flower.

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY

Ludwig Mies van der Rohe would no doubt gladly give you a tour of the Marriott apartment. But after he had proudly driven you up to the door of the steel-and-glass tower he built in the late fifties along the shore of Lake Michigan, led you past the now classic reception-area arrangement of his furniture in the glass lobby, and taken you up the elevator and down the hall to Celia Marriott's door, he would deposit you graciously and confidently into the hands of Krueck & Olsen Architects. Ron Krueck and Keith Olsen, both graduates of the Illinois Institute of Technology and so bred in the Mies manner, would in turn respectfully invite Mies to look over their shoulders on the tour, as he does when they design.

Enter the apartment at any time of day and the effect is spellbinding. At dawn, the vision is radiant; in the afternoon, the mood is of being becalmed on a silvery sea; at night, the scene ranges from serene to theatrical. This chameleonic design grows out of a devotion to the best of Mies—his commitment to technological materials and the scrupulous detailing of their assembly—with a radical and studied warp.

Here are the screens set in metal frames to form planes in an open room, a device Mies elevated to near perfection in the Barcelona Pavilion of 1929, but now their disposition is fluid rather than rigid. The curvy-cut sections of perforated aluminum whirl and slide around Mies's centrifugal structural column. When overlapped, the close range of different-sized holes in the screens, drawn from experimentation with many samples, creates a moiré that abandons *(Text continued on page 200)*



All furniture, except the tubular Mies chairs, is either built in or bolted to the floor. For the upholstery, subtle shades of velvet and satin were chosen for their ease in shifting color as the light changes; at certain times of day, they are as silvery as the screens. Dimmer-controlled lights buried in the glass-block walls balance natural light during the day and animate the apartment at night.





Light acting upon the overlapping screens
alters their translucency, and the mood of the apartment







Stainless steel ledge undulates, like the Lake Michigan shoreline it parallels, along the fifty-five-foot length of the window wall, from guest bedroom through living room, where it widens into a banquette, to the master bedroom. Nesting doors, in Cadillac and Porsche paint polished to a new-car finish, slip between the gaps in the ledge for bedroom privacy.

GARDENS OF FANTASY

BY CLAUDE ARTHAUD

Human beings have never been satisfied by reality. The gardens of the unconscious are there to witness the power of fantasies and the seduction of the unreal. The nature invented by man exists in reality only in relation to his idea of it. When he searches out its most unusual aspects, it is probably only to give himself the illusion that the nature around him was created in the image of his dreams for nothing is less natural than a park. The most beautiful gardens are generally those of narcissists—reflecting their megalomania—and misanthropes—raising between themselves and the world the protective and uncrossable barrier of the inanimate



CURTICE TAYLOR

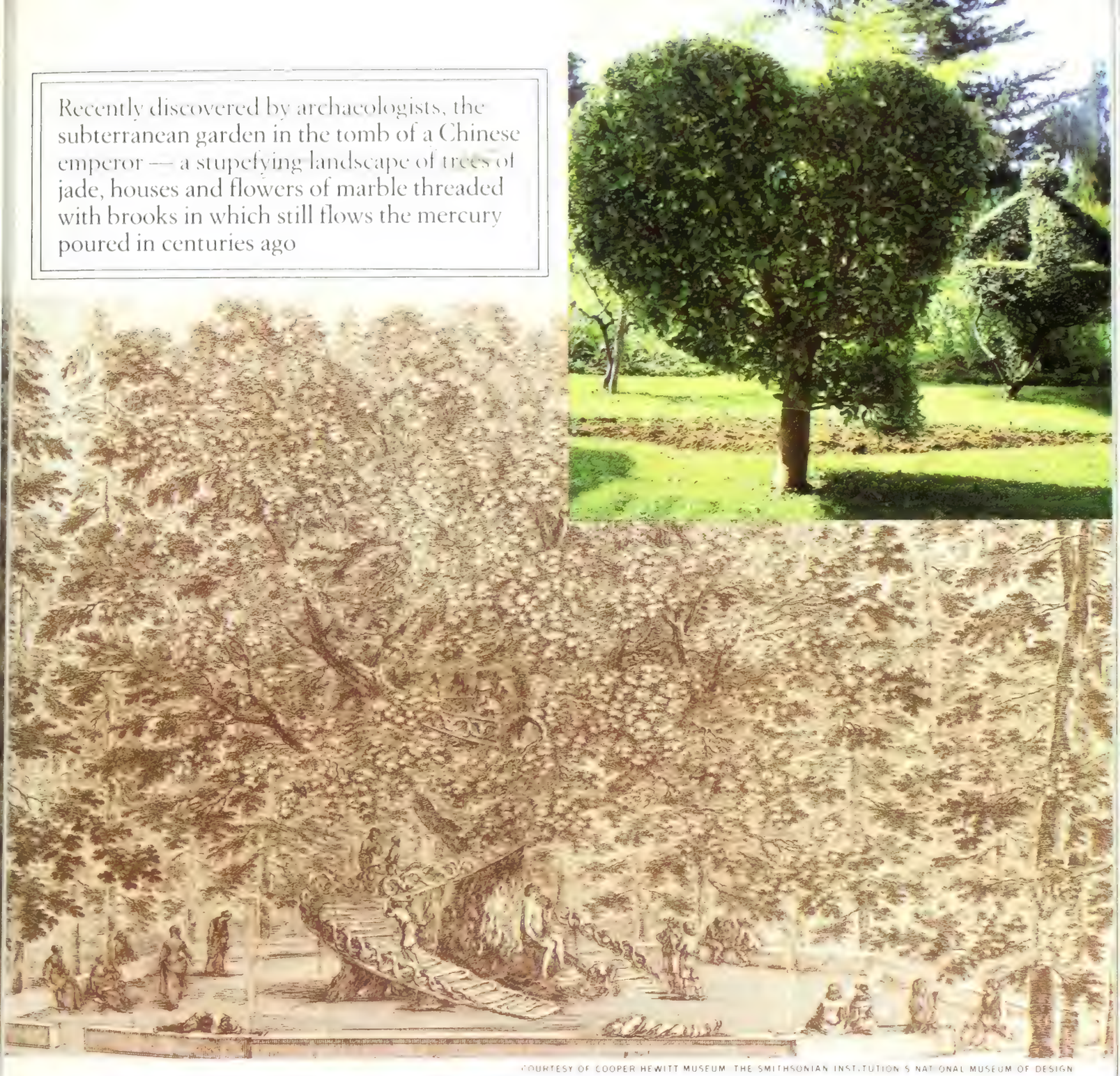
WATER GAMES

Above: From behind the great Cascade of the Water Organ, Neptune surveys the water gardens of the Villa d'Este. Fountains, trick jets, and pools remain, but the astonishing water-driven automatons described by Montaigne have vanished.



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAUDE ARTHAUD UNLESS NOTED

Recently discovered by archaeologists, the subterranean garden in the tomb of a Chinese emperor — a stupefying landscape of trees of jade, houses and flowers of marble threaded with brooks in which still flows the mercury poured in centuries ago



COURTESY OF COOPER HEWITT MUSEUM, THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION'S NATIONAL MUSEUM OF DESIGN

GOISTS IN THE GARDEN

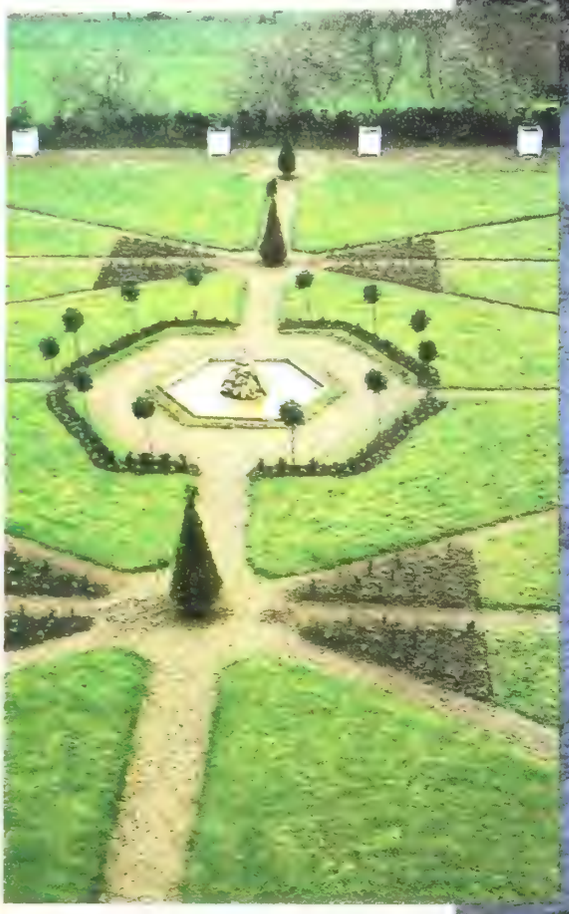
pposite: In the Linderhof ardens of Wagner's patron, the ad King Ludwig II of Bavaria ater stairs, tunnels, and avilions in greenery, *parterres de roderie* and other classic lements of the formal French arden are joined with a enusberg grotto illuminated by ulticolored bulbs and a loorish-style kiosk bought at he Paris exposition of 1867. The ub of the entire garden design reated by the court gardener as the king's bed. *Right:* Latin ags in boxwood near Aberdeen, cotland, are not the tongues hat Shakespeare found in trees, ut plants trained with infinite are to speak other languages.

TAMED TREES

Top: The art of cutting trees into shape goes straight to the heart on the Azorean island of Terceira. Some call it torture but the Romans called it topiary; gardeners have found it irresistible ever since. *Above:* Pliny the Elder tells of an enormous plane tree whose hollow trunk could hold eighteen guests and another, the pride of Caligula, possessing a platform that could hold a banquet. The hollow oak at Pratolino in Stephano della Bella's engraving contains a table, animals in tufa, and a nymphaeum; and a double stair leads to a platform lodged in the branches.



(more *overleaf*), a very
recreated by architect
F. Hébert-Stevens.





IN ORDER SERVICEABLE

Below: Like well-disciplined puffballs, light globes section the lawn around the Château Lascombes in the Bordeaux country. During the First Empire the Maréchal Lannes had planted in the park of *his* château, Maison-Laffitte, battalions of Italian poplars representing each of the armies with which he had been victorious.



DOUGLAS METZLER

THE ROUGH AND THE SMOOTH

Below: Sloping "lawns" of prickly aloes—no need for Keep-Off-The-Grass signs—surround fuzzy parasol-like pine trees in a Funchal, Madeira, park. *Opposite:* Smoothly symmetrical boxwood topiary parasols placed asymmetrically on finely barbered box platforms and shaven lawns at the Château d'Hautefort, Perigord.



Gardens of humor are not numerous because humor is rare; the very refined humor of that eighteenth-century Mongol Emperor of China, who wishing to obscure his barbaric origins ordered the lawns of his Peking palace combed each morning with a fine comb



An American botanist assembled numbered seed packets of different flowers that, planted according to plan, created an exact reproduction of the American flag. The following year the flowers reappeared but as a mess of mixed colors: nature too has a sense of humor





WATER AMUSEMENTS

Top: Facing the Château d'Annevoie in Belgium, a "water buffet"—innumerable jets, none over a foot tall, in a grassy slope. *Above:* Carved birds spit water into a central basin from the top of an arbor in the curious aviary at Schwetzingen, Germany.

STEPHEN KELEMEN





SURPRISES

Above A maze, a green temple, a round *théâtre de verdure,* a grove of scented plants, and, *opposite top,* a sylvan dining room where hidden jets drench the unsuspecting—some fascinations of the diagonal Baroque park at the Château de La Ballue created by architect P. Maymont after period plans.



TEAMWORK

Above left: In his garden at Fontainebleau Charles de Noailles placed a big bird by François Lalanne on a nest of jasmine between two pools of water lilies. One species opens in the morning and closes in the afternoon when the other opens.



MARVELS

Left: Allées turn into vaults of water; the horns of deer's-head trophies spray passers-by; invisible water organs play Elysian songs—all at Hellbrunn Castle in Austria.

WELL-TRIMMED BOAT

Above: Faithful to the Italian Renaissance gardens that were their inspiration, the gardens of Vizcaya in Miami include a stone boat, an elaborate barge "anchored" in the sea at the foot of descending terraces. Practically, it serves as a breakwater for the landing stairs.

Some years ago an English merchant sold packets containing a mixture of seeds and chrysalises. Sown, the mixture produced at the appointed time not just flowers that bloomed and butterflies that flew, but butterflies of the same colors as the flowers





PUD LEE

Gardens of eccentricity and surprises are based on unusual uses of water, unexpected structures, automated statues, artificial grottoes, trees that are rare or worked into strange shapes and were popular in ancient Rome and during the Renaissance. The restored Château de La Ballue provides an example of the Mannerist and Baroque gardens of France, gardens showing what Nature can produce that is most beautiful, most rare, or most monstrous and realizations of the fantasies that Nature suggests to Man who tortures and manipulates her according to his desire to astonish



> An amateur did not wish to see the soil in his park and had the idea of planting as ground cover acres of violets under acres of asparagus, which he would then be able to sell in bunches and bundles

Gardens of fantasy have a fairy-tale quality that outweighs the eccentricity which may contain a certain impudence. They may never be as precious or as sumptuous as those dreamed and described by poets, but the purpose of these gardens also is to transport the visitor into an enchanted world, a paradise where every wish is granted

ODD BEDFELLOWS

Above: One tall white lily rising from a formal mass of pink astilbe, dwarf fruit trees or jets of water hidden in herbaceous borders: conceits in an Aberdeen public garden.

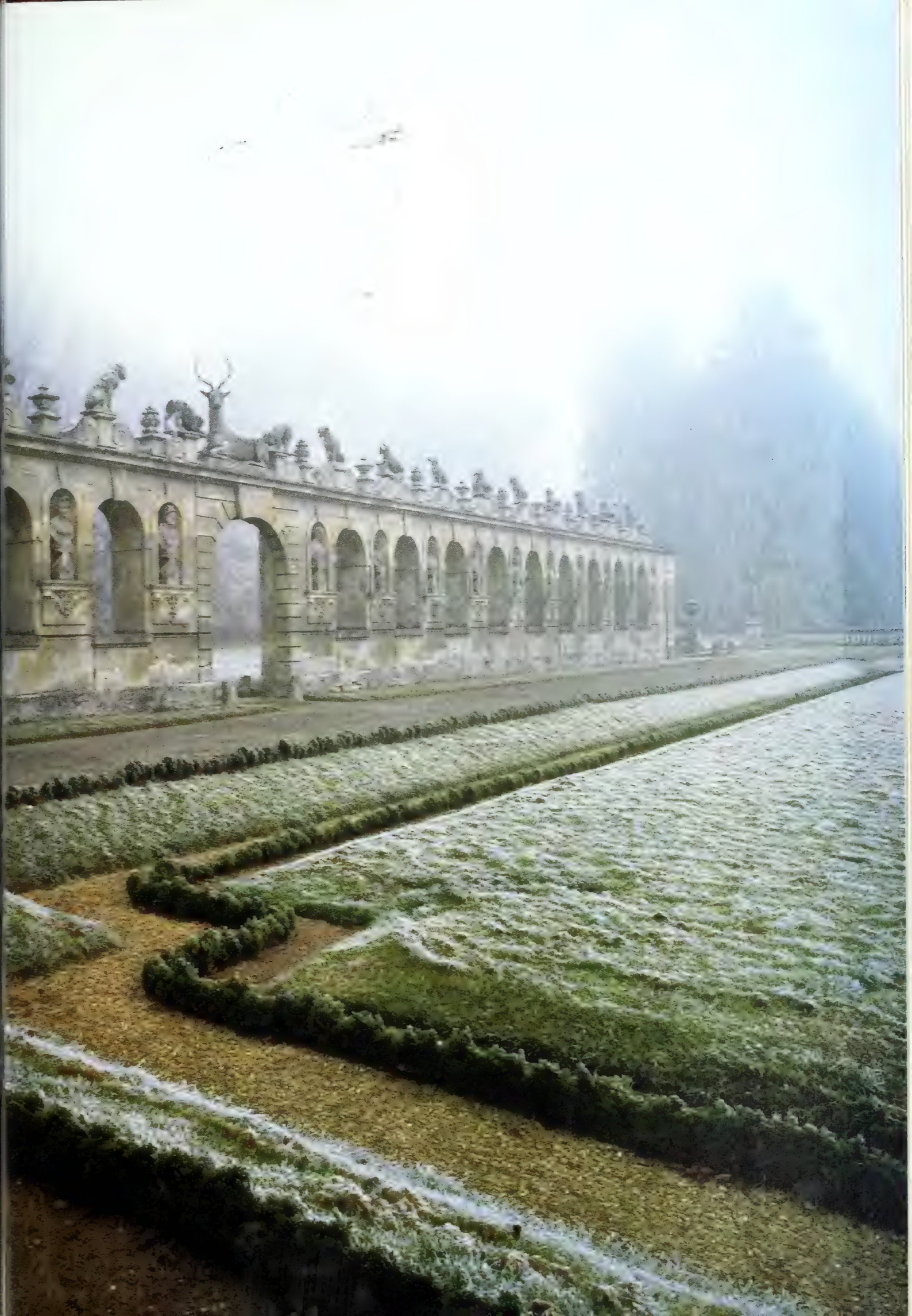
ECCENTRIC WALLS

Right: Monster-capped walls lead to the palace of the Princes of Palagonia near Palermo. Goethe hated the "revolting shapes" created by a mad prince: "every kind of paw attached to every kind of body, double heads and exchanged heads." *Far right:* Frozen in stone, a stag hunt crowns one wall and a boar hunt its pendant at Raray in France. Built in the seventeenth century by Nicolas de Lancy and his Italian wife, it was the beast's château in Jean Cocteau's film *Beauty and the Beast.*

More fantasy gardens, page 206



HENRY CLARKE





HIGH, WIDE & HANDSOME

Stephen Tilly and Alan Buchsbaum combine steel, concrete, glass, and wood in a brilliantly colored solar house

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN McGRATH





Preceding pages, left: With color, industrial materials take on a residential warmth: an earth-red temperature-modifying concrete wall, a variety of blue-greens for the steel. *Preceding pages, right:* The solar Trombe wall on the south rests on concrete underpinnings that flare to provide privacy and embrace the landscape. *Above:* Finally seeing the house at the end of the long driveway is a daily thrill to the owner. *Opposite:* In the two-story loftlike living space, solar and wood-fire warmth circulates with ceiling fans. Left of fireplace, Joel Shapiro drawings from Paula Cooper; on right shelf, Mary Roehm vase from Convergence.

The owner of this new house in a wood in South Carolina is the brightest jewel in an architect's crown, a satisfied client. "I am 99 percent in love with it," he claims, deducting one percent for a tiny roof leak, even though he says he knows that almost all of Frank Lloyd Wright's roofs leak. How does he love his house? "It is warm, strong, open, innovative, and responsible—all qualities I want to see in myself."

The man, a Savannah native who is vice-president of a steel company and a well-known mover in Democratic Party politics, has become a nature lover in one year in the country. His house stands high over a river where he swims and canoes, fishes for bass and trout, and watches the blue herons feeding along the shore. A contemplative side has emerged in his life which surprises him, and it is the design of the house, he says, that has changed him so: the closeness to nature day and night, summer and winter, through the glass wall and many windows, a closeness unimpeded by superfluous interior walls.

Architects Stephen Tilly and Alan Buchsbaum found the project unusually interesting in several ways. The location is far from their usual New York City and Westchester County sites, although Buchsbaum, also a Savannahian, knows the climate well. The climate is a factor of no small consequence because the house relies on passive solar technology for some of its heating and cooling. The south side of the structure is a modified Trombe wall: a heat-collector based on an inner wall of heavy masonry (here painted a strong earth-red), an air space, and an outer wall of insulating glass. A classic Trombe wall has openings in the masonry only for air ducts; this version is perforated by many windows and glass doors, which can close to form an unbroken plane.

A standard passive house would present a well-insulated, nearly windowless wall to the north, but this building contains numerous north *(Text continued on page 196)*



In a view from the ceiling of the two-story, open-plan living space, the conversation area by the fireplace is bounded by seating and anchored by a rug designed by Alan Buchsbaum. Based on a photograph of a tree at Hadrian's Villa outside Rome, it was made by Thai Carpets. The Virginia Cartwright bowl on the fireplace shelf left of the chimney is from Convergence. On cocktail table, a Woody Hughes platter, also from Convergence.





HOME AGAIN

A solid American house filled with antiques

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSHUA GREENE



Preceding pages, left: Through double, fanlighted doors of leaded glass, Audubon Place has a faceted mistiness. *Preceding pages, right:* The front porch of childhood memories, the old rockers purchased with the house. *Above:* A 1920 Man Ray painting on plexiglass. *Opposite:* A view from the smaller, periwinkle parlor with antique Persian rug across the hallway into the larger parlor.

The man who lives in this house on Audubon Place in New Orleans is a lawyer active in real-estate development and high-level diplomatic work, but he first climbed the front steps as a small child come to visit his neighborhood friends. The quirky tiling of the porch where they played is as familiar to him as his own hand; on this same porch he now reads his newspaper in the morning and sits to smoke an evening cigar.

To remain on the street where you grew up, where your parents still live, and where your siblings have also settled—a decision made not only by this man but also by several other Audubon Place families—is so unusual in an American city that an observer seeks reasons. And finds them in the protected tranquility of the well-located, private, parklike cul-de-sac boulevard and its harmonious but individually designed houses, representing several sturdy American styles of the turn of the century.

This house is a versatile setting for domestic life because its well-proportioned, sunny rooms lend themselves to both casual and formal use. To Herbert Wells of Houston, Texas, th owner's first interior designer, th spaces seemed beautifully suited to th two collections he had to work with twentieth-century art and eighteenth century French furniture. It wa Wells's job to pull the works of art, th antiques, and the architecture togeth into rooms that would satisfy the nee of everyday home life and many vari ties of entertaining.

The greatest demands are made o the house during visits of foreign dign taries. Not only does its owner hon his distin- *(Text continued on page 20*







A major sitting room, the larger of the two front parlors has a neutral-warm wall color that does not compete with the fine French antiques, Aubusson rug, and six-panel Coromandel screen. Below the Louis XV trumeau with an oil-on-panel painting, a Modigliani bust in bronze stands upon a signed Louis XV console table. Over the Louis XV writing table in the far corner hangs a painting by Claude Emile Schuffenecker. The serpentine-frame Louis XVI sofa is covered in a fabric from Clarence House.



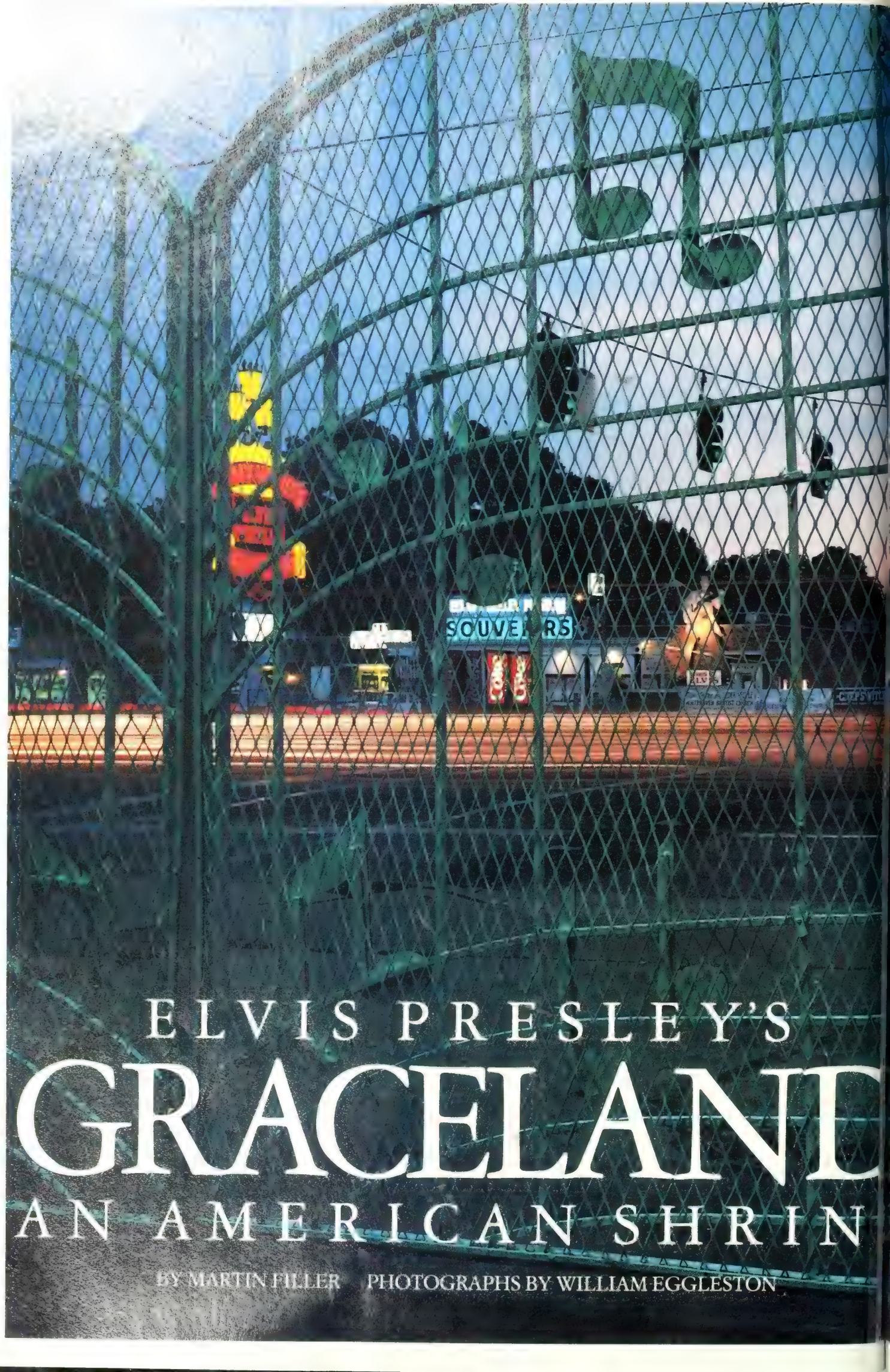






Opposite: This recently redecorated bedroom is warm and sophisticated in a way that used to be called "masculine." Setting the mood: camel-color wool flannel from Innovations in Wallcoverings on the walls, windows, and bed; a Saxony Carpet Co. rug based on primitive patterns; glowing ceiling paper from Gracie Inc. Antique English bed is a family piece. Bedspread trim, Brunschwig & Fils; curtain trim, Decorators Walk. *Above, clockwise from top left:* A New Orleans ancestor, 1848; *Homage to Jasper Johns* by Mark Lancaster; cardplayers by Milton Avery; an Andy Warhol portrait.

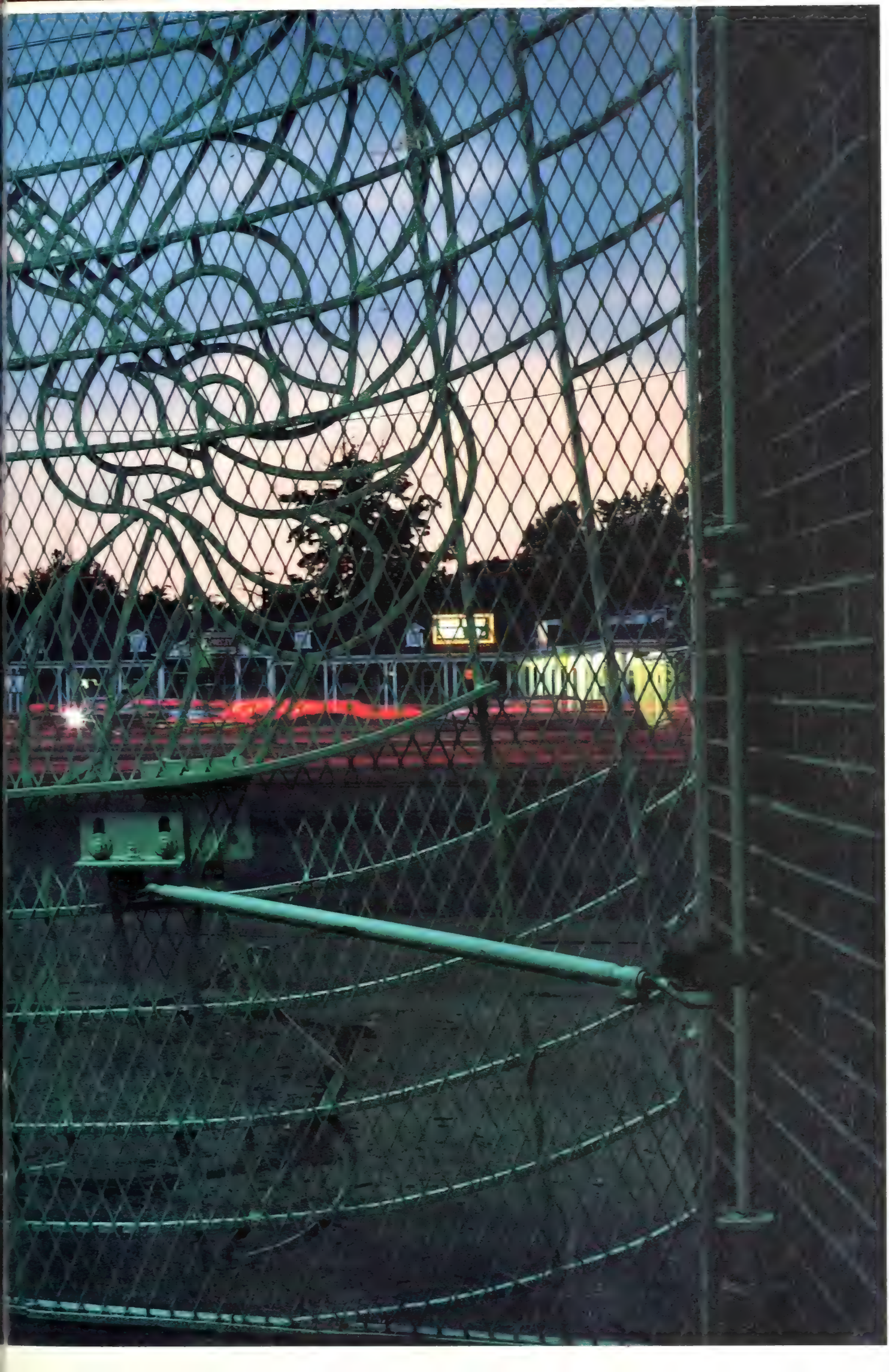




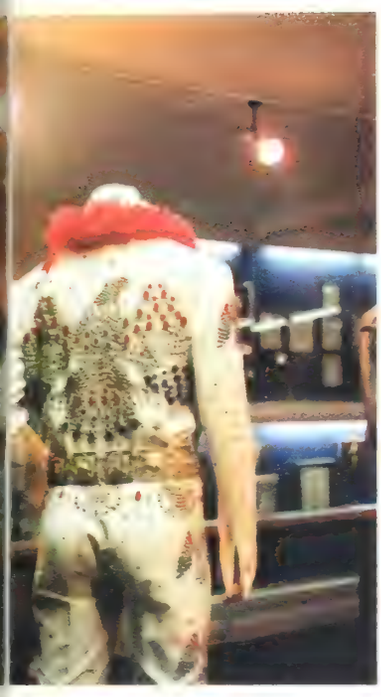
ELVIS PRESLEY'S GRACELAND

AN AMERICAN SHRIN

BY MARTIN FILLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM EGGLESTON







THE RAIMENT

rophy Room at Graceland, a headless
nnequin dressed in Elvis's Eagle
costume, one of the fake-
l-encrusted jumpsuits he favored
performances late in his career.



THE RING

Most prized among Elvis's jewels was his TCB ring: the eleven-carat round diamond is flanked by lightning bolts, which together with the initials stand for his motto, "Taking care of business in a flash."



THE CROWN

Among the memorabilia in the Trophy Room is a crown presented by his fans to "the King of Rock-and-Roll." Above it is one of his Harley-Davidson motorcycles, below it one of his many guitars.

We are on U.S. Highway 51 South, yet another interchangeable part of the Great American Commercial Strip, which is virtually identical from Oxnard to East Orange. One by one, the familiar roadside litany of fuel and fast food: The Pancake Man, Texaco, Pancho's Taco, Shoney's Big Boy, Shell, Mobile, Exxon. Then, ahead on the left, is a sizable oasis of tall trees. As we approach this surprising curtain of green, traffic slows to a crawl, tour buses wheeze to a halt, and all eyes and Instamatics turn toward the peculiar white gate and the white-columned mansion on the hillside above it. The address is 3764 Elvis Presley Boulevard, Memphis, Tennessee. This is Graceland, the palace of the King of Rock-and-Roll.

Although it is one of America's newest shrines (it was opened to the public in June 1982), Graceland is nevertheless one of its most revered. Among recently hallowed places in this country it is comparable only to the Vietnam War Memorial in Washington in its ability to attract hundreds of thousands of people each year and to stir their deepest emotions. When Elvis Presley died suddenly on August 16, 1977, at the age of 42, an immense wave of public mourning was set off, on a scale that normally accompanies the passing of a national leader. But not all the grief was blind. When told of Presley's demise, John Lennon (who had once declared, "Before Elvis there was nothing") was said to have replied, "Elvis died the day he went into the army." He echoed the opinion of the many critics who felt that Presley's artistic greatness had long predeceased him.

Worse evaluations and revelations soon followed: scandalous reminiscences and debunking biographies told a lurid but lamentably believable tale of Elvis's dissipation: drug abuse, debauchery, divorce, depression, and the steady, sad decline of a young artist's gifts—this was the flip side of Presley's golden record. But to the legions of the faithful, none of this mattered, nor should it, for well before his death Elvis had ascended into America's Pop Pantheon. He had become a genuinely mythic figure, and the divergence of his public image and the private reality behind it is virtually irrelevant in terms of understanding Presley's lasting effect on the American psyche.

Elvis Presley was one of those pivotal personalities whose emergence creates a clearly defined sense of "be-

THE PALACE

Opposite: The white-columned portico of the mansion, which was built in 1939. *Preceding pages:* Overlooking the souvenir stands across Elvis Presley Boulevard in Memphis, the famous wrought-iron Music Gate of Graceland.



FALLEN HEROES

In the living room, a portrait of Presley hangs above a book on John F. Kennedy, whose assassination obsessed the singer.



THE SCEPTER

Elvis's Fender Jazz Bass electric guitar. In truth, Presley was only a middling guitar player and often used it merely as a prop.



CRYIN' ALL THE TIME

A weeping ceramic canine in the Trophy Room honors Presley's 1956 hit, "Hound Dog." Next to it is the sheet music for his smash of the same year, "Blue Suede Shoes."

fore" and "after" in a culture. But what was his real contribution? To be sure, Elvis Presley did not conceive rock-and-roll: it was a child with many fathers. Nor was he the first to introduce sexually explicit rhythms and lyrics into popular music—that was done by black artists on so-called "race records" years before the release of such innuendo-drenched Presley disks as "Baby, Let's Play House," "Any Way You Want Me," and "I Need Your Love Tonight." Rather, Elvis Presley was to the rock revolution as Henry Ford was to the automobile: he didn't invent it, but he was responsible for mass-producing it and winning acceptance for it among the American public at large. The black singer James Brown summed up Presley's role most succinctly: "He taught white America to *get down*." Elvis was our rebel with a cause, and that cause was personal pleasure.

But as revolutionary as Presley was, a great deal of his lasting appeal to his millions of fans rested on traditional values: his deep religious faith, his reputation for charity, his respect for his elders, his devotion to his family, and his abiding love of home. The last was perhaps the most constant element in his adult life, all the more extraordinary in his insecure profession and the changing times in which he lived. For Elvis Presley, Graceland was the fixed star in his volatile personal universe, the center that somehow always held even while so much else in his life exploded.

Presley was much like a nineteenth-century American political figure in that the story of his life and climb to fame and fortune can be told largely in terms of his houses. His version of the proverbial log cabin was the two-room shack in Tupelo, Mississippi, where he was born on January 8, 1935, to Vernon and Gladys Love Smith Presley. The appalling poverty of his upbringing left him with a lifelong aversion to anything old. As he later recalled, "When I was growing up in Tupelo, I lived with enough . . . antiques to do me for a lifetime." (After Presley's astonishing success, well-meaning citizens of Tupelo restored his birthplace into a preposterously prettified simulacrum, filling the house with things the Presleys had been much too poor to afford.)

In September 1948, when Elvis was 13, his parents moved with their only child to Memphis, where they lived at first in a dilapi- *(Text continued on page 184)*

ALL THAT GLITTERS

Opposite: A bust of Elvis in the living room is framed by the doorway into the Music Room. In 1968 Priscilla Presley had the 1928 Kimball concert grand piano gilded as a present for her husband on their first wedding anniversary.



BLUE STREAK

Below: Portrait of Elvis against a blue background recalls his superstitious belief in that color. In 1955 he toured as part of a trio called The Blue Moon Boys. His records included "Blue Moon," "Blue Moon Over Kentucky," and "Blue Suede Shoes," and he starred in the film *Blue Hawaii*.





LIGHTNING STRIKES AGAIN

Above: One wall of the TV Room is emblazoned with Elvis's trademark lightning-bolt logo, here rendered as a sixties-style supergraphic.

THE SHIELD

Below: Resembling the trophy belts of prize fighters, the ornamental buckles of Presl costumes grew to massive proport This one, ornamented with large golden balls, is from his Az inspired Sunburst jumpsuit.





AMONG THE GOLD

Right: In a corner of the Music Room is one of the eleven television sets Presley kept throughout the mansion. Like most of them, it was a gift from RCA Victor, whose most successful recording artist Elvis remained for years.

KING OF THE JUNGLE

Opposite: Elvis's favorite part of Graceland was the Jungle Room, decorated with bizarre pseudo-Primitive furniture. He occasionally used the room as a recording studio and there made his 1976 album *From Elvis Presley Boulevard, Memphis, Tennessee*



ROMANCE COMES BACK TO CAPISTRANO



Michael Graves's new library in the California Mission tradition

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES

In a few short years Michael Graves has had a profound effect on American architecture, though his Classically inspired, traditionally detailed, richly colored designs have provoked more controversy than their inherently sweet nature would lead one to expect. Several of Graves's ideas have already reached the mainstream of American architectural practice, and his influence has spread with a speed that is surely a record for a member of the avant-garde. His output, however, still lags behind his fame: his first major urban commission, the widely publicized Portland Building in Oregon, was dedi-

Right: The entrance to the San Juan Capistrano Regional Library is marked by a lattice-roofed pergola. *Above:* The stucco structure, arranged around a central courtyard, relates closely to the Spanish Colonial architecture of the town.


SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO LIBRARY



cated just a year and a half ago, and his next wave of smaller public projects is only now reaching completion.

Among them is a building that in time might be seen as an archetypal Graves work: his San Juan Capistrano Regional Library in the Southern California town best known for its historic eighteenth-century mission and, of course, the annual return of its legendary swallows every March 19. San Juan Capistrano is another of those Southern California communities (like Santa Barbara and Mission Viejo) that has enacted stringent architectural guidelines for new construction, in an attempt to create a more coherent civic identity than is the norm in the exurban chaos of that region. Although the town's choice of Michael Graves to design its new library might seem adventurous for such a small community, it was actually quite appropriate. His recent work had already moved very

Right: A striking file of pinnacled turrets brings to mind a childhood fantasy castle or the dream architecture of the Surrealists. Reading nooks are housed in the lower portions. A latticework pergola at the far right mimics the shape of the stucco towers. *Above:* The 75-foot-long gallery is the library's main circulation spine. The Classically inspired sconces repeat a favorite Graves design motif.







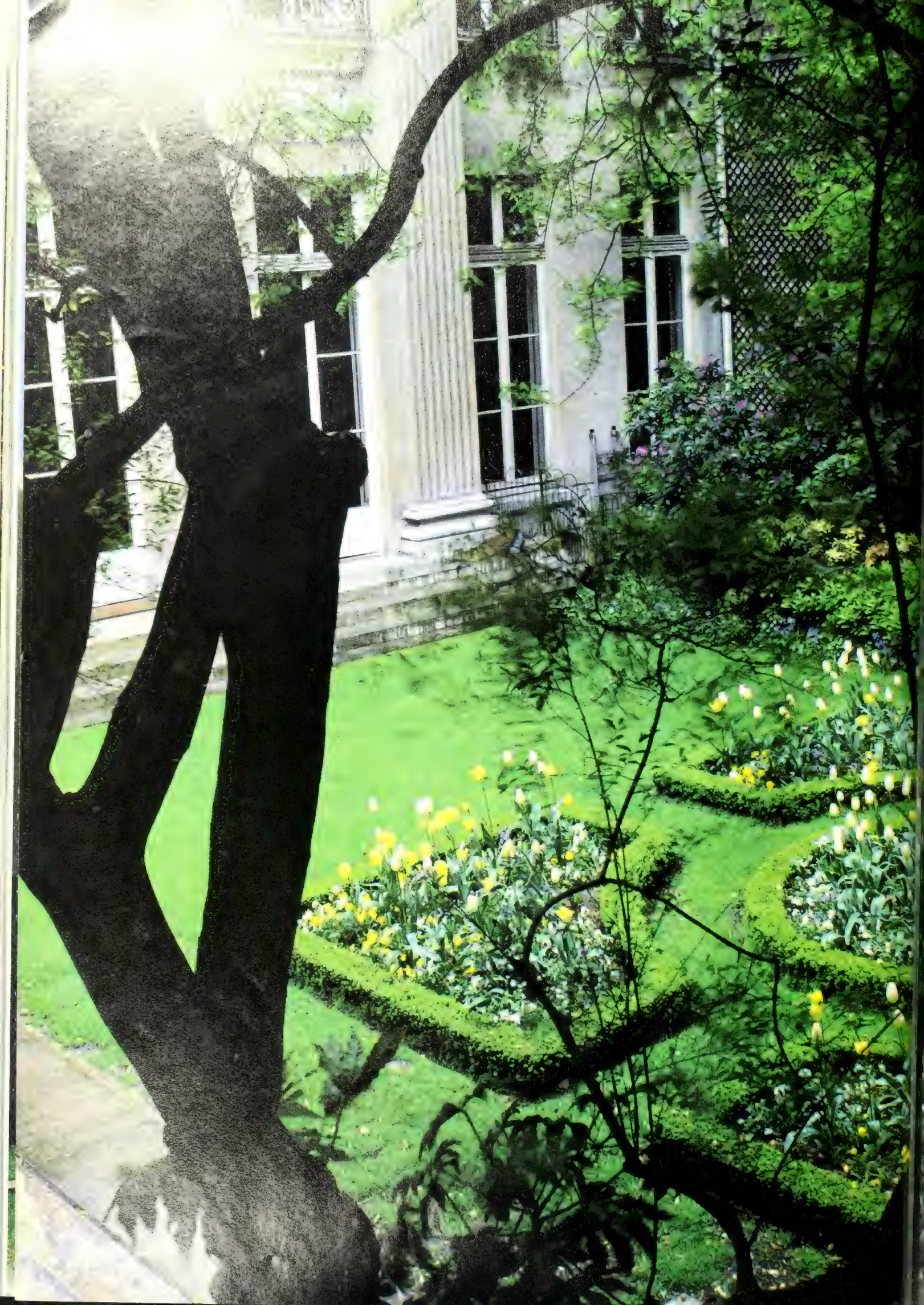


Left: On the west side of the library are three outdoor garden reading rooms, sheathed in deep blue-green lattice. Bougainvillaea will eventually envelop the framework. Visible through the far doorway is the fountain at the center of the library's atrium. *Above:* The central courtyard was intended to evoke the monastic calm of the cloisters of the Mission San Juan Capistrano, directly adjacent to the library site.

close to what his client wanted: a small-scale, stucco, tile-roofed building that would fit in with the prevailing local style, Spanish Colonial, which ranges from the authenticity of the venerable mission itself to the kitschy adaptations of gas stations and Taco Bells.

Graves has succeeded here in employing his basic design repertoire—the boldly defined entryways, the Classical colonnades, the strongly processional sequence of spaces, the rhythmic repetition of elements—with such a keen eye to what was desired of him formally that one might well forget what specific functions this building was meant to fulfill. In truth, the San Juan Capistrano Regional Library bears a striking resemblance to another recently completed Graves work, his Environmental Education Center in Jersey City, New Jersey, a reminder that Graves is an artist involved above all in working out his own aesthetic concerns, an architect who more or less adapts use to his designs rather than vice versa.

As always, Graves has devised a memorable series of effects and has invested a visit to the library with a sense of occasion lacking in the vast majority of contemporary architecture. Though quite small, the Capistrano library aspires to a certain grandeur, and that alone is enough to qualify it among Graves's other noble experiments. But in the *(Text continued on page 202)*





A TALENT FOR HOUSES

Interior designer Henri Samuel's house in Paris reveals his instinct for beauty

BY NANCY RICHARDSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI





Preceding pages, left: A view from Henri Samuel's private apartment across the garden and into the windows of the drawing room. *Preceding pages, right:* Mr. Samuel with his dachshunds, Isadora and Rosa, in the drawing room. *Left:* Green Empire hall-library. Fountain by Carpeaux, ceiling painted with signs of the zodiac by Bores. *Right:* One of two mahogany bookcases in the green library. In the foreground is one of a group of chairs made for Queen Hortense when she gave an Aztec ball.

As with many things money cannot buy nor schooling teach, a talent for arranging houses is something that develops, often unnoticed, over several generations. Henri Samuel, whose reputation as one of the major decorators of our era has been established virtually from the beginning of his career in Paris in the twenties, comes from a family of visual people who were art dealers, collectors, and bankers. Confident early on that his eye was his gift, Samuel learned the business of decoration in the twenties under the legendary Mr. Boudin of Jansen. Starting at the top, he stayed there—though not for long at Jansen—and has worked decade after decade since for a small group of museums and private clients with houses all over Europe as well as for a number of Americans who came across his work in their travels.

Rarely called in to help clients who were starting from scratch, Samuel's work has usually been for collectors who have been thinking about architecture and decoration for a long time. So identified is Henri Samuel with the installation of collections and the restoration of historic houses that after over fifty years his reputation as a decorator is rather like that of a poet's poet or an editor's editor. His instincts, preferences, dislikes, and habits speak out to those who are interested in a kind of aesthetic shorthand.

Henri Samuel's greatest influence in this country has been in affecting how Americans perceived French eighteenth-century decoration. In the series of galleries done for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman at the Metropolitan Museum in New York in the sixties, Samuel set out to recreate the mood of the most refined rooms of a refined century. Fully familiar with the conventions of palace reception rooms, he chose however to offer the public something less expected. In the Sèvres Room, for instance, he painted the boiserie the colors of flowers—a playful, little-done treatment that skillfully sets off a grouping of furniture by Martin Carlin, which is famous for its flowered porcelain plaques. Nearby are two small rooms. One is from the Hôtel de Crillon in Paris and the other from a house in Bordeaux. Samuel brought them to life with a few insignificant props—a bit of brocade stuffed into a lower shelf of a candlestand, a small leather-bound book left open and face-down next to a tiny bouquet of silk flowers on a day bed that is covered in a luminous acid-green silk. In the Bordeaux room, a small perfect sitting room in the round, Samuel set a table for four that looks to be two minutes away from lunch—almost as though hot dishes were already en route from the kitchen.

Samuel's unpedantic but correct treatment of important pieces becomes even more essential in doing up houses with collections that could easily look stiff and pompous. One of the ways he prevents a house from looking like a museum is to mix furniture and works of art from several periods. His own house in Paris celebrates a unique eclecticism developed over the years. A rich assortment of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century furniture and pictures, African and Oriental works of art are grouped by shape, color, and mood and





Mr. Samuel's drawing room is renowned for his collection and arrangement of twentieth-century art. *Le Fruit D'Or* by Balthus hangs over a console by César on which are propped a drawing by David Levine and a Léger watercolor. The bronze table in front of the window, by Diego Giacometti. On the screen behind: drawings by Wilfredo Lam and Fred Deux.



Above: The other end of the big drawing room. Over the Empire chimney piece is Balthus's *Strawberries,* to the right a large canvas by Tal Coat. Paintings by Christo and Jawlensky between the windows. Brass cloud table, in front of the double sofa, by Guy de Rougemont. Other tables by Hiquily. *Right:* View through a window in the entrance hall. Mobile by Hiquily. Chinese mother-of-pearl pagoda on a Directoire table.

set in a remarkable series of rooms on the ground floor of a late-eighteenth-century *hôtel particulier* in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

One's impression of the place begins on the street. Large wooden doors open from it into a typical cobbled courtyard. On the other side of the court are a couple of steps, an outer door, and then a pair of gray-white double doors with some ancient fingerprints, a standard indication that something worthwhile lies within. A perfect butler opens the door, and immediately—as though to say that life is as important to the setting as the quality of the furniture and objects—a pair of dachshunds blasts through the entry hall in full voice.

This hall has been made into a green library with Empire furniture, a pair of full-size Empire bookcases, a marble fountain by Carpeaux fitted into a niche as though it were sculpture, a collection of bronzes, contemporary pictures propped up waiting to be hung elsewhere in the house.

Though there is a lot to look at here, the eye moves through and beyond to an enormous drawing room that opens through a series of four double French doors into a big, mostly green city garden. The big room is hung with material of a color that's a cross between Pompeian red and terra cotta. The walls are covered in a nineteenth-century arrangement of twentieth-century paintings and drawings—a Hartung, a Jawlensky, two canvases by Balthus—and the room is furnished with large clean-lined sofas covered in gray-black velvet. There are also Louis XVI desks and chairs, a bronze table by Diego Giacometti, and other tables and consoles designed for him by contemporary artists such as Guy de Rougemont and César. The length of this room runs parallel to the garden. Across the garden sits a little house of three rooms that make up Henri Samuel's private apartment. His sitting room and bedroom are padded and hung with printed cotton material of his own design and filled with upholstered furniture, *(Text continued on page 198)*





Henri Samuel's bedroom. The walls are covered in a leopard-printed cotton material he designed. Chinese paintings on mirror combine with black lacquer or japanned furniture and Napoleon III chairs.







NEW BLACK MAGIC

Bob Patino and Vicente Wolf design a stage for entertaining

BY MARGARET MORSE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER VITALE

In the slate-tiled dining room, niches display Thai jars from 3500 B.C. and an Egyptian New Kingdom relief. Peripheral walls are upholstered in sound-muffling gray flannel. Around the castered tables, Mies's "Brno" chairs designed in 1930.



When the new owners bought this large apartment, they planned on remodeling every square inch within. The couple was going to use the apartment almost exclusively as a weeknight/weekend space and to entertain frequently on a large scale. They wanted a glamorous nighttime environment that would wear well party after party and take on different moods with changes of lighting, music, and flowers. Friends recommended the interior-design firm of Patino/Wolf Associates. Bob Patino and Vicente Wolf gutted the interior, built a new "open" layout in its place, and decorated it largely with furniture they designed to the clients' specifications.

The couple had very definite color preferences—for black, gray, and white, revved up with red accents—the same palette that the woman (a blonde) likes to wear. She would have liked all the rooms done in shades of black and charcoal gray, but her husband leaned toward lighter tones—pearl gray, white, and blond wood. To please them both, Patino/Wolf designed the living room–library and master suite with dark interior walls, white window walls, and medium tones in between.

Above: The living room, looking toward the library and media ell paneled in bleached oak. The same wood is used for a fireplace surround (not pictured), so each end of the room has a hearth—one real, one electronic. *Opposite:* Leather-and-flannel swivel chairs are based on a J.M. Frank design. In front of a black-glass wall, the freestanding lacquered bar displays a quartz rock.





Above: In the master bedroom, vertical blinds form a serpentine bay for the carpeted platform around the bed. The topmost step on each side is a drawer. Steel "Antelope" chair is from the fifties. Sheets by Pratesi. *Opposite:* The woman's sitting area boasts a lounge in tufted poplin, a cashmere throw with leather piping. In the corner, a rococo mirror is suspended behind a seventeenth-century Chinese bowl and sprays of ginger flowers. Eames chair wears its original aniline red. Brass bowls are from Nepal.



In the living room–library, the shift from black glass to blond wood to white lacquer, from the emphatic horizontals of the bookshelves to the more closely spaced verticals of the window blinds makes any wall one looks at a study in geometry, interesting in and of itself. Art and accessories are kept to a minimum: silver candlesticks by Elsa Peretti, an Art Deco bronze medallion, a Japanese mother-of-pearl inlaid box on a bleached oak tray. In this way, every object makes an aesthetic contribution. The log holder, for example, is a pleasing vertical assemblage of triangular pieces of wood within a glass cylinder.

At first glance, the bold geometry and grand scale cast a reverential hush over the space. But at close range there is a reassuring, sensuous panoply of textures—gray flannel, black leather (plain or perforated), velvet carpeting, cleft slate flooring, flats of tulips on polished slate tabletops. These rooms are at their most hospitable at parties, with two dozen guests sampling beautiful food and reveling in subtle changes of music and lighting as the evening progresses: the people and array of flowers and plants (Ming aralia and fishtail palm among them) become vibrant completing elements in the visual design.

Built-ins are the backbone of the design scheme—from television and video equipment to bookshelves to banquettes *(Text continued on page 197)*



THE LAST ITALIAN

The ancient impulse to leave land to one's descendants is no longer an easy matter for today's Romans

BY LUIGI BARZINI PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



Above: The house, built in 1948 in the style of a Campagna farmhouse, has tufa walls and sits on a hillock in bucolic surroundings only eight miles from the center of Rome.
Opposite: The author in the front doorway of his house.

I live in a small country house I built in 1948 on the Via Cassia, or *anglice,* the Cassian Way, the ancient Roman consular road which led to Siena and Florence. It still does, except that trucks and cars fortunately now travel on the new *autostrada,* and so the venerable highway on which all northern travelers reached the Eternal City for more than two thousand years is used mostly by local traffic. My neighborhood is known as "La Tomba di Nerone," Nero's Tomb, which, of course, is an erroneous popular appellation, as Nero was notoriously buried in Piazza del Popolo on the spot where the church of Santa Maria del Popolo was later built to exorcise his ghost. The sarcophagus not far from my house really belongs to an obscure and assuredly virtuous Roman bourgeois couple, a certain Publius Vibius Maximus and his wife. "La Tomba" is by no means a suburban location. It is only seven or eight miles from the heart of Rome, the Campidoglio, an insignificant distance in any of the other great cities of the world.

For a number of reasons I designed my small villa with the professional help of a recalcitrant young architect in the style of a Campagna farmhouse, that is, a real farmhouse and not a chic, coquettish parody of one. Local farmhouses are practical and attractive. They are irregular, asymmetrical, and casual, with outdoor covered stairways, built to accommodate what is inside without a thought for decorum or prestige. They age well. I got the interior plan from an old American book called *One Hundred Small Budget Homes,* which I found on a push-cart in the flea market, and combined it with the exterior plan for an L-shaped building on three levels, open to the south. Then I asked the architect to enclose the whole thing in the proper peasant style. He was very unhappy about the project. He dreamed of building a striking Bauhaus or Frank Lloyd Wright chef-d'oeuvre, more glass than masonry, possibly painted with one of the brilliant hues of Italian *gelati:* pistachio, strawberry, or peach. He wanted his work above all to provoke the admiration and envy of his colleagues and be published in some glossy specialized magazine.

My choice was dictated by experiences, memories, and scruples. I remembered what had happened to a friend of mine, Goffredo Parise, a well-known novelist, who had given carte blanche to an architect he trusted and ended as the owner of a house he described as "the wreck of a plane which had struck the hillside." I was born and brought up in a very up-to-date (at the time) Art Nouveau house in Milan. By the time I was twelve or thirteen I had grown to loathe the bowel-like decorations: the nereids' heads with seaweed coiffures, and the tulips engraved on the elevator's glass panes. In my new house I did not want anything connected to contemporary tastes and fashions, in order to prevent my children from experiencing the same feeling of disgust and repulsion as they grew up.

I wanted my house to have an ageless style, a comfortable and possibly elegant interior, but to be, if not invisible, at least inconspicuous outside, to look as if it had always been there. I built it with thick tufa stone walls (the most common local material), traditional small windows (to keep it cool in summer and warm in winter), painted it the sepia color of Rome, and covered it with antique handmade tiles from demolitions. Nobody wanted such tiles at the time and they could be had for practically nothing, little more than the cost of trucking them away. Now, of course, they are fashionable and very expensive, since people have learned that with them and a few transplanted adult trees they can transform any brash new villa into an instant century-old family seat.

What also inspired me, I think, was the desire to show my awe and respect for the holy ground on which I was building. I found out later I was the only one to be troubled by such scruples. The new apartment buildings, which in the following years surrounded me (I do not see them through the many trees and thick bushes I planted in time for my defense), all have a blatant, shrill, South American, or Levantine (prewar Beirut) look. Evidently they are meant to prove how utterly modern and cosmo-



Above: Some of the oranges from the garden which are grown along with tangerines, grapefruits, lemons, prunes, pears, apples, peaches, and apricots. *Opposite:* A glimpse of the garden in late fall.

politan their owners and architects are.

One night, after a trattoria dinner with a friend who knew all about such things, I reached the decision to buy a piece of countryside large enough both to be isolated and on which to build. I was then looking desperately for an apartment. I had visited many. Most were luxurious dwellings for courtesans, movie stars, corrupt politicians, and foreign millionaires, far too expensive for my modest means. The cheaper ones were too hopelessly squalid, lackluster, and depressing, too small for my needs but still too dear for me. I was almost resigned to give up my search. The friend reassured me. He showed me on a paper napkin that, as building costs were very low and land in the country still dirt-cheap, with the same amount of money I could buy a piece of farm land and build the house I needed. I could have all the rooms necessary for family and servants, a large study and capacious library—where I could finally deposit all the books I owned which had been stored here and there for years—a children's nursery, adequate storage space for bric-a-brac, a garage, and possibly even a box stall for a saddle horse.

He pointed out I could enjoy silence, fresh air, a restful panorama of rolling hills, and, with some luck, a view of Rome and its many church domes. The city was not surrounded (as other cities were) by industrial suburbs, not yet and not in all directions, anyway. There were few villas since most Italians as a rule do not like greenery—peasants love to cut down all the trees they can—and prefer to be surrounded by noise, crowds, and solid masonry. The last city houses gave way almost immediately to vegetable gardens, small woods of ilex and cork oaks, vineyards, olive groves, brooks, and pasture land dotted with grazing sheep. The decision to move to the country, therefore, was not a radical one at the time. One could always drive to the center of town in a few minutes on empty roads.

I looked for a suitable spot and found it after a search of only a few weeks. It was a pleasant hillock of about seven acres, half of which was covered with an ancient evergreen wood. The view was splendid. I could see rolling country that was green in winter, and on one side, in the distance, the roofs of Rome. The hillock overlooked a little valley at the bottom of which, among the many trees, ran a stream whose water was as cool and clean as if it came from the mountains. The opposite side of the valley had been owned forever by the Ospedale di Santo Spirito, and I knew it could not be sold. I thought that was a good thing, as I would not be faced one day with the sight of vast concrete and glass constructions, the screaming of their tenants, the weeping of children, and the blaring of radios.

On the ridge opposite the property, trains ran at regular intervals, towed by the last steam locomotives in Italy, which blew puffs of white cotton wool. It was, and it still is, the line going from St. Peter's to Viterbo. Its station at Ottavia can be seen in all Italian movies set at the beginning of the century, since it is the only one left without dangling electric wires. I timed the minutes it took me to reach the place from Piazza Colonna by car: ten or fifteen. The silence on the spot was absolute. The only living beings I could see on the road were a few wayfarers, an occasional herd of sheep, and caravans of mules loaded with charcoal. The charcoal was still used for cooking, before the development of bottled liquid gas, by the poorer Romans who liked the taste it gave their food. I decided the place was made for me.

Luckily about that time the Berlin Airlift had been started, a constant day-and-night drone of freight planes flying over to supply the German city with all it needed. Everybody, or almost everybody, in Europe feared the outbreak of the Third World War, and, in Italy, a Communist takeover too. The Italian Communist Party was then still totalitarian, disciplined, ruthless, strictly Stalinist, a docile instrument of Soviet policy. Its program was apparently not the abolition of concentration camps but only the change of the guards' uniforms. It still possessed secret stores of the weapons it had received from the Allies a few years before to fight the Germans. And it maintained in readiness *(Text continued on page 203)*



OPEN HOUSE FOR ART

A Florida couple found a perfect place for an impressive collection of large-scale masterpieces

BY MARJORIE WELISH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY E. NICHOLS

Surrounding the courtyard of this Florida house is an arcade of contemporary art, including George Segal's *GoGo Dancer* of 1981, James Rosenquist's *Tent, Pail, Star* of 1975, and Richard Diebenkorn's *Ocean Park #112* of 1978. Eyeing it all from the courtyard is Alexander Calder's *Grand Critter: Bleu, Rouge, Noir* of 1974.



The capacious living room readily absorbs Lichtenstein's vast *Studio Interiors with Dancer* of 1974, Jean Dubuffet's *Lieu de Coincidences* of 1975, Willem de Kooning's *Figure* of 1969, two David Smiths—his *Head* of 1959 and *Yellow Vertical* of 1955—and Calder's *Fish Mobile* of 1972. Gray walls and accented moldings provide a strong graphic wrapper unifying these independent visions.



In semitropical Florida, there is a Deco-Moorish-Florentine villa that a flourishing collection of contemporary art has happily overgrown. Yet this collection might not have been cultivated if it weren't for the humid climate and the airy architectural idiom the weather once inspired. In the days before air conditioning, when breezeways were necessary to allay the heat and courtyards a way to create spacious, private insulation between house and busy street, this thirties dwelling made keeping cool and safe synonymous with gracious living. For its current owners, only one update was essential: glassing in the columned arcade surrounding the courtyard to create a vast gallery illuminated by abundant natural light. Now they could begin to realize their most tenacious fantasy.

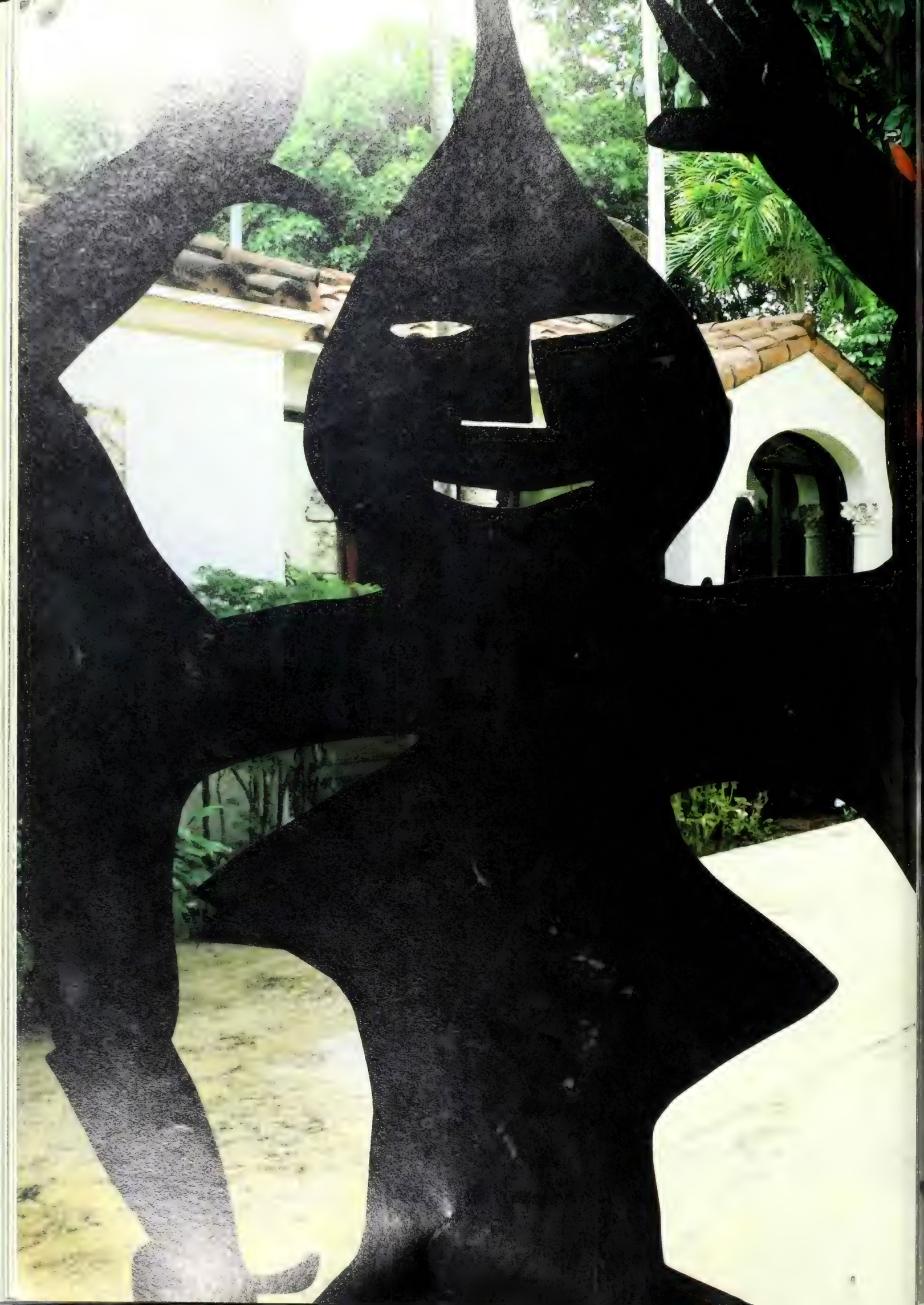
Six years later, the couple's gathering of contemporary painting and sculpture, mostly American, totals a hundred pieces. As numerous as they are, the paintings, including those by Willem de Kooning, Richard Diebenkorn, Helen Frankenthaler, Roy Lichtenstein, and Joan Miró, and the sculpture, with strong holdings in works by Alexander Calder, David Smith, and George Segal, all find their place in the redolent light and space of their surroundings, creating a festive wilderness of art.

Like a wilderness, this collection is always growing, and if a conflict arises between art and furniture, it is the art that wins. In the living room, for example, a carpet and two tables were removed so that Lichtenstein, Dubuffet, de Kooning, Giacometti, Segal, Calder, and five David Smiths could jostle

(Text continued on page 182)

Natural light from the courtyard throws patterns of shadowy foliage over Smith's *Personage Seeking Australia* of 1952 and *Portrait of a Young Girl* of 1954; Frank Stella's *Great Jones Street*, painted in 1958 during his last year at Princeton; and Segal's *Girl on Chaise Lounge* of 1968. The Calder mobile, one of the earliest the artist made, probably dates from 1938.







These black silhouettes of the *Critter* group slice through the sunlit courtyard to create dramatic cutouts of the environment. A mobile, *Bourges*, 1969, spans the space. Asked why they are so drawn to Calder, the collectors said, "Aside from the color and balance, which everyone will say, we like the quality of joyfulness. It's serious art without hidden messages."



"The Architect's Choice"

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(Continued from page 178) each other [illegible]. How do they all manage to coexist? From several vantages, Smith's open welded sculptures enter into a Lichtenstein or Dubuffet, at once disappearing into and enriching the canvas. From other angles, the red blades of a Calder mobile seem to extend from the undulating, fleshly paint of the de Kooning, and graze the powerful scarlet nude and door of Segal's assemblage. With such formal links among the art, this collecting couple does not worry about stylistic consistency among their Pop, Realist, Constructivist, and Abstract Expressionist holdings. They are confident that any new acquisition will find a companionable context in which to shine. Consequently, their collection does not look bought to fulfill a streamlined decorative image, nor acquired from an image of themselves they want their art to shore up. Rather, the cheerful informality of this house may be traced to a process of collecting that is intuitive, relaxed, and ever maturing.

The man of the house has installed each work in the couple's collection, and his adept placement of art sometimes involves taking cues from the art itself, sometimes from nature, which is never very far away as one circles the courtyard. Against the windows, Segal's *Girl on Chaise Lounge* has managed to find her perfect habitat in the netherworld between indoors and outdoors. The sculpture's reflection, with the imprint of Calder and the vegetal world of the courtyard, exudes a ghostliness that brings out the vulnerability of the heavy plaster sculpture itself.

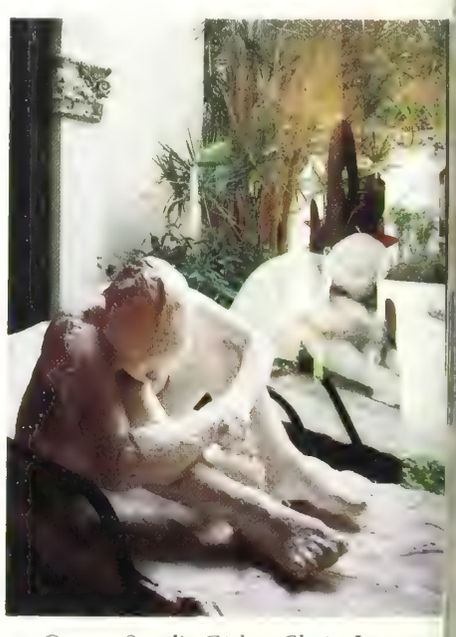
Calders float throughout the house, but they have totally populated the courtyard. Four stabile-mobiles, called *Crags* because of their mountainous bases sprouting colorful mobile elements, are near the gallery to encourage visual frolicking with indoor installations. First spotted in France, the *Grand Critter: Bleu, Rouge, Noir* was captured and brought home to live in the courtyard "alone for about a year until we bought her family—the other *Critters,* now grouped almost exactly as Calder himself had placed them." Playful, but with a menacing edge, these metal cutouts (inspired by Matisse's cutouts in paper) endow color and shape with the human features and vital force of primitive art. Presiding over all these *Critters* and *Crags* is the expansive canopy of a mobile, *Bourgeois,* numbering the last of the thirteen Calders that vivify the courtyard.

The liveliness that characterizes the collection as a whole is born of the direct, eager attitude these collectors have toward art. Responding to visual excitement, they are intimidated neither by size, subject matter, aggressive tone, nor by the big ideas the art may espouse. Theirs is a feeling of affection not awe. Both collectors have said, "People often tell us before we make a purchase, 'Oh, you wouldn't want that piece, this piece is difficult to live with.' But how can art that is exciting enough for us to buy be difficult to live with?"

□ *Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray*



One [illegible] Calder *Crags* from 1974



George Segal's *Girl on Chaise Lounge*

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lic-housing project of the sort unknown in the South before the Age of Roosevelt. Though quite decent (and a sight better than the shack in Tupelo), the Lauderdale Courts carried the stigma of "the welfare," and Elvis was not unhappy when in his last year of high school his family had to leave the Courts because their income had risen too high for public assistance.

Elvis Presley the performer always seemed like the apotheosis of the hoody high-school hotshot: handsome, cool, self-assured, even arrogant, mooned over by the girls, grudgingly envied by the guys. In his own years at Humes High School in Memphis, though, he was anything but that. One must strain to find the awkward loner in the back row of the photo of the Library Club, the kind of picture we have come to expect in an article on an assassin. But young Elvis had discovered a talent much prized in his part of America—singing to his guitar—and with it he won the school talent show in his senior year.

The rest of his story is the stuff of show-biz legend. How in the fall of 1953, a few months after graduation, he auditions for Sun Records in Memphis. How he fits the bill for "a white boy who can sing like a Negro" and is called back to record an old country ballad, "I Love You Because." How he also records another number, "That's All Right Mama," first straight, and then again in a much looser, mocking, rocking manner that Sun owner Sam Phillips immediately recognizes as no less than sensational. How Elvis begins working local joints, county fairs, finally becoming a regular on the Shreveport radio show *Louisiana Hayride.* How he acquires a Svengali-like manager, Col. Tom Parker, how his recording contract is bought out by RCA, and how he is then launched to fame.

Characteristically, Elvis thought of two things to buy when he began to strike it rich: a new car and a new house. Predictably, the car was a Cadillac, a pink 1955 Fleetwood Series 60 Special Sedan (which he bought for his



Sunburst clock over living room mantel

mother and which remains parked behind Graceland). The first house he bought was a little brick bungalow, soon followed by a larger brick ranch house in a nicer part of town. It was home not just for Elvis, but for his parents as well. As Albert Goldman writes in his candid but essentially contemptuous biography, *Elvis,* "Most young boys fresh out of the slums would have behaved exactly as did Elvis Presley in buying a flashy car. How many, one wonders, would have taken their first real money and put it into a house? Here we see the other side of Elvis, the side that always contrasted so strongly with the flamboyant clothes and the punk attitude: the profound attachment to the notion of home and the longing to have a home of which he could be proud."

As Presley's popularity grew, his house on Audubon Drive became ceaselessly besieged by adoring teen-age girls who roamed the property at will and felt nothing about peering in the windows and snapping pictures of their idol. Another move was clearly in order, and this time it would be for keeps.

In her remarkable little memoir entitled *Exactly As It Happened: How Elvis Bought Graceland,* Memphis real-estate agent Virginia Grant recalls showing what she thought was a suitable house to the singer's mother in March 1957. "Mrs. Presley informs me that if they should buy this property, they would have to build a large Colonial home, as that is the type of home Elvis wants. The ranch-style home of more than 3,500 square feet, which heretofore had looked fine to me, would be used as a stable for their horses. . . ." Clearly Virginia Grant had been on the wrong track, but suddenly she thought of something far grander. As Mrs. Grant remembers, "Without hesitation, and as if God himself put the thought in my mind and the words on my tongue, I immediately picked Graceland as the home for them, though I had never been in the house myself. . . . This proves to me all the more, that God can do big things for us in our business, if we only trust Him, and try to do right by our fellow-man."

Her revelation turned out to be inspired. Located several miles south of downtown Memphis in the Shelby County township of Whitehaven, Graceland was an eighteen-room house set on 460 acres of gently rolling land. It had been built by a Dr. Thomas Moore, who named it in honor of his wife Ruth's aunt, Grace Toof. Faced with pink Tennessee fieldstone, the house boasted that *sine qua non* symbol of the gracious Southern mansion—the Classical white-columned pedimented portico, here with the interesting and unusual variant of Egyptian capitals, perhaps a reference to the Nilotic origins of this Tennessee city's name. More significant, however, is the house's date: it was built in 1939, the year of the release of that quintessential film epic of the Old South, *Gone With the Wind.* Graceland was Elvis's Tara, where he returned time and again to "think about it tomorrow," with the craving for the serenity and strength that Katie Scarlett O'Hara derived from her fictional home.

Elvis went to see the mansion (which then housed the Graceland Christian Church) and decided on the spot to buy it. The price—which also included 13.8 acres of the surrounding land—was $102,500. Within the first six months of his occupancy, however, its new owner was to spend five times that amount *(Continued on page 186)*

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The highly gregarious Elvis stuck to his roots, and dwelt with his extended family all his life

(Continued from page 184) on improvements, with some $65,000 alone for the eight-foot-high pink fieldstone wall erected to keep Presley's frenzied followers from overrunning the estate. The public cynosure was the famous Music Gate, the wrought-iron portals that portray two guitar-wielding Elvises against a background of undulating musical notation.

The interior decoration was no less personal and flamboyant. Above the front door of the house is a stained-glass panel emblazoned with an Old English "P." Behind it is the entry hall, where one realizes for the first time that despite Graceland's imposing façade, its rooms are actually no larger than those of the average American upper-middle-class suburban house. There are now 23 rooms, plus eight bathrooms, but that was just space enough for the large number of people that the highly gregarious Elvis liked to have around at all times. He stuck to his roots and dwelt with his extended family all his life. Until Elvis was inducted into the army, his parents lived in the main house; after his mother's death, Presley's father and stepmother lived in a house on an adjacent property. A downstairs bedroom off the entry hall was used by Elvis's paternal grandmother, Minnie Mae Presley, until her death in 1980 at the age of 90; it is currently occupied by his aunt Delta Mae Biggs, who kept house for Elvis and now cares for his surviving Pomeranian, Edmund. Another of Presley's aunts, the Rev. Nashville Lorene Prichett, lived for many years in a trailer on the property with her husband, Earl, the groundskeeper of Graceland. The guardhouse at the Music Gate was manned for over twenty years by uncle Vester Presley; these days he can often be found across the highway at the Graceland Visitors Center, dressed in his light blue leisure suit and obligingly inscribing copies of his two books, *A Presley Speaks* and *The Presley Family Cookbook*.

Welcomed into the Presley family circle at the tender age of fourteen was Priscilla Ann Beaulieu, the stepdaughter of a U.S. Air Force officer stationed in West Germany, where Elvis met her in 1959 during his highly publicized army hitch. Enraptured by the girl eleven years his junior, Presley persuaded her parents to allow her to return to America to live with him in 1962. She was installed at Graceland, enrolled in a Memphis Catholic school, and five years later at last became Mrs. Elvis Presley. The marriage was shorter than the courtship: after six years the couple divorced. Their only child, Lisa Marie, now sixteen, is the sole heir of her father's estate and will inherit Graceland when she turns 25.

Then there were Elvis's buddies, the bodyguards, advance men, and go-fers known variously as the Guys or the Memphis Mafia, who catered to his iron whims and gave Graceland the air of a high-flown frat house. With its considerable staff of servants, including day and night cooks at the ready to feed the small army of retainers, Graceland was a kind of mini-Versailles, where every activity revolved around the wishes of the king.

The interior design of Graceland might best be described as American Roadside Regal. To the right of the foyer are the living room and the music room; to the left, the dining room. All are decorated in the showy-genteel manner that predominates throughout the parlor rooms at Graceland: gilt furniture, silky fabrics, elaborately draped curtains and portieres, crystal chandeliers, pale wall-to-wall carpeting, marble and mirror paneling, and on almost every wall a gold-framed family portrait, often a photograph painted over in oils. Though much has been made by Albert Goldman of the tackiness of these rooms, in truth they are not much different from those of many other Tennessee tyro tycoons circa 1957.

Much less typical are the rooms of the house designed for Elvis's own amusement rather than for receiving relatives and friends in the time-honored Southern tradition. Here we see his imagination run wild. As at Versailles, the nerve center at Graceland was the bedroom of the King. The bed chamber, which is not open to the public and which the Presley family has declined to have photographed, is decorated in high swinging-bachelor style. The room is centered by Elvis's nine-by-nine-foot bed with its black vinyl headboard, afloat on a sea of red wall-to-wall carpeting. The walls are covered in fake black suede, which also screens the windows to create the cocoonlike atmosphere that Presley craved. The bed is flanked by easels bearing portraits of two of the most important people in Elvis Presley's life: his mother and Jesus Christ.

Then there is the TV Room in the basement, with its mirrored ceiling, its wrap-around mirrored soda fountain, its supergraphic mural with Elvis's trademark lightning-bolt logo, and three television sets in a row (an idea he got from LBJ, who liked to keep an eye on all three networks at once). Across the hall is the pool room, tented in some 750 yards of patchwork-printed fabric, with a stained-glass lamp hanging over the table where he played his preferred billiard game, eightball.

But the most jaw-dropping of all is the Jungle Room, Elvis's favorite room at Graceland. Decorated in a style that might be termed Early Goona-Goona or perhaps Tahitian Provincial, the forty-foot-long den is fitted out with a staggering suite of massive pieces (from Donald's Furniture in Memphis) that combine ferociously carved animal forms with fake-fur upholstery. Here the star of *Blue Hawaii* would ensconce himself with the good ol' boys of his enormous entourage and watch Kung-Fu films on the projection-TV screen, which was set up in front of the built-in waterfall wall (complete *(Continued on page 188)*

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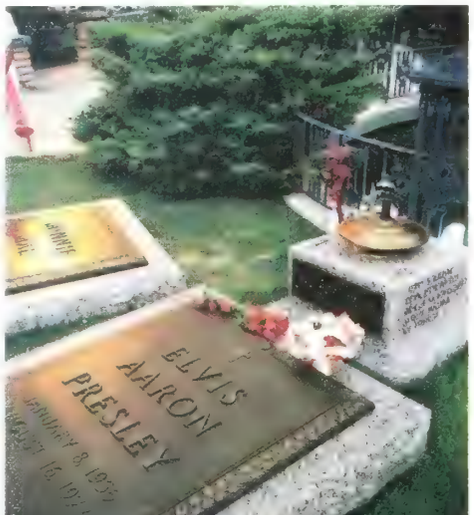
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building that Elvis had built directly [illegible] with racquetball courts, sauna, and [illegible] Presley, a confirmed night owl, would often play with his pals until sunup. Another favorite diversion was his slot-car race track, which was kept for many years in the one-story structure erected just to the south of the main house in 1965. In time, however, Elvis's vast collection of memorabilia had expanded to such an extent that the large shed was converted into the Trophy Room, the most compelling part of Graceland.

There is something at once poignant and repellent about the Trophy Room (which is actually a series of gallerylike spaces), and it is here that the myth of Elvis Presley seems most convincing and most real. Elvis was a compulsive keeper of the bits and pieces of his life; significant and trivial, worthless and rare, hucksterish and human, they are juxtaposed in this place with irresistible effect. Here is his mama and daddy's marriage certificate; his seventh-grade achievement test (80 in phys. ed., 79 in dictation, 61 in literature—no testing in music); the portraits of the artist as a young Adonis. Then one passes through the Hall of Gold, an astounding corridor lined with the singer's 163 Gold and Platinum records and albums, including his very first, for "Don't Be Cruel."

Finally one comes to the largest room, which holds the oddest of the artifacts: headless effigies wearing the black brocade tuxedo and the white wedding dress in which Elvis and Priscilla were married; an array of the fake-jewel-encrusted jumpsuits he was given to performing in late in his career; a wall full of his favorite firearms and the narcotics-agent badges that the drug-dependent Presley obsessively collected; his motorcycle and a number of guitars; his suitcases, still packed, from the concert tour he was to have begun the day after he died; his favorite books—on the Kennedy assassination and the occult; his eleven-carat diamond ring and his heavy gold pendant with the Hebrew word for "life."

After a half-hour of rapt voyeurism in this gallery, one is relieved to step outside and survey the grounds of Graceland, which conform to the American suburban type as much as the house itself does. The large "front yard" is handsomely landscaped but, of course, is never used, while the much smaller backyard seems cramped and cluttered; the contrast between the two makes the porticoed exterior seem much like a Hollywood false-front. But before the visitor departs, there is still what for most people



Presley's grave in Meditation Garden

is the emotional high point of the pilgrimage to Graceland: Meditation Garden, the final resting place of the departed King.

Two days after his death Elvis was buried in nearby Forest Hill Cemetery, but within six weeks the combination of staggering crowds and a corpse-kidnap threat led to the decision to reinter Presley (and his beloved mother) in the more secure setting of Graceland. Now, like Richard Wagner and Andrew Jackson, he lies in death just a few feet from the house in which he lived. The name "Meditation Garden" suggests a tranquil retreat but in fact is more like Forest Lawn than the contemplative spaces of Japan. Just past the kidney-shaped swimming pool is a brick and white-columned peristyle, inset with four stained-glass windows. A circular fountain is at the center, and directly before it is an unlit eternal flame, at the head of the bronze marker bearing the name ELVIS AARON PRESLEY. On any given day it is surrounded by floral offerings, though their quantity predictably swells around the anniversaries of his birth and death. Several forms are recurring favorites—guitars, hound dogs, and that Southern classic, the broken, bleeding heart.

Yet it is the words, not the flowers, that stick in the mind. Cast in bronze on the tombstone is Vernon Presley's lengthy but touching epitaph to his son, and around it are the handwritten tributes left by fans, which are soon made illegible by the rain. They speak of Elvis as the most devoted see him, not as a mere popular personality, but as *divus loci*—the god of the place. Pinned to a little wooden cross not long ago were these lines: "From the womb of your loving mother/ To the hearts of your loving fans/ To the arms of our Saviour Jesus/ With whom you do now stand."

It is difficult to leave this unlikely holy precinct without the feeling that Elvis Presley is a modern hero of mythic proportions. What makes Elvis such a potent legend is the way in which his saga commingles so much of the schizoid American experience: ambition and luck, materialism and piety, generosity and greed, humility and hubris are all present in larger-than-life proportions. And so is a key element in myth: immortality. Elvis Presley's charisma has survived his physical demise, and he remains for his millions of followers a veritable living presence. His continuing immediacy ultimately stems from his most pronounced trait in the years before Hollywood and Colonel Parker got him: his defiant rebelliousness and refusal to accept the constraints of society. If he could get away with it even for a while, then so might we, too. And as his posthumous power proves, that would seem to include escaping even the oblivion of death. □

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The beams overhead were painted dark brown. "One of the first things we [illegible] no heat, of course, except for fireplaces and wood-burning stoves. . . . It was quite something getting up in the freezing cold and firing them up."

And that lasted for years until they bought the house in 1953 and installed such modern-day comforts as heat, hot running water, and a bathroom (there was only an outside toilet). "I used to bathe our children in a tin tub in the kitchen, heating the water on a wood-burning range," Margaret François mentions proudly.

Aside from the addition of those creature comforts, this little farmhouse has never strayed far from the simplicity of its origins. "You see, I like ordinary things," Margaret François says, pointing out the mattress ticking she's used to make curtains in their bedroom upstairs. "All these things in the house are humble workaday objects that working people had. Our white porcelain china, my blue-and-white checked tablecloth, those marble-topped bistro tables outside in the garden, and that old factory lamp hanging over the table where we eat—all that was our reaction against the bourgeois concern for making things grand. We've always had a taste for simple things, things that are actually commonplace today thanks to Terence Conran who makes copies available to everyone. Wonderful really, but quite annoying to lose your individuality."

In the other whitewashed bedrooms (their son's and daughter's—down a narrow hallway painted pink) there are curtains made of French provincial fabric, "not the pretty-pretty material you see so much of today, but reprints of something that was quite ordinary." Rag rugs from Portugal and India ("very cheap, you know") lie about casually upstairs on worn hexagonal tiles, the traditional rust-colored "tomettes." "We don't like things to match too closely, to look too finished, too rich." Margaret François does all the sewing herself with a particular penchant for patchwork: a banquette cushion in their bedroom picks up on the colorful drawings by four grandchildren tacked on the wall above. More cushions in the living room evoke the blue-and-white delft tiles framing the fireplace.

Most of the furniture was found over the years in flea markets, local antiques shops, and village auctions. "We didn't decorate," the two hasten to explain, "it was simply a question of something taking your fancy—ringing a bell. Suddenly you see it there where it should be."

In blocking out the space in the house, there was one basic credo: "We don't like things to be dedicated to one purpose only, that's why we dine in part of the living room—a reaction, no doubt, against the middle-class house where everything is set for a certain activity.

"I like the idea of moving from one place to another," Margaret François continues. "The doors must be open at all times—perhaps that comes from my father being in India; in hot countries you always left the doors open to get the breeze."

Not only are the doors kept open in this household—the cupboards and windows are left ajar as well. But so it seems until one realizes one has been drawn into a world of trompe l'oeil. The Françoises' determination to use space differently includes optical illusion at every conceivable turn.

Rather than defining the limits of space, the walls in this basically confined dwelling offer up new perspectives and endless vistas. This is one house in which it is not dark at the top of the stairs because the stairs go on and on thanks to the magical sweep of the paintbrush. Instead of being a dead end, the wall ahead beckons one on to even greater heights.

"I want to open up the walls," André François says, as we stand in a small spare room just big enough for a child's bed, a tiny room left over after construction of the bathroom. Through trompe l'oeil one is transported to the harbor of Marseilles in the distance. Down at the baseboard a mouse nibbles on a lump of sugar: the trompe l'oeil is never without the *clin d'oeil* that is the André François trademark.

In the living room what used to be oak-stained plyboard paneling is now a delirious play of fantasy and reality. Adjoining a wall of actual bookshelves laden with his wife's collection of tin toys, François has painted ongoing books with titles on the order of *L'École de Grisy (The Grisy School of Painting)* by *(Continued on page 192)*



André François's studio, designed by his son, Pierre Farkas

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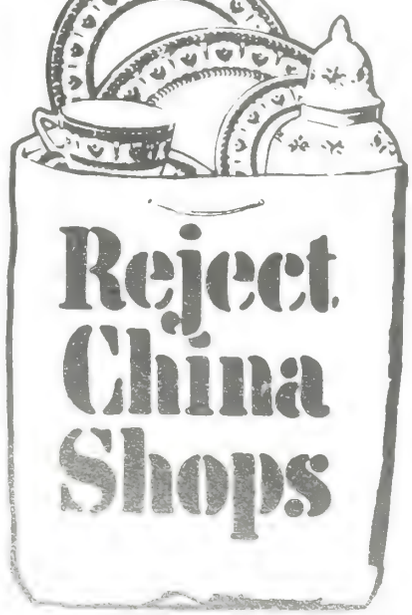
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(Continued from page 190) André François. Also depicted are old telephone books, a 1905 telephone, an open packet of Gauloises. Painted bibelots and objects pick up on actual family possessions that sit on the neighboring "real" shelf: "those were my wife's great-grandmother's teacups."

Across the room, above the old farm table where they dine, François has painted a cupboard with duplicates of local "Beauvais" pottery. "Everything which is painted," Margaret enthusiastically points out, "including those blue-and-white coffee cups inside the cupboard is china we actually own."

Wheels within wheels. A family fresco that tells its own tale: their dog surveys the scene, peering out from under a desk while the old tomcat is seen slipping behind a living-room door only to appear next at the top of the trompe l'oeil staircase. There's more than meets the eye in this confusing hieroglyphic decor and it is André François who has the last laugh.

"Ideas sprout like flowers from André's head," his friend Ronald Searle once said, and the walls of Gris are certainly an example of that imagination in full bloom. "Early on in life I was thrilled by cityscapes, all those buildings, the textures, the incredible intensity. But all of that is much less subtle than a country landscape. There's an intensity here that you have to discover—it's another register, and once you're attuned to it nothing will



A trompe-l'oeil bedroom window

r ou back to town."
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rd, André François's keen eye and
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scape that would eventually touch
fferent chord in André François the
t. "There comes a moment in the
of every artist when he no longer
s the urge to jump through hoops.
mmercial artist is constantly react-
o every impulse from without, be it
ephone call, a contract from adverti-
. . . there comes a time when the
from within is the only one you
t to listen to. The artist develops
own rules and he wants to jump
ugh his own hoops."
rançois has been jumping through
own hoop over the past two dec-
s, giving his painting priority while
ping up key commitments—such
overs for *The New Yorker*. "They
w me total freedom. There are no
gnments, no themes, you just do a
tain number per year and they will
published anywhere between two
nths and four years after I send
m in. It's always a complete surprise
en I find the magazine at my door.
ce a cover of mine was turned down
the art director said he didn't want
tell me why for fear it might hinder
spontaneity in the future. No other
gazine is like that."
Most of his time these days is spent
inting, work that often starts out
h an *objet trouvé*, something found
ar his house—a butterfly, a lizard, an
country pitcher, a farm chair. Fran-
is will then paint a nude woman ac-
ally sitting *on* that chair, which he has
wed up and stuck on the canvas. Or
might slice a real pitcher in half and
ply it onto a still life. "I like to graft
ntasy onto a piece of reality, as you
n see in my trompe l'oeil."
Forty years ago when André Fran-
is and his wife bicycled into the Pon-
se Valley there was no telling what
as to be found: a roof over their
ads? A house? A home? A creative
laxy? "Better to travel with joy than
arrive with certitude," André Fran-
is likes to say. As it turns out, he has
anaged both. □

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JOURNAL

THE GREAT WALL OF SOHO

The gang's all here—the Art Deco arcs, the Great Pyramid, the painterly brushstroke, the ornate picture frame, the mottled composition book, the Swiss cheese, the folding chair, the Picassoid *femme*—the familiar signs and symbols of a distinguished career assembled in Roy Lichtenstein's monumental *Greene Street Mural.* Painted directly onto one wall of the Leo Castelli Gallery at 142 Greene Street in New York, this immense magna-cum-collage work—more than 95 feet long and 18 feet high— was conceived as ephemeral and was eventually removed, but not from the memories of those who saw it. Recommended reading: critic Lawrence Alloway's new monograph *Roy Lichtenstein* (Abbeville Press Modern Masters Series, $29.95 cloth, $16.95 paper), a superbly insightful, eminently readable study of the meanings behind the deceptively simple surfaces of his art. *Martin Filler*

A HAUNTING HARVEST OF STRANGE FRUIT



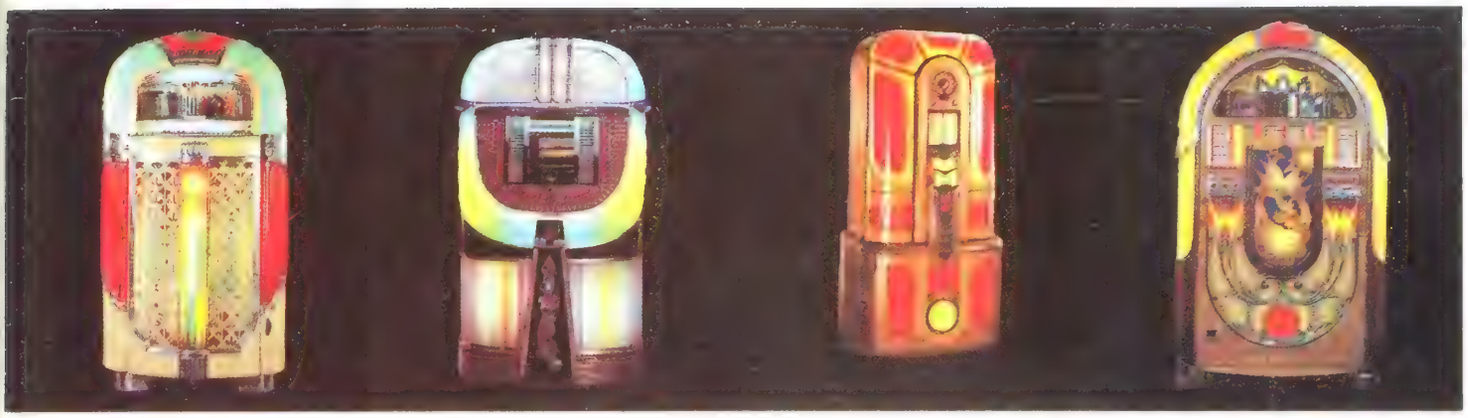
Fernand Khnopff, *The Silver Tiara.* 1909

Fernand Khnopff and the Belgian Avant-garde. Barry Friedman Ltd., New York, Mar. 12–June 28; Delaware Art Museum, Wilmington, July 12–Aug. 26.

The Belgian Symbolist painter Fernand Khnopff (1858–1921) specialized in images like this one, *left,* of brooding women imbued with a vaguely unsettling eroticism. The surprise is that pictures fraught with such dark emotions can be so delicate and visually pleasing. *Ann Priester*



Events of exceptional interest in the arts, design, entertainment, and living



GAUDY FANFARES FOR THE COMMON MAN

They were the Tiffany and Fabergé of the American masses in the golden age of the big bands—the gorgeously colored, flamboyantly styled jukeboxes that were the throbbing heart of malt shops, dance halls, and dives across the country. Now they come alive again in Kazuhiro Tsuruta's vivid photos in *Jukebox: The Golden Age* by Vincent Lynch and Bill Henkin (Perigee Books, $7.95). *Above, left to right:* A 1948 Rock-Ola; a 1946 AMI in "mother of plastic"; a 1942 glass Rock-Ola; and a 1941 Wurlitzer with prismatic light effects. No wonder they put a whole generation in the mood. *M.F.*

A MOST ELEGANT EYE

George Hoyningen-Huene: 1930–1945. Staley-Wise Gallery, New York, Feb. 16–Mar. 31.

Few artists have captured the spirit of an era more brilliantly than photographer George Hoyningen-Huene. The son of a Baltic baron, Hoyningen-Huene brought his innate sense of elegance to the task of recording the sparkling world of high fashion and high society during a period more often remembered for its political and economic upheavals.

One of a small group of fashion and portrait photographers who dominated the pages of *Vogue, Vanity Fair,* and *Harper's Bazaar* in the thirties, Hoyningen-Huene is among those responsible for turning the fashion photograph into high art, as his unforgettable image, *The Divers, right,* attests. Photographed in the studio, *mirabile dictu,* it combines bold formal simplicity with a poetry of mood that goes far beyond what is required to sell clothes.

With equal ease Hoyningen-Huene's camera took in the sophisticated moods of the decade's most glamorous personalities, leaving behind a legacy of work that embodies, in the words of his friend and fellow photographer Horst (from whose definitive collection the show is assembled), "the quintessence of elegance." *A.P.*



Katharine Hepburn, ca. 1940



The Divers, 1930. The model at left is Horst.



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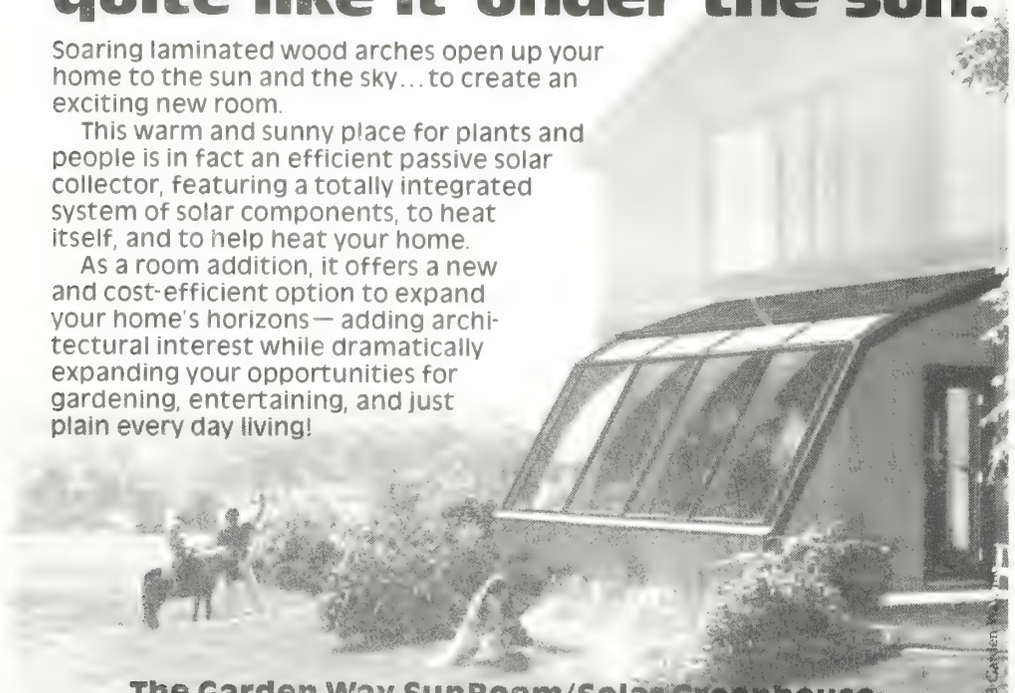
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HIGH, WIDE & HANDSOME



Stair from ground to living level seen from short catwalk. This is Trombe wall's air space.

(Continued from page 128) openings framing lovely river views. The architects explain that in South Carolina, the cooling benefits of these openings outweigh the winter heat loss. That the solar design works has been demonstrated by utility bills far lower than those of neighbors in conventional houses of comparable and even smaller size.

Tilly and Buchsbaum were excited about framing a house in steel, something few people can afford unless, like this client, they are in the business. They saw two major advantages to steel framing over wood: the capacity to span larger spaces, making possible the vast, two-story loftlike living area; and greater column strength, permitting the placement of the building on stilts right beside a river that sometimes floods.

Stephen Tilly adds, "The access to steel also gave us a rare chance to use a new industrial vocabulary: not just the metal columns, beams, and diagonal braces, but stairs, open-web joists, and steel gratings." As ad hoc as the passive solar system is the marriage of steel framing and wood outer walls. Wood siding was a practical choice because no local contractor was experienced in metal-wall construction (steel-frame professionals had erected the skeleton) and because wood is a better thermal insulator, but the owner is most pleased to have such a material connection with his woodland property. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

NEW BLACK MAGIC

(*ontinued from page 169)* (including extra-deep one in the library, for af--dinner lounging). Stereo speakers e built into the carpeted seating platrms in the living room and in the liary. In the master suite, telephone d intercom systems and a stainless eel clock nestle in the carpeted platrm by the bed. Each room has not ly a manual light dimmer but four ht settings pre-programed by comuter.

In the master-bedroom suite, the ack-gray-and-white drama is heightned by the daring way in which Pano/Wolf reshaped the space. In a rge rectangle, where two bedrooms ed to be, they ran a diagonal corridor gray-lacquered closets for the man the family, creating two triangularly aped areas on either side. The interir area serves as the woman's sitting nd television area. The daylit area is ne bedroom, its angularity softened by serpentine row of vertical blinds which camouflage the fact that the digonal floor plan made the existing indows off-center). In the evening, ne blinds are backlit by the setting

> The black-gray-and-white drama is heightened by the daring way Patino/Wolf reshaped the space

un. For mornings when the couple vants to sleep late, they can close a blackout curtain behind the wooden louvers. When the sheet patterns are switched from red to gray, the chintz comforter is reversed accordingly, and, conveniently, the bed can be rolled out on casters. The designers inventoried the clients' wardrobes, then planned closets to fit, with sweater trays, shoe cubbyholes, and even extra space to accommodate a preference for hanging slacks over rods rather than from the cuff.

Good looks are only half the success of the design scheme of the apartment. For all its pared-down lines, its minimalism is not empty. When Bob Patino and Vicente Wolf liken the apartment to "a good black dress," they pay homage to the mutual elegance of form and function. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*



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Henri Samuel's sense of what is suitable prevents his being swept away by fashion

(Continued from page 160) Regency and Napoleon III chairs. Directoire tables, nineteenth century red pottery made in England, Chinese paintings on mirrored glass, and a set of French 1830 gouaches of Paris, Saint-Cloud, and Versailles. A round three-tiered table displays a collection of ivory, silver, and crystal objects. Large round-topped windows look into the garden and the main house.

The success of this wide-ranging eclecticism results from Samuel's sense of what is suitable for each room. Empire furniture, because it is formal, works well in a room that is both entry hall and library. The dark green which sets it off is a color Empire furniture flourishes against. That it also is a rich dark color in a space receiving little daylight is a result of Samuel's instinct that dark rooms are better off made rich and cozy than painted a white or beige which will look dingy in insufficient sunlight. All of Samuel's modern and contemporary paintings go in the big drawing room rather than being scattered throughout the house. Chinese paintings that look well with the shiny black of Regency furniture in his bedroom are joined by comfortable tufted Napoleon III chairs. Patterned walls occur only in these small intimate rooms. Samuel's sense of when to use pattern and when not to, when upholstered furniture will add the right note of modernity and comfort in rooms full of fine furniture, why seventeenth-century rather than eighteenth-century furniture looks right in a rustic country castle is a result of years of looking and living. It is his strong sense of what is suitable that prevents him from being swept away by fashion. He is, for instance, no newcomer to the romantic appeal of nineteenth-century interiors, having supervised the restoration of Guy de Rothschild's Château de Ferrieres to its original Napoleon III opulence in 1957. Now he cautions his clients to look for quality in a century that recently has been euphorically [illegible] never [illegible] in quality.

Samuel [illegible] tury elements [illegible] the Empire style is something he has always liked in principle, only some Empire furniture actually finds its way into his life. Unless he is doing up an entire house built and furnished in a Napoleon III style in the first place he finds little excuse to do a totally Napoleon III setting. A few Napoleon III chairs in a bedroom where their eccentricity and comfort is appealing, but not poufs and balloon-backed chairs all over the house. And he resists the tendency to affect a high-Victorian clutter just for the sake of living surrounded by a trendy accumulation of things.

What is original about his use of nineteenth-century elements is that he combines them with things of other periods. The early Neoclassical part of the nineteenth century he mates with any furniture based on classical antecedents—Louis XIII, Louis XIV, and Louis XVI—in fact with anything but the asymmetrical, unclassical, rococo period of Louis XV or rococo-inspired moments in the Victorian era. English Regency, Napoleon III, and Victorian furniture he uses together because they share a flamboyant mood, are often painted black, and in each case appeared hand-in-glove with revivals of fashionable interest in Oriental things.

Henri Samuel's continued association with the installation of new decorative-arts galleries at the Metropolitan is a tribute to his deep familiarity with period furniture. Olga Raggio, the Chairman of the Department of European Sculpture and Decorative Arts, has worked with him for months on the Jack and Belle Linsky Galleries, which will open in June. Also in the works is a Louis XIV gallery that Samuel has begun for Mrs. Wrightsman with the collaboration of James Parker, the Met's curator of European furniture. Never perhaps in his long career has Samuel's treatment of the past—even in museum circles—been so widely appreciated and sought out. Perhaps it's because of his recognition that "real" period rooms are at best only contemporary fantasies. But that's no disappointment. What's "real" to most people is the mood. And such finely tuned evocations of the past are now the cutting edge. □ *Editor: Mary-Sargent Ladd*

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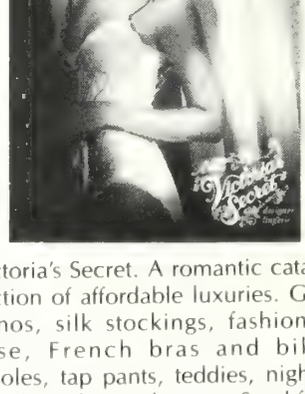
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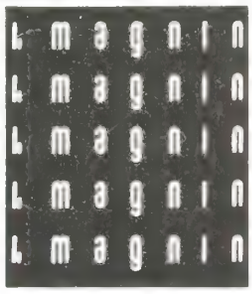
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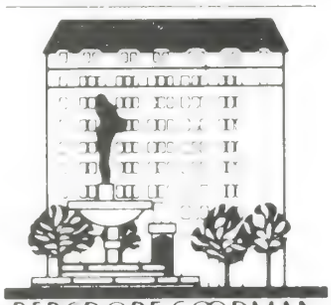
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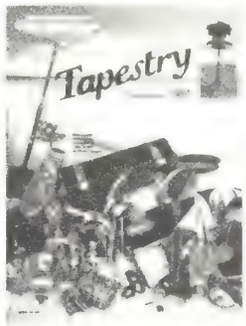


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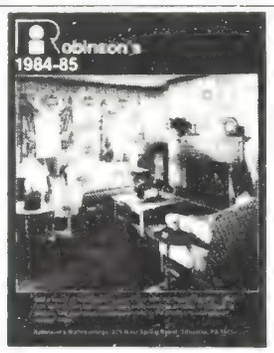
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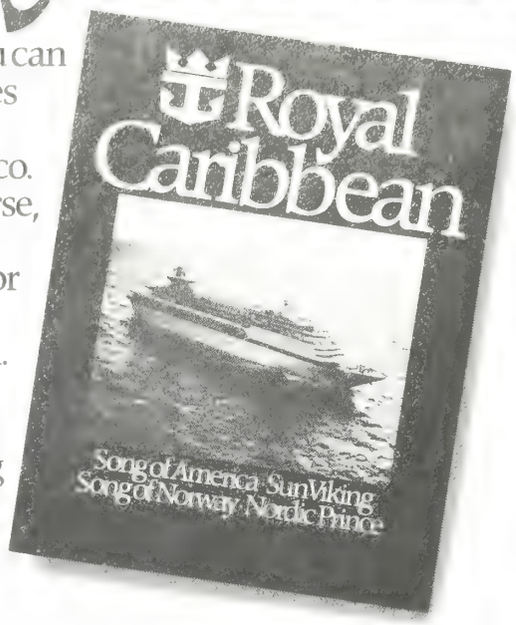
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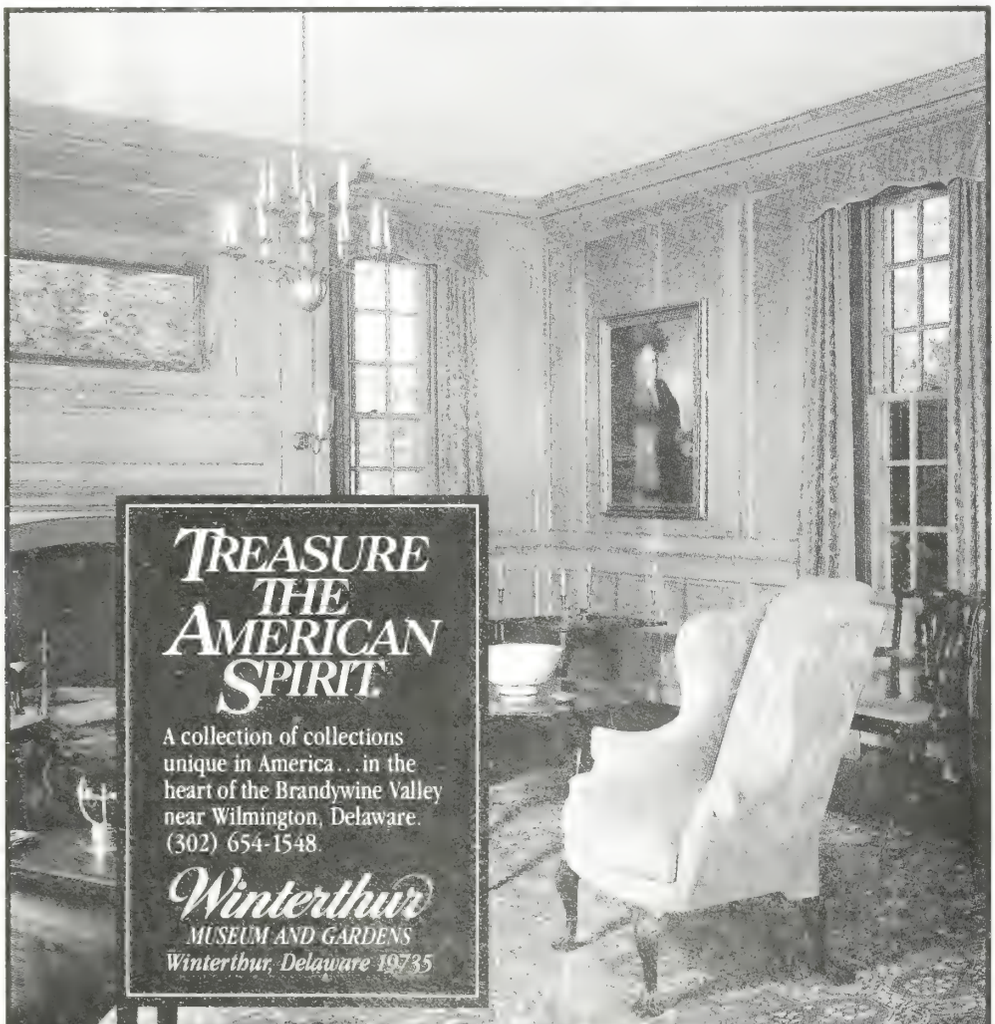
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SENSUOUS MODERN MOVEMENT

(Continued from page 112) the rigid and clarity of Mies's modern architecture in favor of illusion.

Here are the materials of the building's gridded screen wall—glass, steel and anodized aluminum—brought inside to assume the irregular shapes of the tabletops and shelves, the bolted-to-the floor legs of the table bases and the wavy forms of the stainless steel ledge and the glass-block wall opposite it.

Though grounded in tough materials, the apartment is airborne by lustrous colors

Here are the details rendered precisely and then reemphasized. The splines of the table bases are embodened by red paint and pulled out to form the supports for the tabletops and for the shelves running along the screens. Exposed bolts of the furniture and screens punctuate the joining of metal members.

Where Krueck & Olsen definitively bid adieu to Mies is in their lavish use of color. Though grounded in tough materials, the apartment is airborne by lustrous hues—iridescent automobile colors sprayed onto a wall of closets and the pocket doors separating the bedrooms from the living area; ribbons and dots of color applied to the floor and ceiling to pick up the moiré and to extend and then erode the path of movement of the screens. Over all is a high gloss that reflects every ray of light, just as the lake beyond the windows bounces the sun into the space.

As the morning light flushes the apartment, striking in beams along the straight walls and diffusing into a soft glow around the screens, a rainbow effect gulfs the room. Prism life for some takes getting used to. Once, when Mrs. Marriott's daughter brought a friend home from college, she warned: "It wasn't like this when I lived here." Mies would no doubt smile discreetly at that observation and respond with admiration: "No apartment has ever been like this before." □

(Continued from page 134) guished isitors with large parties, but he some- imes houses them, along with an en- ourage. For this part of his life, ıe added a rear wing to his house, ringing the number of rooms up to ighteen.

When a particularly important per- onage was expected two years ago, a econd decorator, Darrell Schmitt of Jew Orleans, was brought in. He re- alls, "I had thirty days' notice to touch ıp the downstairs and completely do ver all the bedrooms. I also gutted nd rebuilt three baths. It was a month f full-scale emergency conditions. I ought right off the floor in Dallas howrooms and worked out three chemes that depended on what I ould call in without a wait." The re- urbishing and the visit were equally uccessful, according to their sponsor.

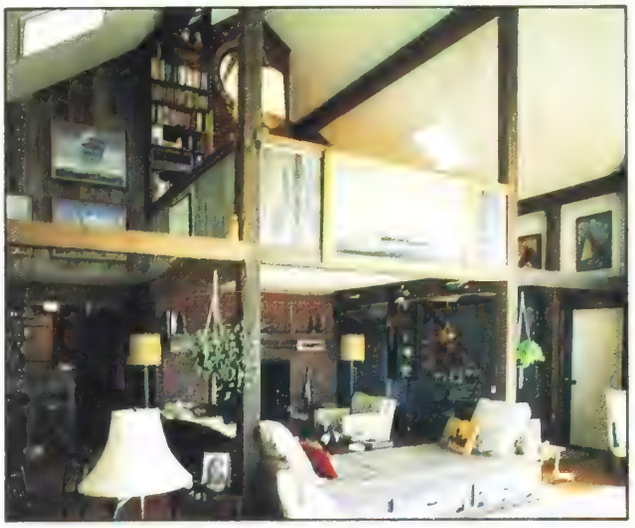
Collecting art of the twentieth cen- ury still absorbs the New Orleanian, nd he pursues his quarry abroad and t auctions in New York. For the past wo years, his real-estate business and is interest in art have merged as he has een seeking works of quite another ort in London: Georgian furniture nd paintings by Reynolds, Romney, nd Gainsborough. With his father nd brothers, the lawyer from Audu- on Place has built the city's new Windsor Court Hotel and furnished it ith the London acquisitions—an An- lophile's haven ready in time for the pening of the Louisiana World Expo- tion. □ *By Elaine Greene. Editor: Babs mpson*



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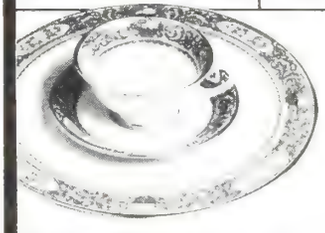
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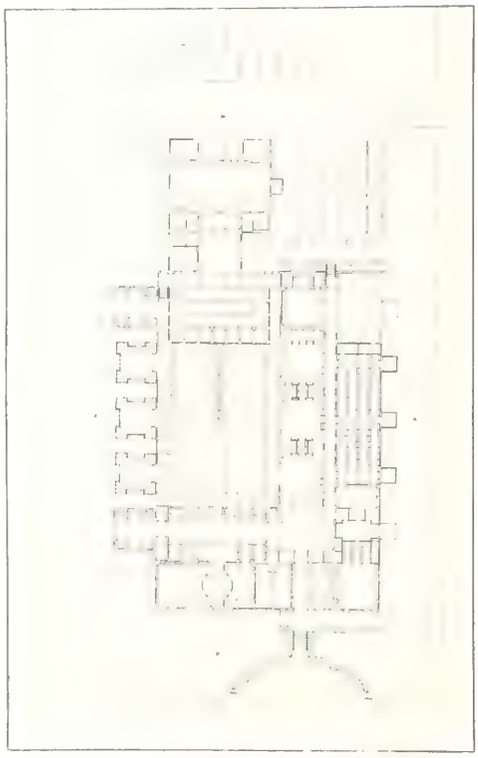
Continued from page 199 and its miniscule scale gives it more the quaint and quirky qualities of the architecture of Sir John Soane rather than the solidity and clarity of the work of Thomas Jefferson, to name but two inventive revivors of the Classical tradition.

The interiors of the Capistrano library were intended by their designer to be inviting and humane, and they do indeed succeed in creating an atmosphere of quiet, internal focus. But they also point up another of Graves's predominant tendencies: the emphasis of circulation routes at the expense of space. One is reminded of Mary Pickford's exasperated comment while working with the great film director Ernst Lubitsch, whose obsession with portals led her to exclaim, "Doors! He's a director of doors! Nothing interests him but doors!" To a certain extent Michael Graves isn't an architect of rooms, he's an architect of corridors. Often in a Graves interior, more than half the fun is getting there. Certainly, there are some very thoughtfully conceived spaces in the Capistrano library, such as the tiny reading nooks in the buttresslike towers on the east façade of the building; but while some people will find those hideaways intimate, others might consider them claustrophobic.

Graves has gone to great lengths to bring natural light into interiors where illumination obviously must play a crucial role, but overall the atmosphere is more absorptive than reflective of light, as might be expected from the architect's extensive use of his characteristically dusky mauves and muted blues.



Above: One of the reading rooms. *Below:* The ground plan allows for future expansion of the building to the north (top)



Fortunately, the library is n plunged in the crepuscular gloom Graves's Sunar showroom in Los A geles, but its interiors and its sense connection with the outdoors—so ty ical of California architecture old a new—are engaged in a Mexican stan off. On one hand, all the areas a joining the central atrium open onto and there are three open garden rea ing rooms that face west, into the afte noon sun. On the other hand, most the library's windows are unusua small, the ground plan (like those the old missions) is inward-turnin and it is the massive walls, and not t openings in them, that provide the b sic character of the place. But that, course, is what the traditional archite ture of the Mediterranean is all abo especially when it is used as a source inspiration by an architect who has i mersed himself in the true character the original (as few developer-arch tects ever bother to do).

Thus Michael Graves continues his determined way toward evolvi what he hopes will be a more satisfyi way of making buildings than has be the standard, in his opinion, sin modern architecture took comma some fifty years ago. He has not y made his case completely or convi ingly, but his intentions remain adm rable. The San Juan Capistrano Regio Library is at the very least architectu that its community could grow qu fond of, and the place that it creates f itself in the lives and hearts of its us will be the surest indication of wheth or not its mission is accomplishe □ *By Martin Filler. Editor: Elizabe Sverbeyeff Byron*

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THE LAST ITALIAN

(Continued from page 172) shadow military formations with their cadres, which could be mobilized within days.

Owners of unmovable property like real estate, large marble statues, or massive antique furniture were trying to sell as much of it at almost any price in order to buy gold sovereigns in the black market. The coins, as everybody had learned in the previous years, were extremely handy. They took little room, could be hidden, buried, or transported easily, taken abroad to Corsica on a small boat or to Switzerland over mountain paths known to smugglers. They could also be used to bribe a policeman, a jailer, a political commissary, or a border guard. As a result, there were many sellers in Rome and no buyers. My bank assured me there were no quotable prices whatever for land.

For these reasons I managed to buy my hillock for a ridiculously small sum, much smaller than I would have paid only one or two months before. I closed the deal in a hurry, against the advice of prudent friends, on the basis of several considerations. The low price, first of all. I felt that, if the war did not break out, the purchase would turn out to be the best investment of my life. But would there be a war? It was my guess that there would be no such thing. My journalist's intuition was comforted by reading George Kennan's famous article in *Foreign Affairs* signed "X," which practically excluded the possibility of an imminent conflagration. I also thought that, if war came, having or not having bought a hill with a view in the outskirts of Rome would not have made a great difference in the universal catastrophe.

Finally I was attracted by other, non-commercial advantages. The ancient wood, the clear brook, and the little storybook train (the last of its kind that could still be called choo-choo) would charm my children and enrich their childhood memories all their lives. They would certainly meet Little Red Riding Hood in the wood and, later, cowboys and Indians. They could bathe and splash each other in the little stream in the heat of summer. I even hoped the (Continued on page 204)

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from page 201 train—which, a short distance up the road, ran parallel to the Cassian Way—would one day possibly be turned into a part of the city's public transport system, with small stations built at intervals just as such railway lines had been adapted to local traffic in many other cities.

There were then no foreseeable difficulties to hiring help. Millions were unemployed and desperate. It was part of one's civic and humanitarian duties to give work to cooks, butlers, chauffeurs, maids, nannies, and gardeners. Their wages were an affordable pittance. They were grateful and happy to find a job, to be sheltered and fed. I was also finally moved, I confess, by a silly Italian sentimental and egotistical reason. The grounds and the house, which I would one day leave to my children, would impart a form of immortality to me, for some years anyway. The trees their father had planted and the house he had built would be a rallying point, a fulcrum, an anchor in a rapidly changing world, a tie with the past for sons, grandsons, and possibly great-grandsons.

Many years have passed since then. The little storybook train has been turned into two ramshackle, rusty diesel wagons. No more toy locomotives, no white cotton-wool puffs. The wagons are always empty. No person in authority—surely too busy with intrigues and ideological disputes—has thought of turning the line into a part of the city's transport system, and people now go to Viterbo more easily by car. The city has reached and overtaken me, bringing with it both advantages and disadvantages. Among the advantages: street lighting, city water (I depended for years on the excellent water of my well, lifted automatically by an electric pump), many good shops and supermarkets not too far away, as well as banks, garages, service stations, schools, churches, a nearby taxi stand, and even one bookshop. Among the disadvantages: the time necessary to reach the center over traffic-clogged roads has increased to half an hour at best and to an hour at peak times. It is now difficult, almost impossible to find help and gardeners. One must do with, be grateful for, any decrepit and doddering veteran, or illegal immigrants from the Third World who could be arrested, together with their employer, for infringing the immigration law. The clean brook is now an open stinking sewer, frothing with detergents, as all the apartment houses recently built upstream on the Cassian Way empty their waste waters into it. The neighborhood woods, but not my own, are strewn with garbage, broken W.C. bowls and bidets, empty bottles, plastic containers, gutted mattresses, rusty cans, throwaway syringes, and pale condoms.

This, of course, is happening all over Italy and could have been foreseen. The most unsettling disadvantage is something else. The investment which aroused the envy of all my friends, which could have theoretically provided, if I ever sold my land, a life of *otium* or deplorable idleness to me and fabulous affluence to my descendants, has turned out to be a mirage or *Fata Morgana*. My property is worth practically nothing. Nobody in his right mind would want to buy it. I don't even know if I am still its owner.

Recent laws and zoning regulations have determined that almost half my acres could one day be turned into a public park whenever the regional authorities find enough money and the time from abstract problems and obscure plots to expropriate me; another part is destined to be forever what is called *Zona Verde,* or green zone, in which I am forbidden to cut down the very trees I planted and to build anything; and the rest could only be sold to a junkman, old-car wrecker, or a dealer in bricks, tiles, and other building materials because, for a series of complicated legal reasons, it is forbidden to construct houses on it. As a result, land, any land within the city limits, is no longer sold or bought, but only the cubic meters of a municipal building permit, which I cannot obtain. Furthermore, no buyer wants ground around the house he will build as it would entail enormous problems, work, and expenses: the difficulty of finding a gardener, the mowing of lawns, and the planting and watering of flowers.

All this is, to be sure, purely theoretical as I have no intention of selling. Since I do not want to spend the rest of my life in the monotonous summer of some tax-shelter Caribbean island or in tax-exempt Monte Carlo, since I do not want to live forever on a luxurious

ir-conditioned yacht surrounded by beautiful and dissolute women, the possibly unconstitutional abolition of ny rights as a landowner has a purely peculative significance. It is the end of dream, the end of otiose conversaions over drinks with friends. I even ind in it some sort of consolation. If ny property is worth practically nothng, it is to be presumed that my heirs will have to pay practically nothing for nheritance tax. This, of course, is by o means certain, governments being what they are, greedy and miserly.

I confess I am happy as I am, the dubious owner of my hillock. I turned it nto a miniature estate. I still have serants of sorts and old men working in ne garden for fabulous wages. I created a tiny vineyard which provides acceptable ordinary table wine for the ousehold. I had found about seventy ld olive trees when I bought the property and have since planted many nore, more than enough to supply my eeds for each year. The oil is unusual- light, delicate, tasteful—as good as uscan oil—and I have enough in ood years to give bottles to friends, to ny grown-up children and their famies. Last year I also planted two very oung trees, which by 1997 will produce the first olives, the size of pigeon ggs, to put in brine. I have many orge, tangerine, grapefruit, and lemon ees, as well as prune, pear, apple, each, and apricot trees, which prode enough fruit for the house in the mmer and to put in glass jars for the inter. I have a flourishing vegetable rden and a small poultry yard which rovides me with fresh eggs. I also reed rabbits and pigeons for the ble.

I may delude myself but I find the ste of my produce infinitely better an anything shops sell. My bottled mato juice made only with the first pe tomatoes not yet touched by the irgation, which dilutes the flavor, my ne-hour-old eggs, my salads, and my nall peas are recognized by my iends as having tastes contemporary an has forgotten. I have roses galore the summer and flowers of all kinds ar-around. I suspect at times all this sts me more than if I lived *en pension* the royal suite at the Grand Hotel (I n't know for sure, as I never made e comparison), and that I am an irreonsible, stubborn, and spendthrift fool to live as I do. Or maybe the silence, the fresh air, all my books around me, the good steady work I am doing, the pleasure I see on the faces of my grown-up children and my small grandchildren who visit me often and stay in their old house, the country walks with my dogs, and the peace of mind might allow me to taste my first pigeon-egg olives in brine from the tiny trees I planted last year. And even if I don't reach that year and do not eat the olives at the age of 89, I had a pleasant time trying. What disturbs me is why I am being severely punished for having conceived my life along such strictly Italian lines: a house in the country, in my name and not a corporation's, designed in a respectful, ancient peasant style, to be left to my descendants. I made the choice not to invest the money in gold, diamonds, stamps, or shares, all things which would not serve to perpetuate the family sense of solidarity for generations to come. Am I the only Italian left? □



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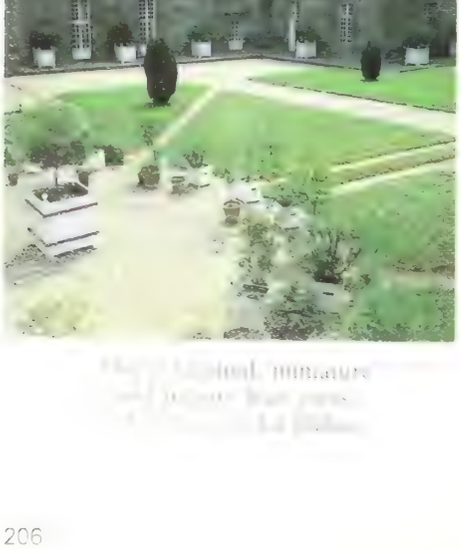
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THE ALCHEMIST'S GUIDE TO A MANNERIST PARK

The park of the Chateau de La Ballue, which I am restoring, is really a museum of garden fantasies. *A water-organ grove* shown on page 123. *A scented grove*—gardenias, jasmines, tuberoses, daturas, lilies, daphnes, and the rarest, most perfumed of plants, *Hedychium Gardneranum*. *A miniature botanic garden* including fruit trees of different species grafted to the same trunk. *A tormented garden*: trees and shrubs with twisted or oddly colored limbs. *A maze* of yews, 1,500 of them. *A musical grove* in octagonal form filled with perpetual bird song. *A grove of roses and camellias*. *A théâtre de verdure* with niches in its encircling walls like loges in a real theater and trompe-l'oeil commedia dell'arte silhouette figures painted in grisaille on the grass stage. *A temple of Diana* with columns carved from geenery. *A collection of magnolias* including some very uncommon ones. *Two arboreta of rare tree species*. *A collection of trees with bizarre barks*. *The arboretum of monsters:* unusual grafts including one of ten different trees grafted onto one tree. Below the principal gardens are three terraces, one of parasol pines, one of blue cedars and magnolias, and a quincunx of apple trees, plus an arboretum created in the seventeenth century that still has a *Sequoia sempervirens* sixty meters high and three-hundred-year-old pur-



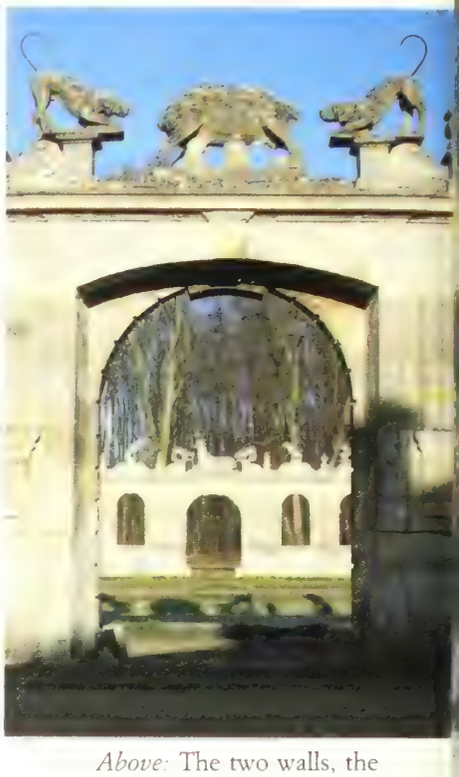
Above: Original miniature [illegible] Ballue.

> At the Tuileries Bernard Palissy made for Catherine de Médicis a grotto with walls and ceilings of translucent glass; fish, reptiles, coral, algae, pebbles, and moss in the same kind of ceramic for which he is famous

ple beeches, and a pond we call "The Tomb of Holderlein" surrounded by a garden of weeping trees. Inside the château, rooms devoted to the history of gardening also contain among other things collections of Japanese bonsai and faïence decorated with gardening themes.

STRANGE FRUIT

Formerly all the greenhouses of châteaux and great bourgeois mansions grew fruit trees grafted on weak stock, partly so they would remain dwarf but above all so that they would fruit very quickly. Grafts that bore fruit in striking colors were particularly sought after, and trees laden with fruit in two different colors—red and white cherries, red and yellow apples, green and russet pears—or of two different



Above: The two walls, the boar hunt and the stag hunt, bound the *cour d'honneur* of the Château de Raray.

kinds—pears and apples—wer brought into the drawing rooms Christmas to astonish guests. Up unt about 1900 specialists in these trees e isted all around Paris, the specialists potted cherry trees being found Rueil Malmaison.

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BELGIUM

Annevoie: 16 km south of Namur. Garden open every day Apr. 1 to Nov. 1, 9 to 7. Castle open Easter through June 30, and September on weekends and public holidays, 10 to 1, 2 to 6:30. July and August open every day, 9:30 to 1, 2 to 6:30. Hour-long guided visit.

FRANCE

Château de La Ballue: 25 km from Mont St. Michel. Gardens and garden museum open every day 11 to 12 and 2:30 to 7. July 1 to Oct. 31. Château takes paying guests, June 15 to Sept. 15. For information, write Madame Claude Arthaud, 100, rue de Grenelle, 75007 Paris, France.

Parc de Raray: 32 km southwest of Compiegne. Open Apr. 1 to Oct. 31, Sundays a holidays only, 1 to 7.

Château d'Hautefort: 42 km east of Perigeu Open every day except Tuesdays Palm Su day to All Saints' Day. Open Sundays Saints' Day to Palm Sunday, 9 to 12, 2 to 6.

GERMANY

Linderhof: 11 km west of Oberammerga Open every day 9 to 12, 1 to 4.

Schwetzingen: 11 km southwest of Heid berg. Open daily.

ITALY

Villa d'Este, Tivoli: 31½ km from Rom Open daily except Monday, 9 to dusk. G dens are floodlit May to October and open night.

Villa Palagonia: Bagheria, 14 km from Pal mo, Sicily. Open 9 to 12:30; 5 to 7. Winte to 12:30, 3 to 5.



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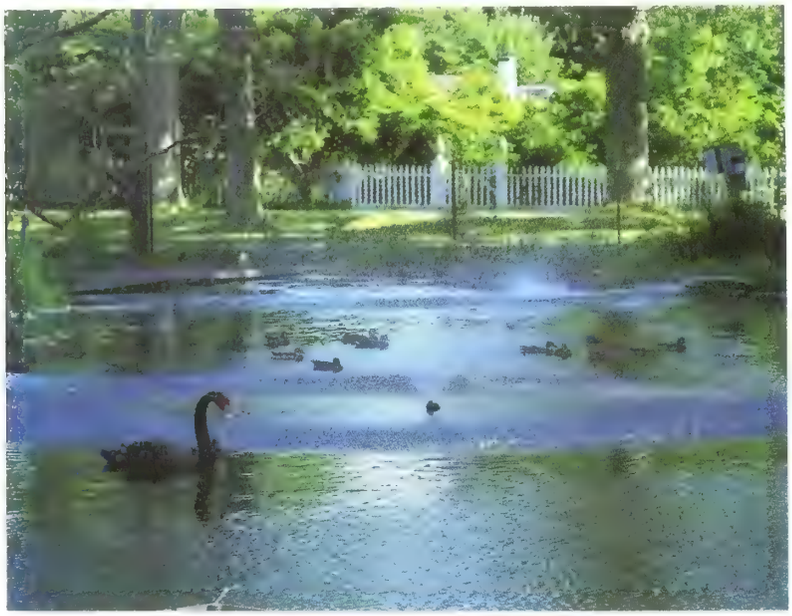
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CHARLES WEBSTER'S PEACEABLE KINGDOM

Musings on the "lifetime temporary occupancy" of a wildlife refuge

By Stanley Mieses



Leading toward the Great South Bay in Islip, Long Island, is a suburban side street like many others where lawn after lawn is mowed to pile-carpet perfection and hedges have been subjected to military haircuts. Then there is a place beyond the end of this road called Twyford, where deer sup unfettered on wildflowers and tall grass in direct view of a visitor; where an assortment of small and large waterfowl—ducks and geese and swans—glide calmly across a comfortable pond and chat together along its tree-shaded shoreline like old neighbors; and where a collection of trees and flowers and plants form a harmonious, democratic gathering. This is Charles Webster's front lawn.

A few steps up from a pebbled driveway, I am greeted at the door of a muted yellow farmhouse by the 78-year-old chairman of The Horticultural Society of New York, a vivid and healthy-looking gentleman who is dressed in a sport jacket, shirt, and tie composed in Milton Avery colors that draw out his Gulf-green eyes. Fastened to the buttonhole of his jacket is a homemade boutonniere made from sprigs of rosemary, gray santolina, scilla, and thyme; as with the natural surroundings, the full effect is far more subtle than the description of its parts. Mr. Webster gives the impression that he wears not the emblem of a boulevardier but rather a particular crest, and when he steps onto the landing in front of his house, he appears to preside over his own peaceable kingdom.

Twyford is the proper name of this estate, but there is no heraldic sign anywhere. Long gone are the days when the late Mrs. Webster's family occupied the land along the Great South Bay along with the Vanderbilts, the Havemeyers, the Bournes, and the Cuttings. Twyford and the estates that were not parceled out after the Second World War have been donated in part to support federal and university-sponsored nature conservancy projects. The one-hundred-and-fifty acres of swamp, upland, and waterfront, including the farmhouse which Mr. Webster has expanded since he took up residence at Twyford some 45 years ago, is now a jewel in a necklace of refuges for nesting fowl and wildlife, and as an "advisor in residence" to both the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and Cornell University, the jeweler has been granted a "lifetime temporary occupancy."

Above: The pond on Charles Webster's Long Island estate is home to an unusual variety of "captive, not trapped" waterfowl.

"After my wife died, I didn't want the land to lie fallow," Mr. Webster said, leading the way around to the back of the house. Quite the contrary: the vista here includes fenced-in waterways and roomy cages that contain his collection of more exotic waterfowl; his own private greenhouses, which hold the rare, the experimental, the offbeat, and the sublime among plants and flowers; pines and raffish hedges that provide a windshield for the birds; a rock garden and a soft meadow intertwined by walkways; a long and reedy marsh at the edge of which stand tall black locust trees and poles near the trees planted *(Continued on page 210)*

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Continued from page 210 to attract nesting ospreys. "We've had a hell of a time since we were kicked out of Eden," he commented, surveying his own Edenized research center.

Mr. Webster's anomalistic modesty would forbid him from taking credit for having designed an Eden, but the philosophy behind Twyford's layout surely belongs to him. It is a result of his interest as a collector and curator, which is bound to create a horticultural and avicultural zoo, and his laissez-faire attitude as a caretaker.

"I like form and design," he said, "but the fact that a tree can push itself up through the F.D.R. Drive, and when you see the response a plant can make when you're living *with* nature, oh hell, I don't want to soapbox the whole thing but the re-creative strength in plants is a wonderful thing to behold. I don't subscribe to the school of Repton. I don't believe in the re-creation of nature to suit the tastes of man. I think lawns, those manicured lawns you see all over, are biological deserts. And the torture and misuse of plants as in Versailles, for instance, is the result of using natural material in an unnatural form." He stops himself before his mellifluous, controlled voice takes on an edge. He is careful not to complain or criticize. "Some people just like to grow things free-form or help things grow, if they can, that's all," he shrugged. When the suggestion was made that perhaps the waterfowl were not enjoying their free-form existence, Mr. Webster observed that he has bred many birds in his collection and that pairs of animals that will breed in captivity are happy with their situation or they wouldn't breed.

"They're captive, not trapped," he pointed out. "And here students can observe a bird in hand, still worth two in the bush."

We toured around the waterfowl pens while Mr. Webster checked off the various breeds he kept: Hooded mergansers, Green- and Blue-winged Teal, Buffleheads, Falkland Island Ruddy-headed geese, Mandarin ducks, Ross's geese, Emperor geese, Canvasback ducks, and the foul-tempered Egyptian goose, kept in isolation from the rest, which seemed to be mingling well enough.

"I don't know what prompted me to take this one," Mr. Webster said, shaking his head at the mean-eyed bird with mottled feathers. "I suppose wanting to be supportive of an organization whose objectives and aims you support is part of it, and probably an overabundance of Chablis played a part, too.

"Horticulture and aviculture have been my therapy, but there's a difference in therapy between pottery and plants," Mr. Webster continued. "A pot, when it's finished, it's finished. A plant, you're responsible to it, you owe it a proper environment. Even a common houseplant requires the same elements for survival as we do. And with the animals, there's a personality and a certain anthropomorphic feeling. I'm glad to see them revert to being all do when they take off." A lone white goose waddled up close to where w



A case in the pool house holds carved East African birds.

were standing and made a gushing sound. "This poor fellow has lost h female," Mr. Webster said. "Do yo know them all?" I asked him. "O yes," he said, looking directly at th forlorn goose, who looked like the bo nobody wanted to play with.

Following a tour of his greenhous where pure strains of hibiscus an Central American gesneria and specie orchids mingled with hollies and v burnum and various members of th rose family to create an ordered riot color and shape and aroma, Mr. Wel ster extended an invitation to lunc with him and *(Continued on page 21*

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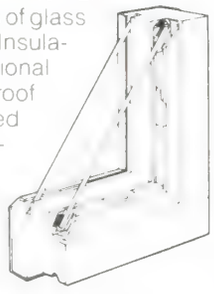
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his history in horticulture (provided we could finish before his afternoon piano lesson, a newly acquired pursuit). We sat on a screened-in sun porch which once had been the farmhouse kitchen and again enjoyed the vista that stretched out beyond the ospreys' nests high on the planted poles. "A garden should be like a house turned inside out," he observed. "You can go from room to room, turn the corner—that isn't a new concept at all," he said, correcting his course with characteristic modesty.

Mr. Webster didn't embark on a horticultural career upon graduation from Dartmouth, even though, as he says, he was "born out of doors" in a fertile portion of southwestern Iowa and always had a love of nature. As a high-school student he worked in nurseries, and later at Dartmouth he was the president of the Outing Club. With a liberal arts degree, he took a job in Detroit and then later went to New York, where he worked for a manufacturer of industrial gases that specialized in the liquefaction of air into oxygen and nitrogen. "When I married a gal who was keen on gardening, I had the opportunity to become involved as a gardener myself," he said. He and Mrs. Webster would exhibit their joint interests in flower shows (Mrs. Webster belonged to a number of garden clubs, and was for a term president of the Garden Club of America). So when Mr. Webster was invited to join The Horticultural Society of New York in the fifties, he already was a modest collector of unusual plants, and by 1957 he was elected president of the society, where he grafted his executive and administrative skills onto a position that had heretofore been mostly ceremonial.

When Mr. Webster assumed his role with the Horticultural Society, it was, in his words, "a self-serving society." [illegible] growing [illegible]

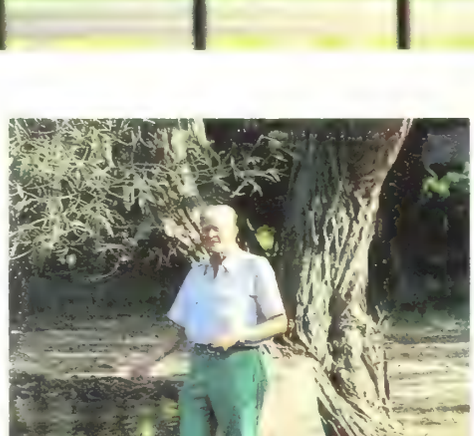
marily concerned with the maintenance of gardens on old-money properties. Economic conditions shifted, and under Mr. Webster's guidance, so did the focus of the society.

"We were being called on for source information from community groups, ethnic groups, senior citizens, block associations; people who wanted to grow houseplants and rooftop gardens would call us. I felt that if the existing society wanted to go ahead with the exclusive society concept, then they'd need more members, but that if we were asked by community groups as members of the community, we should respond and become activists and help in the general problem of improving the environment. I felt that anyo who had an interest in horticultu should be encouraged—it's in o charter," he went on. "The socie could still remain exclusive—excl sively horticultural."

In the time Charles Webster has d rected the operations of the HSN over five hundred community garde have been established with the soc ety's assistance; HSNY has helped r store the gardens of The Coope Hewitt Museum; aided in the fundi of independent projects, like the r cently refurbished gardens of mediev plants and herbs at The Cloister launched Food For Life, a program teach people how to grow their ov vegetables; and it h reached out to the gener public with courses, le tures, publications, ar field trips.

"We are involved in env ronmental causes, and v see the environmental a pects to, say, political neg tiations—after all, th tenacity of people living the land is an environmen thing—but we don't e plore weighty social issues he said. "We agree wi René Dubos: 'Think glob ly, act locally.' Microcosr do exist, the basic problems in creati harmony are there. Finally, it is ha mony that speaks to me," he conti ued. "I don't have the expertise to be plant specialist, but I do have a curio ity about plants, and I do know how grow them, though perhaps not wi the skill of a true gardener. I consid myself an amateur aviculturist, too, b I don't believe that I'm a dilettante heart. I simply prefer to deal with t full palette. I enjoy having some part it, and I'm just lucky to be in a positi where I can carry my awareness alo with it. I guess one has to recognize t value of certain things over others never collected for profit, that is to sa my taste in things has given tho things a greater value, and I'm gl they have a value, but for me all I kno is that I had an eye for it and it's giv me pleasure. That's it, isn't it?" □





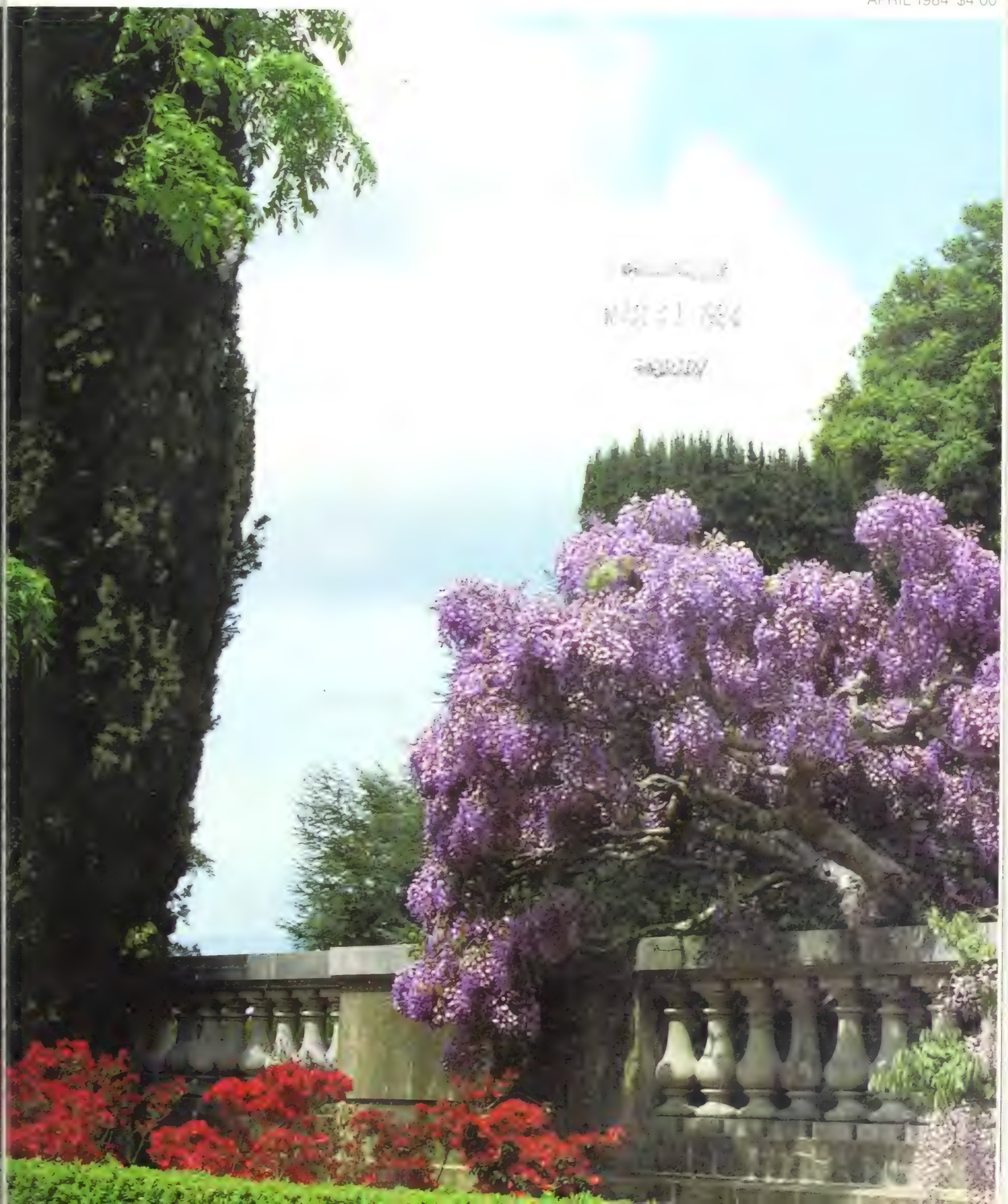
Top: A view from the back porch of Twyford looking onto the lawn with, at left, a gazebo custom-made to house shade-loving plants and, in background, one of the larger greenhouses. *Above:* The 78-year-old chairman of The Horticultural Society of New York.

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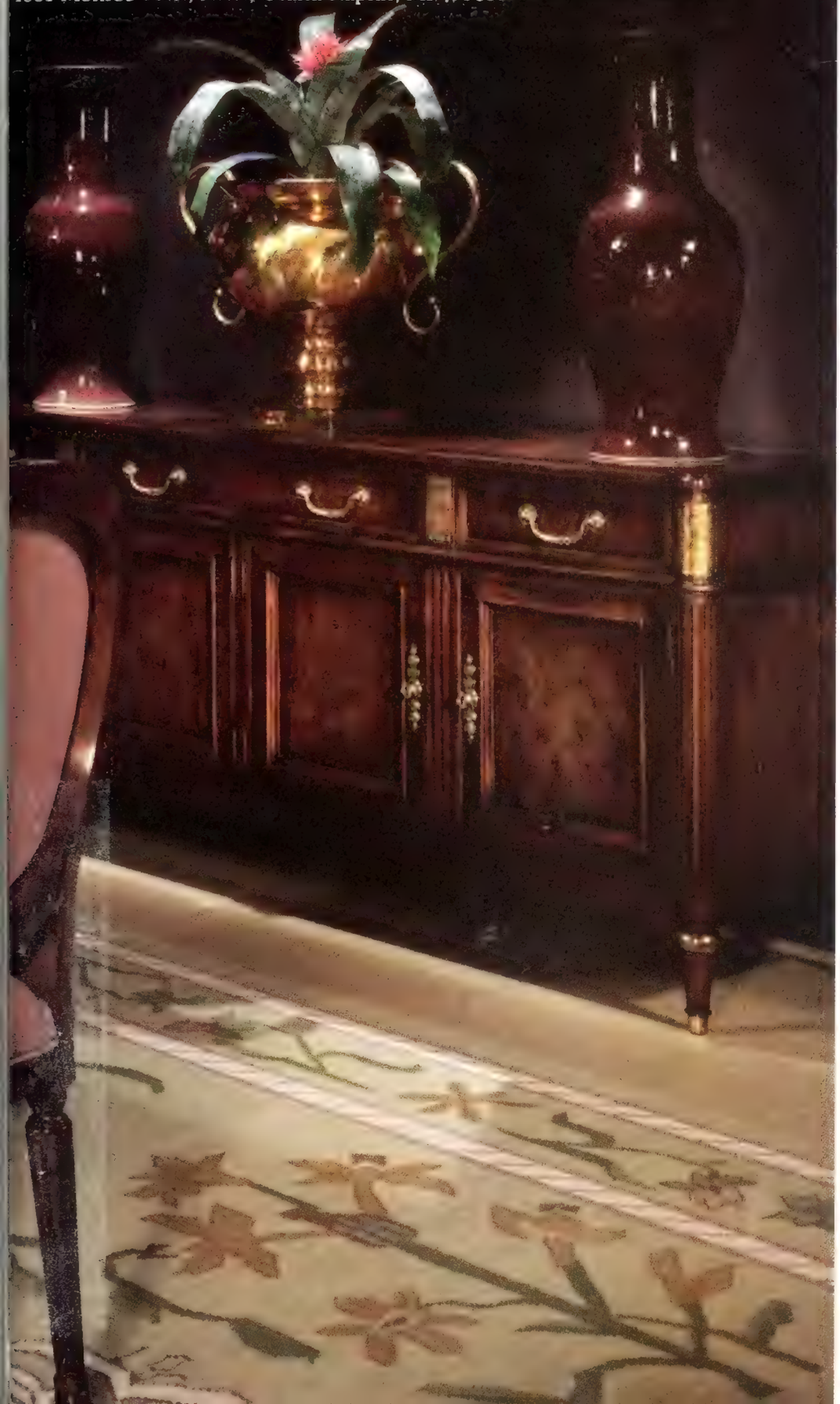
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— Amos Pettingill

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A sitting room decorated by Geoffrey Bennison in the Rothschild apartment in New York

Le Style Rothschild. Patrons of the arts and trendsetters in the world of decoration, the Rothschilds and their houses, châteaux, hunting lodges, and villas have come to signify everything that is most precious and fastidious in art and decoration, as John Richardson writes in his text, "Le Style Rothschild," page 106. The accompanying portfolio of photographs by Jacques Dirand of the Baron and Baroness Guy de Rothschild's New York apartment illustrates how the Rothschild style manages at once to be splendid and luxurious, cozy and welcoming. The Rothschild rooms also provide us a look at the work of the decorator Geoffrey Bennison, originally trained as a stage designer, who learned in that work his sure use of color and textures, sense of scale, and understanding of how important is the role of the person who will play on that stage.

When "Design in America: The Cranbrook Vision, 1925–1950" opens at The Metropolitan Museum of Art this month, it will be the first American twentieth-century design show in the [illegible] Academy of Art (see Tastemakers, page 88), will be at the Metropolitan from April 18 to June 17. It then will travel to Finland, a natural next stop for a show paying tribute to an institution whose architect and first president was the Finnish genius Eliel Saarinen. London's Victoria & Albert Museum will get the show in the spring of 1985, another fitting visit since the Arts and Crafts movement, at the root of Cranbrook's vision, began in England. Given architecture and design's renewed interest in craftsmanship and more individualistic artistic expression, the show couldn't be more timely.

According to the architect Luis Barragán, for a house to be successful it must be atemporal; it should not fall into any specific fashion or period. On pages 124–131, a house designed by Barragán thirty years ago demonstrates the truth of those words and the success of his timeless architecture. The Barragán magic is all there: the sense of silence and mystery; the screens designed to break a perspective and add surprise; the textures and colors of pink, ochre, and white walls. Marie-Pierre Tolila's text and Allen Carter's photographs help communicate the mystery, the intimacy and timelessness of a Barragán house.

We publish examples of one of the world's best art collections in this issue, "Art at Its Best," page 146. It is the collection of Emily and Burton Tremaine, and in the accompanying text, Mary Ann Tighe quotes art dealer Leo Castelli as saying, "Like great painters and writers, great collectors are a rare species." What makes the Tremaine collection great: "They made the perfect choices. They never made the mistake of choosing something secondary." It appears that the collectors' predilection for only the first-rate is consistent. As you will see, the country house where part of the collection is hung includes a glass room that was part of an addition designed by Philip Johnson in 1955 . . . the same year the Barragán house in this issue was being built in Mexico City.

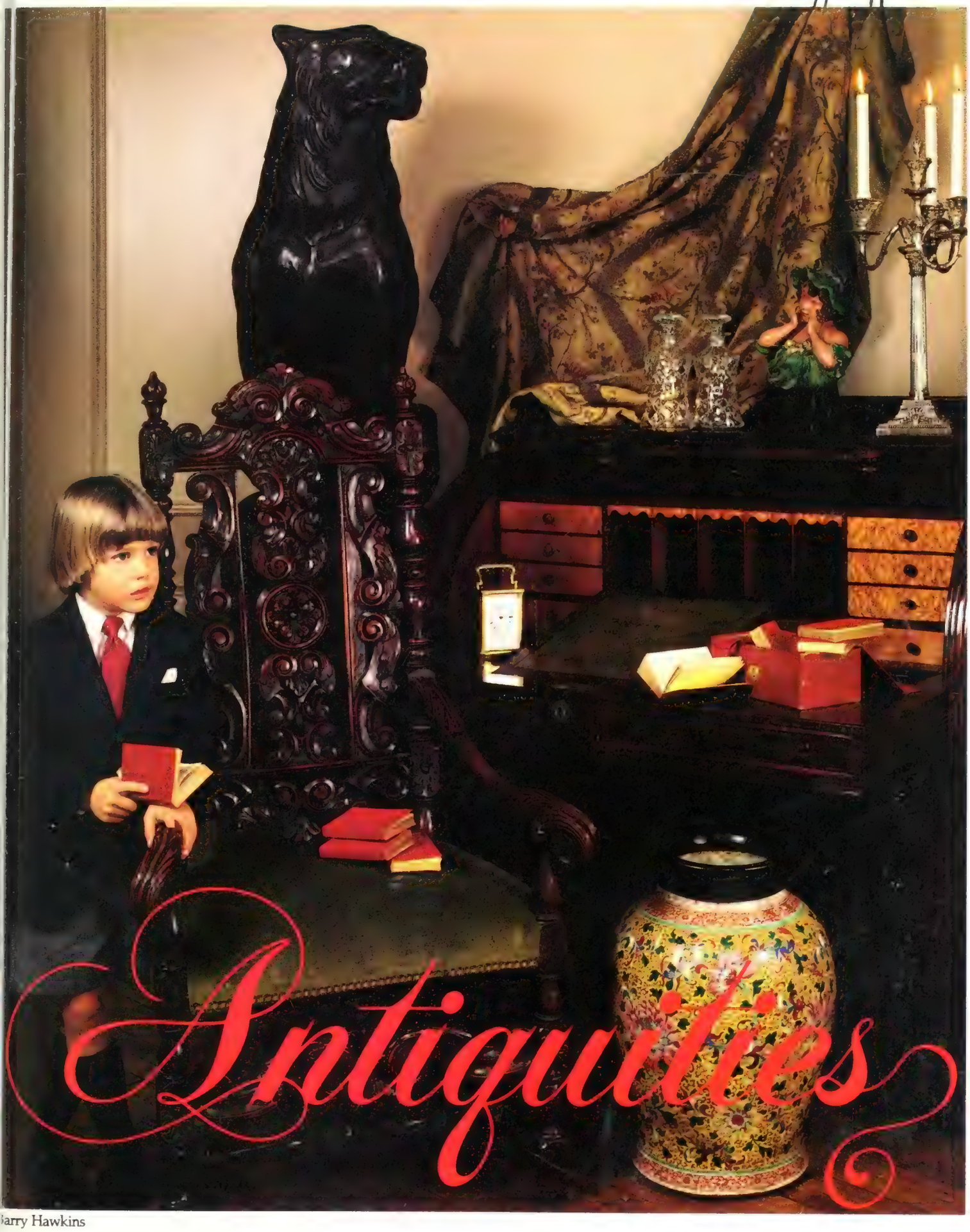
And I wager that in another thirty, or even three-hundred years, both will look as modern as they do today.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief

Antiquities is John Wanamaker's premiere adventure into antiques and fine arts . . . and an instant success with Philadelphians, we might add. Our excellent collection includes magnificent period furniture, ceramics, silver, and works of art from Europe and around the world. Come browse through our ever-changing collections of which we show several examples: From the late 1880's a mahogany cylinder bureau and Carolean-style armchair are joined by a brass carriage clock, a quaint Victorian bust, an enamelled Chinese vase and the works of Shakespeare bound and boxed in fine red leather. A majestic bronze lion, one of a pair by Lloyd le Blanc, stands guard over the treasure which also includes cut glass, silk brocade and silver from early in the 20th century. Antiquities on Nine, Central, in the Wanamaker Center City Philadelphia store.

John Wanamaker



Barry Hawkins

PREHISTORIC CHIC

Two young French designers, Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste, draw on the primitive and the theatrical in their limited-edition furniture

By Christina de Liagre

Cave-tech? More than ever, the past is present in a line of "prehistoric" furniture designed by Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste, a Paris-based design team currently breaking into the American market. New York's Furniture of the Twentieth Century, launching pad for Europe's design elite, has taken on this new collection, which is a theatrical mix of the primitive and the sophisticated.

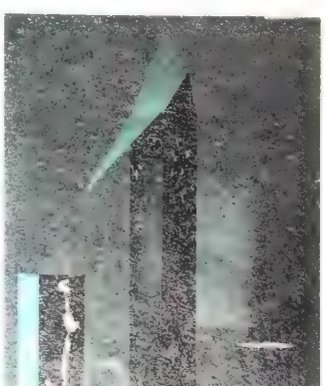
"Although we started out being interested in the Baroque, we shed layer upon layer, century upon century and found inspiration in prehistoric and primitive art. Swiss-born Bonetti, 31, and Garouste, 37, appeared on the Paris scene in the mid-seventies doing sets for plays. It was a theatrical collaboration that culminated in the creation of the "baroquissme" decor—pillars, illuminated masks, drapes—for what became *the* Paris night club, Privilège. (Elizabeth Garouste's husband, Gérard, the painter, did the accompanying frescoes.)

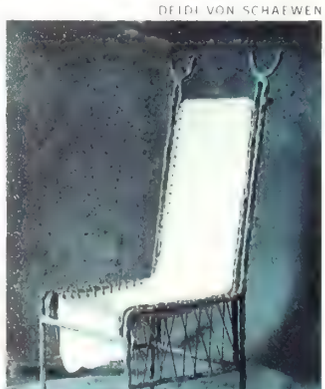
Taking time off from a totally absorbing design schedule, Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste settle into the living room of Garouste's sprawling suburban home twenty minutes south of Paris to talk about their artistic evolution. To this day, the Garouste garage remains their atelier while the house itself is a flea-market catch-all–cum-showroom of certain cornerstones of their work. In the living room the pony skin on their Barbarian chair has been saber-slashed by Garouste's young sons. "They put the finishing touches on our designs," she says, amused.



Above: Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste. *Below left:* The Cut-Out, Perforated, and Rock Lamp, all in limited editions. *Below right:* In an edition of 24, the Barbarian chair of painted wrought iron and pony skin.

DEIDI VON SCHAEWEN





Petite, dark-haired, and a true Parisian for all her understated sophistication and soft-spoken charm, Elizabeth Garouste explains the theater was their first inspiration: "We wanted to see how illusion could be translated into furniture. So we stuck to the basic principle of theater, which is making something more *real* than real by using something which is fake." In their first collection three years ago they played on that theme of "real and fake." Techniques of theatrical illusion and set design were used to make pieces look like what they were not: heavy when they were light, old when new. Papier-mâché and pressed paper were made to resemble chiseled stone; iron patinaed to look like antique bronze. A massive stone slab papier-pressé screen (that looks deceptively immovable) was one of those first pieces. It seems to be a kind of "primal screen," standing on the one hand for the play of illusion and on the other for the departure back in time to art's most basic form. *(Continued on page 18)*

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mention depersonalized and mass-produced. Like being dirty and wanting to bathe—to become pure," Bonetti continues. So "pure" is his Paris apartment, in fact, that there is hardly any furniture at all in the one big room, only a bed with pony-skin pillows and a small kitchen table. Four chairs—straight-back in wood ("imitation nineteenth-century with fake-leather seats—there when I arrived") are slipcovered to the floor in ecru poplin, as are two matching armchairs. Candles in primitive white terra-cotta holders provide most of the light aside from two sculpted masks used as appliqués on either side of the bed. What more perfect surroundings for the son of antiques dealers!

Disarmingly sincere and eager about his pursuits, Bonetti is always ready to go one step further: "Like taking your clothes off in a striptease and finally ending up naked, we ended up with earth, rocks.... And since we worked in theater we decided to re-create those effects artificially." The two speak of undergoing a crisis of conscience. "When we decided to make furniture we started work on a series resembling what one usually sees in decoration...leather sofas—forms out of the classical repertoire. One day came the realization our role was not to reaffirm the existence of those same things once again, but to show another world to people."

The tension created by juxtaposing the primitive with the modern is the force in Bonetti and Garouste's work: tables and benches combine sleek geometric glass (or painted metal) surfaces and huge rough-cut rocks. (Papier-mâché stone look-alikes gave way to the real thing in the last collection: a clever "keep-you-guessing" move against what could have become deadly predictable trompe-l'oeil illusion.)

"That kind of clash, something very solid alongside something fragile and transparent, papier-mâché and iron (our paneled screen), or soft animal hide against a metal frame (our Barbarian chair) is what makes things interesting," says Bonetti. "That's what worked with our Paris show at Jansen, on the rue Royale. Our 'barbarian' furniture was presented in Jansen's eighteenth-century grand salon amid gold moldings and antique wood panelings...." Adds Bonetti: "Saint Laurent has collected various things we've designed, and there again you have the contrast with the rest of his décor."





Above: The papier-pressé slab screen behind the opaque glass and wrought-iron dining-room table. *Below:* Bonetti's watercolor of papier-mâché primitive sculptures supporting a console table against the eighteenth-century decor of Jansen.

While Bonetti and Garouste may refer to the beginning of the world ("we went back to nature, geology, zoology"), their work also has an eerie end-of-the-world feeling to it, evoking post-nuclear disaster. ("In the year 1000 people lived in terror that the world was coming to an end—we're at the same point today.") The seemingly spontaneous storybook vision of barbarian times (Garouste used to write children's books) exists in counterpoint to what is also a highly studied, terribly French intellectual approach: "We wanted to produce furniture in the way a fashion collection is designed, as an idea, as desire. To treat furniture as ornament. Others in the design field," Garouste sums up, "cling to the idea of progress. We're more skeptical. We think things repeat themselves. The table we made for our first showing at Jansen (eleven spindly iron legs under a thick opaque glass top) is no 'better' than a kitchen table. A René Herbst chair (of nickel-plated metal and brightly colored tension straps) is no more inventive, no more 'new' than an Egyptian chair. All one *can* do really is try to propose a different world."

Not surprising that Garouste and Bonetti find soul mates in *l'art brut*. "Take the Palais Idéal du Facteur Cheval in the Drôme region of France: an entire 'palace' built out of stones and pebbles that a local postman hauled home on foot in his empty mailbag after distributing letters on his route! When we run into people like that who created an entire universe for themselves, it makes us want to move others in that way, to inspire them to express their own creative possibilities. After all, we used only three rocks and everybody has access to that!" Bonetti quips. □







Fashions: Jenny Sharp

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PARMA'S SECRETS REVEALED

Unknown treasures of the city famous for its ham, cheese, and violets

By Olivier Bernier



LATE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PRINT (ACTUAL SIZE) FROM THE COLLECTION OF HENRY S. WEISBURG

Napoleon's empress and some of the best food in Italy, the murdered son of a pope and Stendhal's greatest novel: this disparate if glamorous medley all centers around the former Duchy of Parma. Of course, Marie Louise of Austria and Pier Luigi Farnese, Pope Paul III's illegitimate son, were real people, while Fabrice del Dongo and the Duchesse Sanseverina are fictional characters, but they all have something to tell us about life in an exceptionally charming little city.

From the lush countryside around Parma come the famous hams and the cheese for which the region is justly famous, as well as a variety of produce, and all are used to their best advantage in the city's renowned restaurants. In between those wonderful meals, we could do much worse than to follow the many people, Parmesans and foreigners alike, who thought that the duchy's capital was the fairest in Northern Italy. We might, for instance, remember Monsignor del Dongo's impassioned sermons in the cathedral as we enter the quiet piazza flanked by those two complementary Romanesque masterpieces, the Baptistery and the Duomo.

With its octagonal shape, pink and white marble walls, and airy openings, the Baptistery seems to float above the ground, an architectural fantasy rather than a real building. Above the tall arched doorway and its carved lintel rise four floors faced with colonnades and bound by striped piers at every corner: the walls themselves vanish behind the openings so that the structure seems *(Continued on page 22)*



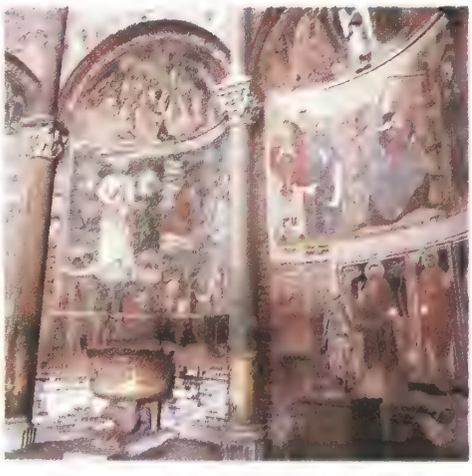
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wall just behind the arcade—which sustains a balustrade adorned, at each angle, with a pointy-roofed little open pavilion: it is all like the wildest of illuminated manuscripts come to life; and then, the interior takes us even deeper into a Romanesque dream.

As we enter, we find ourselves in a highly articulated space. The sixteen sides are linked by double rows of tall, impossibly thin columns topped by a dazzling frescoed cupola given an almost kaleidoscopic look by the pink marble ribs reaching up to the keystone. The colors are fresh, bright, vivid, the Byzantine-inspired figures go about their hieratic purposes, stylized, yet so real, that we, too, become part of a splendid thirteenth-century pageant. With that gravity-defying know-how so typical of Benedetto Antelami, the architect-sculptor responsible for all this, the cupola soars above two floors of open colonnaded balconies; and they, in turn, are supported by a series of tall, arcaded, exedralike niches topped with half cupolas, and all fully frescoed. Just in case this lush spectacle isn't quite enough, we can look at twelve marble sculptures also by Antelami, which represent the months; so, in February, we see a peasant ploughing; in June, he's reaping the wheat; in September, picking the grapes: here is a whole, full-relief panorama of medieval life to complement the glorious illusion of the frescoes.

After this immense jewel box, the stark, majestic cathedral provides a perfect contrast. Built between 1060 and 1073, restored after an earthquake in 1117, and left alone after that, it is one of the most impressive Romanesque cathedrals in Italy. Here, the wall reaffirms its primacy. Even the first two rows of small horizontal arches held up by pink marble columns do no more than provide architectural interest, while the angled third row, which reproduces the outline of a gable, merely provides an easy transition to the stark and massive cornice. As is often the case, however, the cool monumentality of the style is enlivened by charming details. The columns sustaining the small central porch, for instance, rest on two rather disgruntled marble lions: one cannot help feeling that they have sat in place for the last eight-and-a-half centuries only with the utmost reluctance.





Top: Parma's Baptistry, Benedetto Antelami's masterpiece in pink and white marble. *Above:* Baptistry's interior, fully frescoed and rich in sculptures.

The strength and austerity of the façade are continued in the grand interior. There, the majestic nave is lightened only by an open, second-floor gallery that repeats the arcades we have just seen outside, while the ornamentation is provided by the complex, beautifully carved capitals topping every column: but then, the conglomerate of styles so typical of Italian churches takes over once more. First, there are lively Mannerist frescoes on the walls and an arrangement of garlands, flowers, figures, and animals painted on the vault by a local artist in 1555: all very annoying for the purist, no doubt, but full of charm; then comes an exuberant golden seventeenth-century pulpit and, off the right transept, suddenly we see the most inviting of early Baroque chapels lavishly decorated with a riot of fruit and flowers. Still, it is only when we reach the dome that we encounter the full glory of the Renaissance. Frescoed between 1527 and 1534 by Correggio, it shows us the Assumption of the Virgin taking place in a glow of golden light. Here, indeed, is the best of that attractive, amiable manner in which Correggio blends soft color and bold composition. The Virgin herself is nowhere near the center, which is occupied by a foreshortened tumbling angel; instead, hands held aloft, she rises from a crowd of the most appealing angels we are ever likely to see in a swirl of clouds, draperies, and myriad putti. The bold perspective fascinates while Correggio's own particularly attractive brand of Mannerism, far from keeping us firmly outside the crowded scene as is usually the case with contemporary works, draws us in and makes us feel that, like the Virgin, we are about to lift off.

Another great lady, but one who cared deeply about the pleasures of the flesh, reigns over the other end of town. Marie Louise has not only left us a palace, built largely in the eighteenth century but preserved by her, and an enchanting garden; she is also fully depicted in the Museo Glauco Lombardi, the legacy of a turn-of-the-century professor who fell in love with the memory of the empress. His elegant Neoclassical town house, right on the main piazza, is full of amusing, sometimes touching mementos. There is the blue satin dress complete with eight-foot train worn by the Duchess of Parma on state occasions; and because it is embroidered *(Continued on page 24)*

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(Continued from page 22) with platinum thread which, unlike gold and silver, does not tarnish, it looks as fresh, as grand, as imposing as it did when it was first worn some 150 years ago and tells us something about the weakness of the former empress: the waist is anything but wasplike. Then, along with innumerable portraits, some porcelain, some furniture, and several intricately designed *nécessaires de toilette,* there are souvenirs of those short years in Paris when a very young Marie Louise reigned over half of Europe—everything from Napoleon's letters to the marriage coffer that awaited her in Paris, an extravagant creation raised on two kneeling bronze figures blowing their trumpets, with side handles held in eagles' beaks and a curved cover crowned with a bronze bow and arrow, a tactful reminder of Cupid's power over even the most arranged of marriages. And in case we wonder what the bride looked like there is a portrait of Marie Louise, covered with diamonds and looking properly grand in embroidered white satin. Amid all this splendor, we then come across a series of competently painted, highly appealing romantic landscapes. It pays to look at their label: the artist is none other than the duchess herself.

That visit to the Museo Glauco Lombardi should make us feel that Marie Louise is practically an old friend, so it only makes sense to cross the River Parma and go for a stroll in the palace gardens. The building itself, a mixture of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, with its ocher facade and green shutters, looks more like a large villa than a palace proper, but the park, though not very large, leaves nothing to be desired. There are a few wide, shaded alleys, but also twisting lanes, flowers, ponds, sculpture, flowering bushes: this perfect romantic garden instantly evokes the 1830s, Marie Louise's little court and her easy sentimentality; and just as today young couples sit, kissing, on half-hidden benches, so, no doubt, the duchess sometimes left her ladies-in-waiting behind and strolled away with the handsome Count Neipperg.

Still, there is more to Parma than just the memory of "the heifer sacrificed to appease the Minotaur," to quote Metternich's cynical description. Right behind the Duomo, for instance, a short walk will take us to the San Giovanni Evangelista complex. Its first building, which belongs to the Benedictine convent, is the sixteenth-century pharmacy. Its four wood-paneled rooms, one of which looks out onto a peaceful cloister, are lined with shelves and cupboards where all the artifacts of medieval medicine are still displayed. The blue-and-white ceramic pots, the mortars, scales, and retorts, all highly picturesque, speak more highly of the monks' charity than of their skills.

A few more steps take us into a quiet, beautiful piazza. Bordered on one side by the Romanesque episcopal palace, its main attraction is the Church of Saint John the Evangelist, not perhaps, very distinguished as Baroque façades go: although it is almost a textbook example of graceful movement, it lacks the strength of its important Roman counterparts; but the interior is a handsome Renaissance volume, and the dome offers another of Correggio's soaring compositions. This time, we are invited to share a highly mystical moment, Saint John's vision of Patmos. As Christ rises in the central glory, a crowd of cheerful angels surrounds the apostles while, a little below the heavenly host, Saint John, rising his hands in ecstasy, stares intently at his Redeemer. While it is somewhat quieter and more restrained than the Ascension of the Virgin, this composition is no less attractive and, perhaps, even more moving. Then, in the left transept, Correggio painted the saint writing the Apocalypse. The play of light and shade, the intense expression of the figure strike a note of seriousness not often to be found in the artist's work. Finally, in the first, second, and fourth chapels on the left side of the nave, there are frescoes in which Parmigianino indulged in all the elegant distortion, all the evocative elongation, coolness, and complexity of Mannerism at its best.

After all this religious painting, the so-called Camera del Correggio provides a lighter note. Although its frescoes were done at the behest of Abbess Giovanna Piancenza, they are typical of the stoutly secular ornaments with which Renaissance clerics cheered up their lives. Here again, the windows look out on a wonderfully harmonious sixteenth-century cloister, a pleasant enough sight *(Continued on page 26)*



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Henredon

(Continued from page 24) by itself then, as an added boon, the room's little dome is a triumph of joyful decor. The vault, which is divided by white ribs into sixteen triangles, is made to look like the most luxurious of summerhouses. Against a trellis ground ribbon bows, at the very top, seem to be holding the wooden elements together; below them come festoons of fruit; then oval openings through which a variety of putti, seen against an ideally blue sky, appear to be flying into our space. At the bottom, supported by trompe-l'oeil goats' heads, we see a series of grisailles depicting Roman gods and demigods. The illusion is perfect. We hardly know whether we are indoors or out, in ancient Rome or sixteenth-century Parma.

It is one of the city's many charms that it always seems to proffer some unexpected delight. The Madonna della Steccata is one such surprise. This small, perfect church, designed by a father-and-son team, the Zaccagni, is shaped like a Greek cross: all four arms are of equal length. Here, all the liveliness of the Renaissance animates the design as its various elements, columns, pilasters, and pediments, having achieved a powerful sense of balance, lead the eye up to the huge dome. Inside, the Parmigianino frescoes add exactly the right note of graceful elegance to the colored marbles while the handsome seventeenth-century organ and the complex Baroque altar screen add their glitter to the lush setting. There can be no hesitation about the Steccata: it is the most inviting, the most cheerful of churches; but it takes something close to courage to make one's way into the Palazzo della Pilotta, just down the street. This huge, unfinished, and singularly bleak building, its brick stained dark brown by centuries of aging, was once the palace of the Farnese, begun by the widow of Pier Luigi Farnese—the first ruler of the newly independent duchy was assassinated by rebellious nobles—looks today like the least inviting of ruins. Still it is well worth it to brave its appearance. Inside, a variety of delights awaits us, ranging all the way from prehistorical artifacts to eighteenth-century paintings.

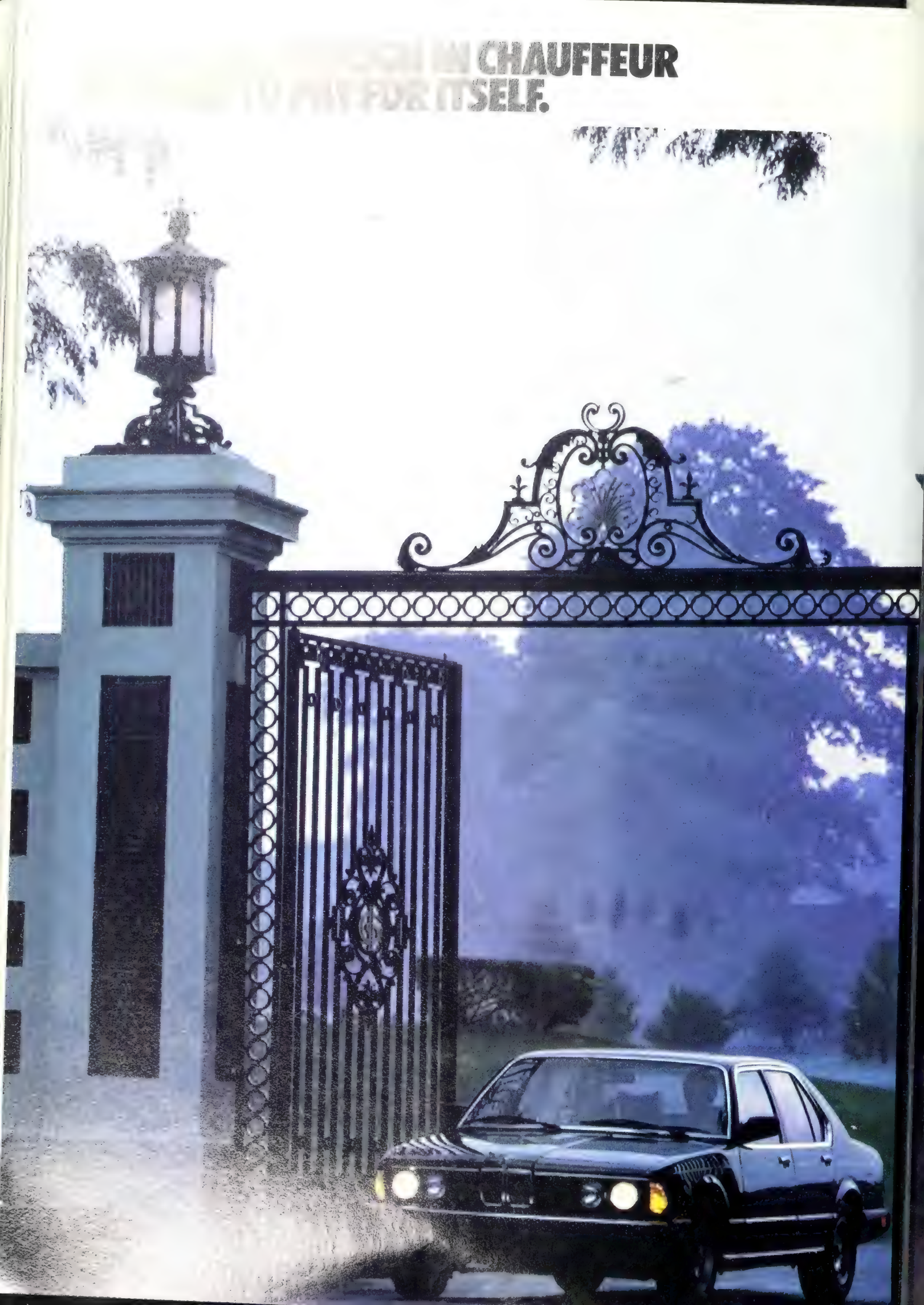
The palace houses several museums. Downstairs, several galleries are filled with silex, *(Continued on page 30)*

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But the case for the 733i was perhaps best made by Autosport magazine, which, describing a test drive, wrote of "the pure song of an in-line six than which there is [illegible]."

There are simply some songs one should experience for oneself.

[illegible]

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from page 26 flint, and arrowheads. One flight up, the National Museum of Antiquities mixes Greek ceramics and statues of Roman Emperors, Etruscan funerary urns and bronze tablets recording Trajan's decision to have three hundred orphans fed by the state. There are Egyptian masks, some twenty thousand medals and the sculpture dug up at Velleia, just outside Parma, all set down almost randomly in the most attractive of disorders. Then, when you begin to feel you want to return to a less distant era, climb up the next flight of the grand staircase and ask the guard sitting in the first room of the National Gallery to show you the theater. He will nod sagely (few people make the request), pick up his keys, march you across the landing, and open a small door. Step through. You will find yourself in one of the handsomest theaters in Europe. Built in 1618 by Aleotti for Duke Ranuccio Farnese, this vast construction—it holds five thousand people—is made entirely of light, natural wood and designed to look like the most sophisticated of amphitheaters. All around the auditorium, open arches linked by columns in a Palladian motif are topped by a balustrade and statues while, across the way, the stage is framed by monumental Corinthian columns and pilasters, and flanked with two full-relief equestrian portraits of Farnese dukes. Although Aleotti was obviously influenced by Palladio's theater in Vicenza what we see here is a lighter, less awesome, but perhaps more graceful setting for that great Italian invention, the opera.

The Farnese loved the theater; but like any self-respecting Italian ruling family, they also collected paintings, and their successors, first the Bourbons, then the Habsburgs, continued the tradition. The results of all this can be seen in the National Gallery. There are a few masterpieces, like Leonardo's subtle and fascinating portrait of a young woman, or Correggio's Virgin and Child with Saint Jerome, where the intricate composition, glowing color, and refined forms blend with almost magical harmony. You will not want to miss Parmigianino's Turkish slave, with her wonderfully elaborate coiffure and knowing look, or Holbein's portrait of Erasmus, but you will find that the bulk of the collection consists of minor works.

Hung in rambling, run-down rooms, these paintings invite us to a stroll through the times when a great abundance of various pictures was one of the charms of life, when the greatest of paintings was surrounded with merely pleasing neighbors and all came together so that even genius seemed amiable. Pleasant as this arrangment may be, there is nothing here to surprise us: amiability, indeed, is what Parma is all about. □



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By Diana Vreeland



Diana Vreeland photographed by Bill King in 1977 for the Blackglama "What Becomes a Legend Most?" campaign.

On bad taste

Vulgarity is a very important ingredient in life. I'm a great believer in vulgarity—if it's got vitality. A little bad taste is like a nice splash of paprika. We all need a splash of bad taste—it's hearty, it's healthy, it's physical. I think we could use *more* of it. What's called "good taste" is a drug on the market. *No* taste is what I'm against.

On Coco Chanel

Where she came from in France is anyone's guess. She said one thing one day and another thing the next. She was a peasant—and a genius. Peasants and geniuses are the only people who count, and she was both. . . . Coco was never a *kind* woman. . . she was a *monstre sacré*. But she was the most interesting person *I've* met.

On the Edwardian Age

The Edwardian influence in England lasted long after Edward's death and blossomed like a cherry orchard in the best sun. Each period casts a long, long shadow. That's my period, if you really want to know. You might think it was my mother's period, but it's mine. One's period is when one is very young. *(Continued on page 40)*

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(Continued from page 36)

Clark [Gable] grabbed my hand. "Don't look left," he said, "and don't look right—just keep walking. Hold onto your hat, kid—the place is gonna *blow!*"

As he *said* it . . . the place went berserk—I mean *berserk*! The stares! The people leaning out over their tables! These are "sophisticated" people I'm talking about . . . it was almost *animalique,* like a roaring zoo All I can tell you is that the place *did* blow. Power has got to be the most *intoxicating* thing in the world—and of all forms of power, the most intoxicating is *fame.*

On fashion
I think fashion must be the most intoxicating *release* from the banality of the world.

On her father
Daddy was British in a very healthy way: he could get over things. "Worse things happen at sea," that was his great expression. It summed up any unpleasantness.

On feet
Children, naturally, are terribly aware of feet. They're closer to them.

On Clark Gable
. . . I wish I could give you a load of his *eyelashes*! He had the most beautiful eyelashes I've ever seen on a man—on a *human being.* They were exactly like a Shetland pony's. Now you're probably not as intimate with Shetland ponies as I am. They're terrible little beasts—but they have the longest, *fuzziest* eyelashes of any creature you've ever seen. Clark's were *exactly* like that.

On the gall bladder
Never lose sight of your gall bladder!

On happiness
You ask if they were happy? That is not a characteristic of a European. To be contented—that's for the cows.

On horses
Horses smell much better than people—I can tell you *that.*

On inspiration
There's only one thing in life, and that's the continual renewal of inspiration.

On the Japanese
God was fair to the Japanese. He gave them no oil, no coal, no diamonds, no natural res[illegible]—nothing! Nothing comes from the island tha[illegible] you can sustain a civilization on. Al[illegible] God gave the Japanese was a sense o[illegible] style

On her last name
"Vreeland—with a V!" I say whenever I have to give my name over the telephone. "V as in 'victory'! V as in 'violent'!"

But I can remember a telephone operator saying to me when I was living in England, "No, madame—V . . . as in 'violet.' "

I loved the putting-down. She put me right back where I belonged. "Yes," I said, "you've got a *point.*"

On lettuce
Lettuce is divine, although I'm not sure it's really food.

On lying
Now I *exaggerate*—always. And, of course, I'm terrible on facts. But a good story . . . some of the *details* . . . are in the imagination. I don't call this lying.

I think there's nothing more unattractive than a true liar. I am a *maniac* about anyone who tells a lie. These people wither for me. I'm perfectly polite to them, shake their hands, smile at them . . . but to hell with 'em! They can disappear into the *ground* for all I care. Something dies inside of me. And I can spot 'em like *that*! Of course, in business, this can be a rather handy instinct.

On madness
"There is a pleasure in being mad that none but madmen know." It's a beautiful statement, but I'm afraid I may have made it up.

On men's hats
I remember the last person who tipped his hat to me; it was so elegant and attractive. I was walking down Fifth and Ronnie Tree stepped out to the curb. He had on a bowler. If you remember his hair, it was that marvelous stiff hair that brushed up around the ears. You know how chic that is. Marvelous, with a hat. Takes a special head; it has to be very stiff hair. He did it, tipped his hat, and it was so attractive. So beautiful.

But then it all stopped, didn't it?

On newspapers
The only newspaper I've ever really approved of is *The Times* of London when they had canaries for sale on the front page. *(Continued on page 44)*

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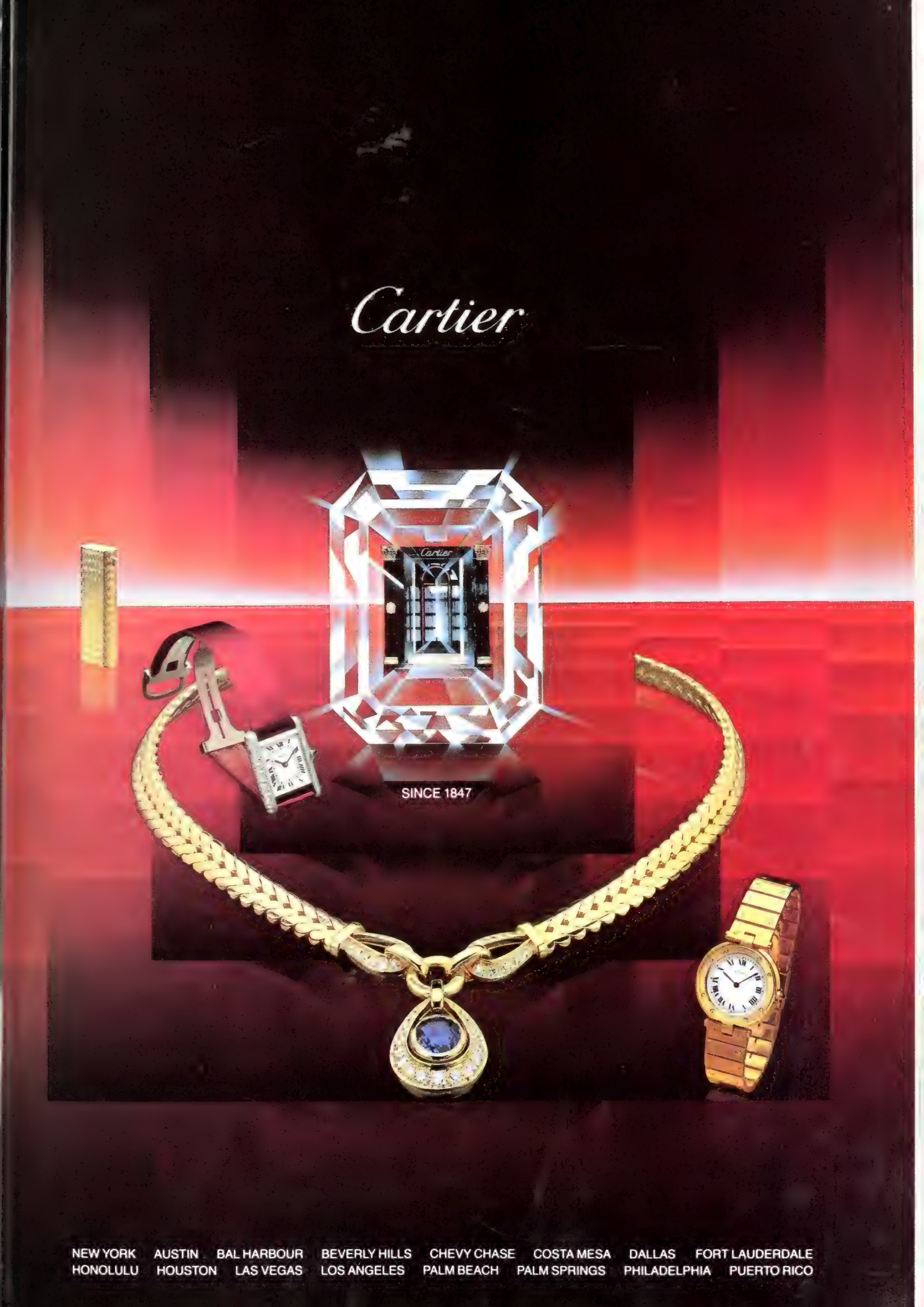
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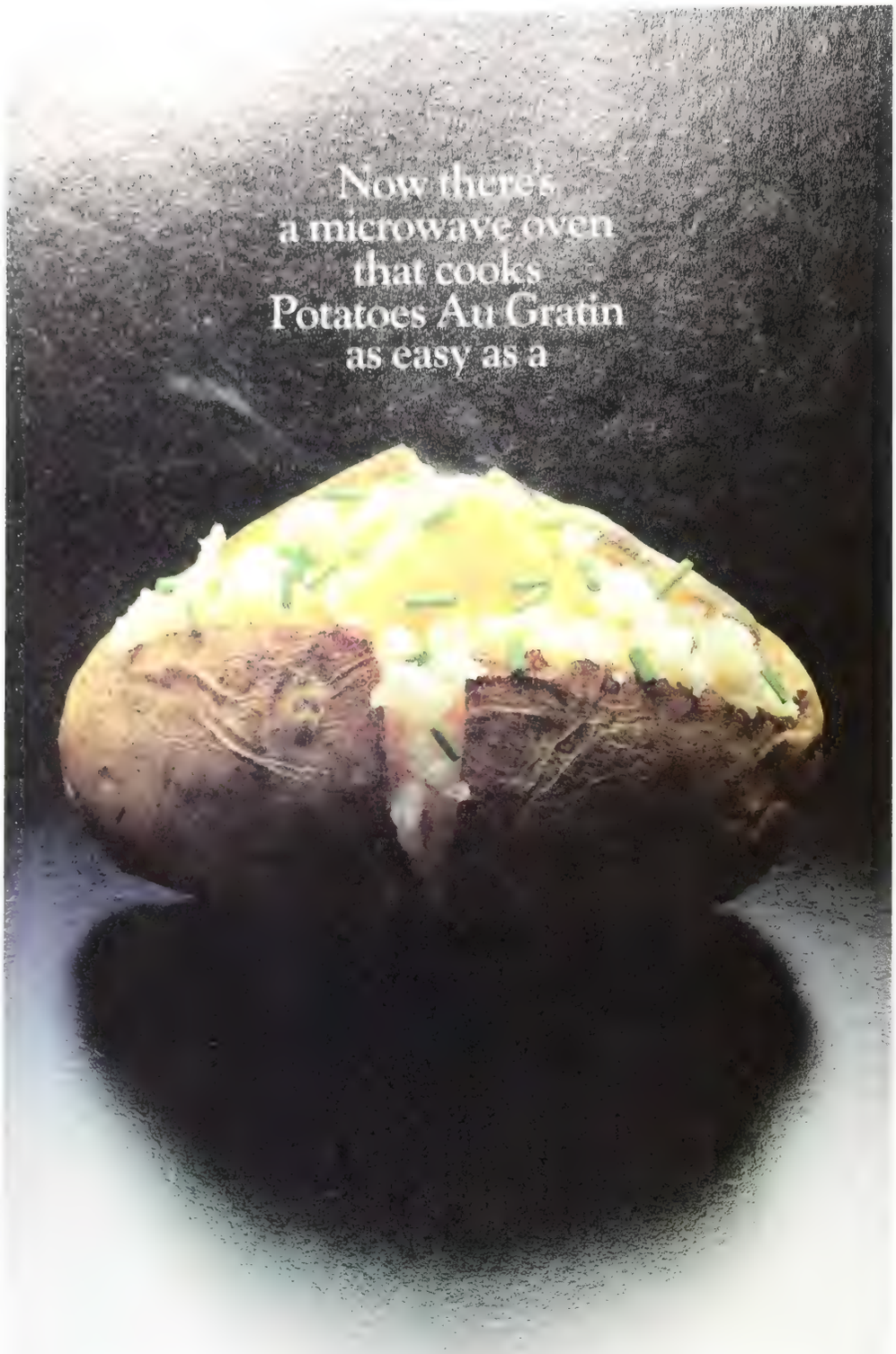
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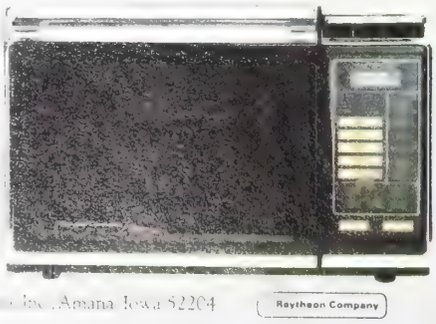


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Raytheon Company

(Continued from page 40)

On the past

I don't believe in anything before penicillin.

On rain

Have I told you that I think water is God's tranquilizer? Being born Scottish, I think to walk in the rain is just divine. I don't mean to walk around in a heavy downpour—to enjoy a fire doesn't mean the whole *room* has to be in flames—but to be in water, to feel it around you, to wake up in the morning to know that the skies and the whole world is in this lovely fresh clean condition . . . always a mania with me. One thing I hold against Americans is that they have no flair for the rain. They seem unsettled by it; it's against them: they take it as an assault, an inconvenience.

I don't believe in anything before penicillin

On Millicent Rogers

Millicent, I remember, started out the evening wearing a dress by Paquin—black silk with a bustle here and a train. When dessert was served, she spilled some ice cream and left the room to change into another dress. When the coffee was served, she spilled some of *that* and went off to change into *another* dress. Have you ever *heard* of such chic?

On Russia

We're all exiles from something, but *never* to be able to go back to our country is something we don't know. When I'd been in Russia for only 48 hours, I thought to myself: "Of all the countries I've known, if it were my country, not to be able to come back to *this* one would be the most terrible."

On her school days

I was sent to the Brearley School. It's one time in my life I've always regretted—fighting my way through the place . . . and those goddam *gongs*.

On time

Don't think you were born too late. Everyone has that illusion. But you aren't. The only problem is if you *think* too late. □

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CRUSADING COOKERY

A mad medieval feast gets out of hand

By Jonathan Lieberson

LIVE FROG AND TURTLE PIE

Ingredients

Prepare the largest pie shell and top lid which your pastry pans and oven will accommodate

A "spring-mold pan" or one allowing easy removal of the pie crust is best to use

Butter for greasing baking pan

2 or more cups of dried beans or such a "heavy" cereal as Grape Nuts

Live tethered birds or frogs or turtles or wind-up animals

2 egg yolks

½ teaspoon cinnamon

Method

1. Preheat oven to 425°.
2. Very lightly grease the large pie pan, then dust with flour.
3. Reserving sufficient dough for a top crust, press in a reasonably thick bottom pie crust.
4. Fill the pie shell with dried beans, or other reusable filler, to weight down the crust as it bakes to avoid bubbling. Apply and carefully seal the upper crust to the lower.
5. Glaze with egg yolk mixed with cinnamon.
6. Bake 40 minutes at 425° or until golden brown.
7. When cool, carefully gain access to the bottom crust and cut a large hole—three-to-four-inch diameter—through which remove all bean or cereal filler, reserving the piece of cut crust.
8. Into the well-cooled shell, insert the live or wind-up animals immediately before serving. If possible, replace the pastry cut so as to "close the hole." (I have not been able to do so; but the medieval cooks apparently could.)
9. Scrupulously carefully, cut around the circumference of the crust at time of serving, about one-quarter way around the pie. Equally gently, cut toward the center, taking extreme care not to touch the animals (or mechanical toys). Lift out upper crust portion.
10. The birds or frogs will happily "liberate" themselves on the table in order to amaze and amuse the feasters.
11. This pie makes a dramatic finale to a formal feast. —from *Fabulous Feasts: Medieval Cookery and Ceremony* by Madeleine Pelner Cosman

One evening some years ago, I sat in the dining room of a talkative French woman living in New York and shook my head for perhaps the twentieth time that night to remain awake during her unceasing flow of talk. Hailed by her friends as a gifted cook, she had on this occasion apparently decided to provide me with an account of her latest enthusiasm, the Crusades, instead of dinner; it was past midnight, and, unlike her, I was nearly insensible from the macroalcoholic diet we had observed for the past four hours. Finally I broke into her description of the hardships undergone on the Children's Crusades and croaked a remark I was to regret bitterly, something like, "Gee, I wonder what the food those kids had at home must have tasted like." Although my weakness allowed me to say it only in a whisper, the remark had a dynamic effect on Juliette Mensonge. Sitting bolt upright and widening her eyes, she said that curiously enough, she too had been absorbed in the very same question since she was a young girl. Moreover, she knew others—many others—who would like to see it (or rather taste it) answered. Among these, she said, were her friends Dr. Reiman, a lapsed Jungian analyst who had managed to confine *(Continued on page 50)*

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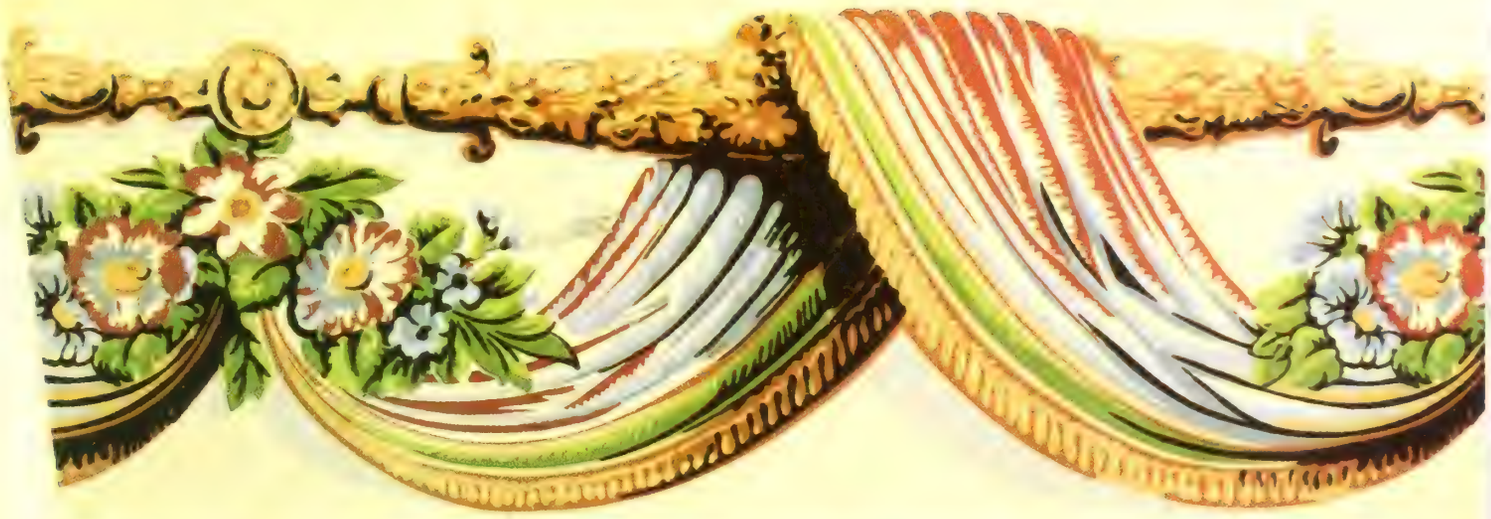
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(Continued from page 48) his practic to the exorcism of demons in reflectiv show-business folk, and his wife, an also a certain Professor Badolini, a Italian medievalist engaged in researc at a city college. These people could b gathered together with ease. Why no form a little club, as it were, of medi eval food tasters? Why not creat afresh the music and tastes and smell of a medieval feast? Why not mee weekly? Why not let her arrange th entire business? With ill-considere generosity I nodded agreement an ran gasping into the street in search o an open pizza parlor.

On an evening some weeks later, was greeted at Juliette's door by Dr Reiman, a large, jovial man who good naturedly pooh-poohed my surpris on finding him wearing a brocade cap and pointed slippers, dress that some what clashed with the cigarillo de pending from his mouth. His wife similarly attired, was a handsom woman who was seated beneath a elaborate baldachin (ingeniously mad out of grocery boxes stapled to th wall). Juliette, she said, had been work ing on tonight's meal for days and ha been worried that the unusual order she had placed with the butchers, fis vendors, and apothecaries would b delayed. She was interrupted by th sound of raised voices in the kitche exchanging maledictions in Italian, fol lowed by the abrupt entrance of Pro fessor Badolini, an energetic little man carrying some aluminum plates an goblets to the table. After greeting me he rolled his eyes and looked at th kitchen; he had just been in there wit Juliette, he whispered in imperfect En glish, and she had disputed his pro gram for the presentation of th courses. But who was the medievalist, he or she? Was it not he who had de signed the costumes that he and th others were wearing? And why, he said, pointing a crooked finger at me, had I not worn mine?

The professor's Talmudic disputation fortunately soon gave way to the commencement of the feast ceremony. Although musicians were not available, someone had brought a record of medieval and Renaissance music, and to a great flourish of drums and trumpets, the kitchen door opened and Juliette entered carrying a large tureen. She had *(Continued on page 52)*



Scalamandré Borders

train, after pausing to boot aside some orange rinds that lay in the kitchen doorway, she bowed gracefully to allow her headgear – a conical hat and veil that resembled nothing so much as a giant ice-cream cone placed upside down on her head—to pass through the arch.

"This soup hasn't been eaten since 1500," Juliette said ambiguously when we were all seated and she removed the lid of the tureen and began to stir its greenish, lumpy contents with a wooden spoon. "It's a spiced broth that was a favorite of Louis the Bald of France," she cheerily continued. "I had to convince the butcher that I was not mad in order to get the ingredients." It was the professor who posed the urgent question on all our minds as Juliette handed us our portions: "The ingredients, these are which?" As Juliette crisply enumerated them—pickled goat, snipe, sneezewort, duck feet, truelove, licorice—our faces grew paler; and no one paid any attention to Mrs. Reiman's plaintive suggestion that truelove was a well-known aphrodisiac in the Dark Ages. As we turned our spoons around and around in the soup, fearful of tasting, some appalling component—a fish head, a tusk, or so I recall thinking at the time, a frog—would rise to the surface, linger on the edge of the spoon, and then slither back into the slop. "Hurry up and get on with it, for God's sake," Juliette urged. "We have ten more courses to go. I'll clean up while Professor Badolini shows you how to play some medieval games of chance."

Some of us, I am afraid, felt that we had already played one medieval game of chance too many and were engaged in devising a pretext for leaving, but it was no use. Announced by a drum roll and fanfare, another course, swan-neck pudding, was brought on the table, and then others, each more ghastly than its predecessor: boar's head, bear stomach stuffed with ginger, spiced liver of whale on a bed of seaweed.

The conversation during the feast, to be frank, was disappointing, even though our inhibitions had been annihilated by Dr. Reiman's ever greater ministrations of malmsey, the greatest of which he reserved for his own goblet. For a while, only he spoke, but he soon revealed himself to be a staggering bore whose reminiscences of hydrotherapy and Esalin, which he punctuated with a particular hee-haw laugh, reduced the rest of us to despair. By the eighth course, we had fallen into a profound silence, each of us staring at our food with glassy-eyed, bovine concentration.

Though we did not talk much, there was an unspoken oppression we all felt. We had tried to please our hostess by eating the food on our plates and hailing each new course with cheers of praise. Our cries were so bleary and insincere, however, that they produced the unintended effect of releasing a strain of sadism in her. By the end of the evening, Juliette had changed into a Dickens workhouse overseer, and would stand over each of us until we had finished our portions. This policy was not only impolite; it was having visibly deleterious effects, especially on the professor.

I had earlier caught him only pretending to enjoy the almonds dyed black in sheep's blood that Juliette ensured us was a delicacy of the Dark Ages; it was plain to see he was not really swallowing them at all, but concealing them in his cheek, like a chipmunk. I saw in his frightened eyes that he knew I knew his secret, but a sense of fraternity arose between us when my reas-

(continued on page 76)

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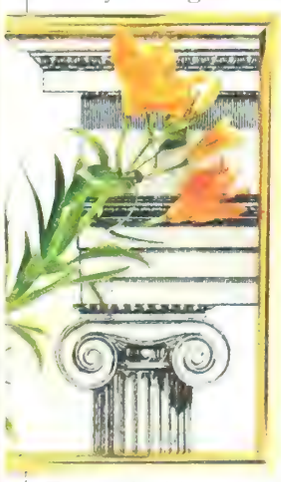
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Since its first flowering several dozen centuries ago, the Greek style has been making successful comebacks in almost every era from the Romans on. The latest "return performance," after a disappearance of some decades, is going on right now. Hardly a "new" room can be seen without a column or two standing around.

One of the surprising things about the perennial Greek revivals is the chameleon-like adaptability of the style to all sorts of often widely divergent national sensibilities. All those columns and capitals and caryatids, those processions of Greek keys and scrolls, easily become French, English, German, Russian and American details. And, mysteriously, these details are recognized forever after as being distinctively characteristic of each "national" style. You can't envision Napoleon without his Empire trappings; nor England without its brothers Adam; nor ever imagine Scarlett O'Hara without her Tara.



Today's neo-classicism however seems to be an international phenomenon, sprouting and flourishing independently all over the globe. Some say that designers all over the world are simply reacting against the spare and minimal fashion that's been another international phenomenon in recent years. Many of the definitions and uses of classicism currently popular seem to provide just the warmth, wit and links with traditionalism that acute modernism is accused of being short on.

Probably even more of a surprise than the Greek style's ubiquitous adaptability is the lively and exhilarating color palette that characterizes the present revival. Past revivalists, no matter what their national hue, seemed to take their color inspirations from the pallid bones—all those romantic ruins—of the art they sought to revive. They ignored the evidence of the dramatic and exuberant colors that sheathed those classic columns in their prime. When Elsie de Wolfe first saw the Parthenon she is said to have exclaimed, "Why, it's beige! *My* color!" But when Aristotle and friends looked at *their* Parthenon they saw it ablaze with real color—sea-blues and orange-reds, sun-yellows and leaf-greens, all spiked with gold and brass. The Greeks, as writers have been pointing out for centuries (and which may account for the Hellenic hold on healthy imaginations through the ages), were very interested in life and *its* many colors; they had little interest in bones.

In the grand living room of the nineteenth century Tribeca penthouse shown here, designer Jeffrey Weiss has taken his Greek cue from the architectural detailing of the fireplace wall. You can see the Greek style's adaptability in the comfortable mixing of Empire, Biedermeier and over-stuffed modern furnishings. And you can see what can be done with all these neo-classic elements when the palette is true Greek rather than some revivalist's latter-day romantic interpretation. The sunny, rainbow-hued selection of fabrics, papers and carpet would surely have been right up Aristotle's alley. And they certainly fit in with





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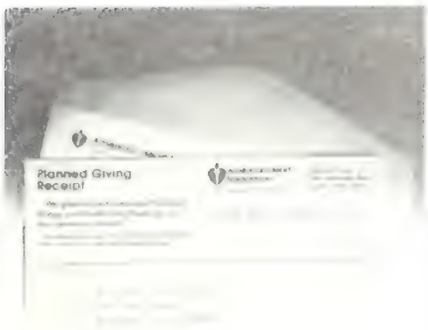
today's more informal traditionalism.

The fabrics used include a lacquer-red cotton sateen print with embroidery motifs, on the daybed. There's a surprising melange of colors, patterns and textures, on the cushions. A slubbed stripe on the settee. Seen in the mirror, a wallpapered wall provides a calming and very modern background (a close-up of the chalk-dabbed paper pattern and the red-navy-yellow Greek key border can be picked out in the swatches shown at the top of the page). The draperies of rosy-sand and sky-blue taffeta make a serene yet also colorful backdrop for the room's many color splashes.

The modern temperament is also reflected in the durability of the azure 100% Dupont Dacron® polyester that covers the tufted chair and on which the sandaled foot is perched in the inset picture on the left-hand page. Its qualities would more than likely also have intrigued the luxury-loving yet logical Greeks.

Since the 1890's when columns and their progeny were in one of their many heydays, F. Schumacher and Company has continued to be a primary mainstay of decorators and designers with a mission to achieve interiors of distinction and harmony, whether classically new or classically traditional. Schumacher's unequalled library of fabrics includes prints and wovens of every conceivable school of design and an exhaustive color palette to please even the most innovative colorist. In addition, Schumacher offers a wide range of unique wall-coverings and a representative hand-picked selection of the fine rugs of the world. Finally, Schumacher's own mill can turn out specially commissioned fabrics to fulfill unique design requirements. (You want Napoleonic bees on purple silk? A reproduction of a rare eighteenth century damask in the original colors? Talk to Schumacher.) Undoubtedly when the next emanation of classicism takes the world by storm a decade or so from now, you'll hear designers and decorators continuing to say, "...surely, Schumacher."

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(Continued from page 52) not snitch on him. But later his condition, exacerbated by Juliette's constant force-feeding, worsened. He seemed to withdraw from our company entirely, and his face froze into the awful smile worn by the subjects of wind-tunnel experiments. We had been given to understand that his scholarly specialty was the study of drainage systems in medieval cities; and it is just possible that he was speculating on the irony that he had had to travel to a center of late capitalism like New York City in order to get a taste of what he had been investigating for many years through secondhand sources. However this may be, his silence so alarmed us that when Juliette was out of the room I encouraged the Reimans to loosen his tie and to throw his uneaten food out the window. Unfortunately, the windows had been screwed shut, possibly in anticipation of this jacquerie. If I had not been able to dispose of a great deal of the uneaten food (and much of my own) by feeding it to Juliette's terrier puppy, something dreadful might have occurred.

This makeshift proved impossible to employ in the case of the dessert, advertized by Juliette as the apple doucettes or tarts favored by generations of English kings, for the puppy had been taken by its mistress into the kitchen, from which we heard a strange mixture of low-pitched snarls, cooings, and harsh imprecations. The tarts, it seemed, had been baked for hundreds of years to acquire the consistency of trilobites, so that they were at once too hard to be chewed and too large to be swallowed whole. In the end we were forced to simulate an accident by upsetting with our feet the tray on which they were served, and then sitting back in silence as we watched them hit the floor and turn in numerous revolutions until they clattered to a rest. Fortunately, Juliette was feverishly at work during this mutiny on the final and most ambitious course of the evening, so that the matter was never discussed.

On the other hand, I understand that the colossal pastry structure she rolled out on a sideboard a half-hour later was subsequently the topic of wide discussion in "food circles" for years: a four-foot-tall "subtlety," or edible sculpture, it was a remarkably lifelike pastry model of a large dog, with twinkling cherry eyes, hazelnut nails, and exquisitely delicate pastry paws, hocks, and withers. At a loss for the usual servile compliments and inarticulate with feelings we could not express, we stood around it in silence for many minutes. What followed this exhibition, however, is somewhat indistinct in my memory. I think that the job of cutting the pie fell to the professor, but in any case before he had a chance to do so, we heard a faint scratching sound, and then, with a tremendous centrifugal force, the entire affair exploded and the puppy that had been inserted in it was not only "liberated" but had sunk its fangs into the professor's hand. As a shrill pipe tune wailed in the background, the pup trampled the subtlety to dust, and then flew up and down the table, upsetting goblets and overturning oil and spice vessels; soon, he was so thoroughly soaked in oil that he was as difficult to hold down as a live water snake. The firmest impression I have of the cataclysm is of Juliette, her conical hat askew, appealing for assistance to Mrs. Reiman, who sat giggling over an upset tankard of pomegranate wine. I would have liked to have participated in the melee in one fashion or another, but as I shouted to my hostess above the din, it was nearly midnight and I was late for an eye examination. I later heard that the destruction lasted deep into the night and was as extensive as that of the Battle of Crécy.

Despite this setback, Juliette's reputation as a medieval cook grew, at least to the extent that free-lance ambulance drivers were said to park in front of her apartment house to pick up the emergency cases they expected would sooner or later be carried from her dinner parties. The original members of the medieval feast club, it seems, were never asked again; obviously we knew too much. But now, thanks to Mrs. Cosman's recipe, I know even more. Juliette's "live dog" pie failed because she had not been able (any more than Mrs. Cosman had) to "close the holes" of the pastry and thus allowed the dog to "liberate" itself prematurely. If there's any lesson to be drawn from all of this, I suppose it is that those who wish to recapture the culinary past and who venture beyond grilled bear or sweet-and-sour seal stew aren't really playing with a full deck. □



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RICH GETS RICHER

Before they learned the secret of the Orient, Europeans mounted porcelains like precious jewels

By Sir Francis Watson

Around the eleventh century when the first pieces of porcelain reached Europe by the slow three-thousand-mile caravan route across Asia they were regarded as something almost miraculous. They were so highly prized that the earliest examples were mounted in rich gold often inset with jewels and presented to the treasuries of the great cathedrals where they were used as chalices and patens for ecclesiastical purposes.

When a few centuries later the trickle of porcelain reaching Europe became a little greater, a great noble would occasionally acquire a piece to display among his gold and silver vessels when he entertained. Thus as early as 1410 the schismatic Pope John XXIII is recorded as possessing a bottle of white Yüan ware which he mounted in silver gilt and enamel to serve as a ewer. Sometimes porcelain was even more richly mounted; Piero dei Medici, for instance, had a small Chinese cup mounted in solid gold.

Even after the opening up of the sea route to China by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century had made porcelain more readily available, the practice of mounting continued. In France in particular such things continued to be greatly prized, and Louis XIV was accustomed to taking his morning cup of bouillon from a Chinese porcelain bowl with handles of gold in the form of entwined snakes.

But the event which raised the taste for Chinese things from a mere fashion to a craze was the arrival of a Siamese mission at the Court of Versailles in 1684. The sight of the ambassadors in their strange conical hats prostrating themselves in a kowtow at the foot of the French throne in homage to the king (who was himself wearing two hundred pounds of diamonds to impress these strangers and had to be helped to get up the steps of the dais) created a sensation. Nothing in the least like it had ever been seen in France before.



One of a pair of celadon vases mounted as ewers. The vases were made in China at the end of the seventeenth century and mounted in gilt bronze c. 1750 in France. J. Paul Getty Museum.

The ambassadors brought the king, his family, and the leading members of the court lavish presents of Chinese silks, lacquers and porcelains, and other exotic objects. Within a matter of weeks things Chinese were all the rage. All society began to have dresses made of Chinese silks, walls hung with tapestries depicting Chinese scenes, and the smartest gave fancy-dress balls where Chinese costume was *de rigueur*. Above all everybody wanted to fill their houses with the fascinating blue-and-white porcelain which the ambassadors had brought in such quantity.

At first this porcelain was generally mounted in silver, probably a reflection of the fashion for silver furniture which was so extensively used at Versailles and by the wealthiest noblemen in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

With the opening of the eighteenth century, however, taste changed and Oriental porcelains were most frequently given settings of gilt bronze. Louis XIV's vainglorious wars had ruined France so doubtless economy played some part in this change of taste. But more important was the rise of a new style of interior decoration, the rococo style, the earliest manifestations of which can be traced back to the very last years of the seventeenth century. The paneled walls of rooms decorated in the rococo style were decorated with elaborate moldings of curving, spiraling, *(Continued on page 62)*

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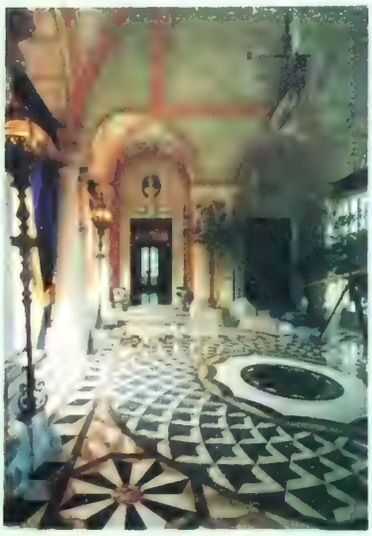




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[illegible] from page 58 [illegible] scrolls picked out in gold against a white or light-colored background. The shapes and colors of the gilt-bronze mounts took up these decorative motifs and helped to accommodate the unfamiliar shapes of Chinese and Japanese porcelains to the demands of European taste. Oriental objects were given Western forms by the addition of these gilt-bronze mounts. A tall porcelain vase would be given a lip and handle of gilt bronze thereby converting it into a ewer, or two bowls would be mounted rim to rim with an intervening band of pierced gilt bronze to form a potpourri holder. A particularly happy example of this type of Europeanization is in the Getty Museum—a cricket cage of porcelain and a flower-covered rockwork stand with the figure of a Chinese boy also of porcelain. They are combined so that the boy seems to be looking at a traveling peep show, a familiar sight in eighteenth-century France. Such things were designed to decorate a table or a chimney piece.

The men who designed and sold these decorative and ingenious toys were known as *marchands-mercier*, an untranslatable word for a group of dealers who combined the roles of the modern interior decorator, furniture designer, art dealer, auctioneer, and purveyor of the latest fashion, the new and the chic. They were not themselves craftsmen but employed craftsmen to carry out their ingenious designs. Diderot described them as "makers of nothing, vendors of everything."

By a fortunate chance the sales book







Top: Ch'ing-dynasty vase with French gilt-bronze mounts c. 1750. J. Paul Getty Museum. *Center:* Fish, Ch'ing dynasty, mounted in gilt bronze c. 1750. Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. *Bottom:* Cricket cage, flowered base, and figure of boy made in China at the end of seventeenth century, then combined and mounted in gilt bronze c. 1750. J. Paul Getty Museum.

of one of the most famous of these *marchands-mercier,* Lazare Duvaux, has survived and covers just those years when the fashion for mounted Oriental porcelain was at its height. To his shop Au Chagrin de Turquie, in the fashionable Saint-Honoré district of Paris came all the most fashionable members of French society from the king downwards. Madame de Pompadour, Louis XV's mistress, was a regular patron. There were few weeks when she did not buy some piece of mounted porcelain of which she was a great collector. Thus on August 25, 1753, she purchased: "two fish, of clear blue porcelain mounted in gilt bronze . . . 10 livres." Two years earlier, on December 6, 1751, she had bought a much more expensive pair of ewers from the same dealer, as part of a large purchase, perhaps of Christmas presents: "two (other) tall vases of antique celadon set in chased and gilded bronze to adapt them as ewers . . . 60 livres." The great ewer from the Getty Museum is of just this type.

Not all the porcelain mounted for Lazare Duvaux was of celadon ware like the example quoted, though celadon was particularly popular in eighteenth-century Paris. On July 21, 1749, just about the date when a potpourri vase now at the Toledo Museum was made, he sold to M. deCase, a wealthy tax collector: "two vases made into potpourris of deep blue porcelain decorated with scrolled handles and an elaborately shaped base of gilt bronze . . . 216 livres." And the wine cooler cut from the lower half of a tall vase and fitted with mounts is of richly polychromed porcelain in bright reds, greens and blues.

When the sensational excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum revealed to an astonished Europe the world of antiquity in the second half of the eighteenth century, it brought about a new change of taste. *(Continued on page 64)*

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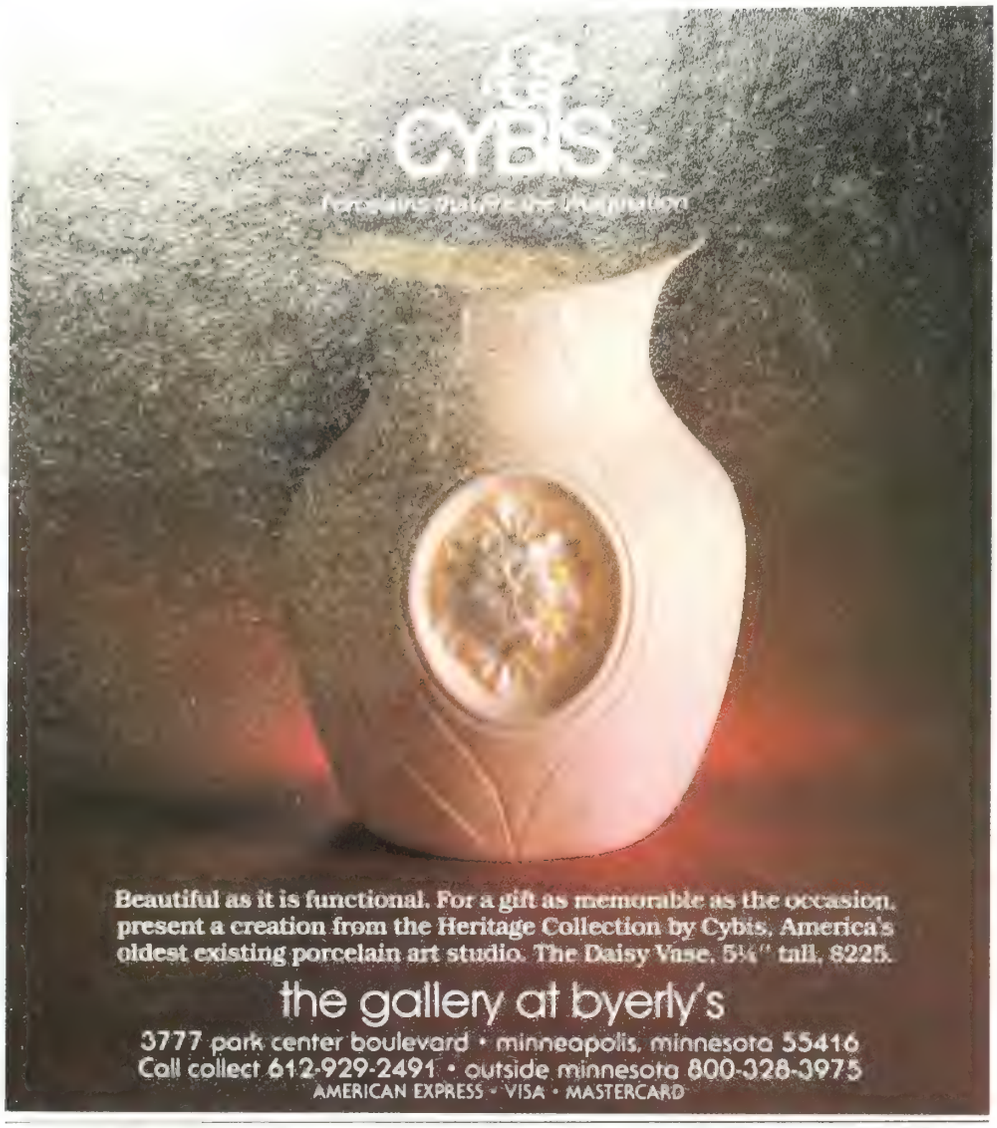
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(Continued from page 62) Lines b came straight once more and the curv and curlicues of the rococo bega to look old-fashioned. This broug about a decline of interest in mounte Oriental porcelain. Now too th French had learned to make porcela of their own, and there was offici pressure to persuade collectors to bu and mount homemade porcelains rat er than the products of China and J pan. The French Revolution, too brought a reaction against anythir tainted by association with pre-revol tionary society.

After about 1860, however, the tas for eighteenth-century works of art b gan to revive and by 1870 collecto were paying high prices for mounte porcelain once again. But renewe popularity and high prices inevitab attracted the faker. Successful repr ductions began to be made in Paris an sometimes deceived even perspica cious collectors. In 1882 a piece c mounted celadon porcelain fetche over £2,200 ($12,000) at auction, world record at that time. It was on after it passed into a world-famous mu seum that it was revealed that it was i fact just such a modern reproductio Today's collectors can still be fooled.



Ming-dynasty porcelain bottle with English silver-gilt mounts, c. 1585. The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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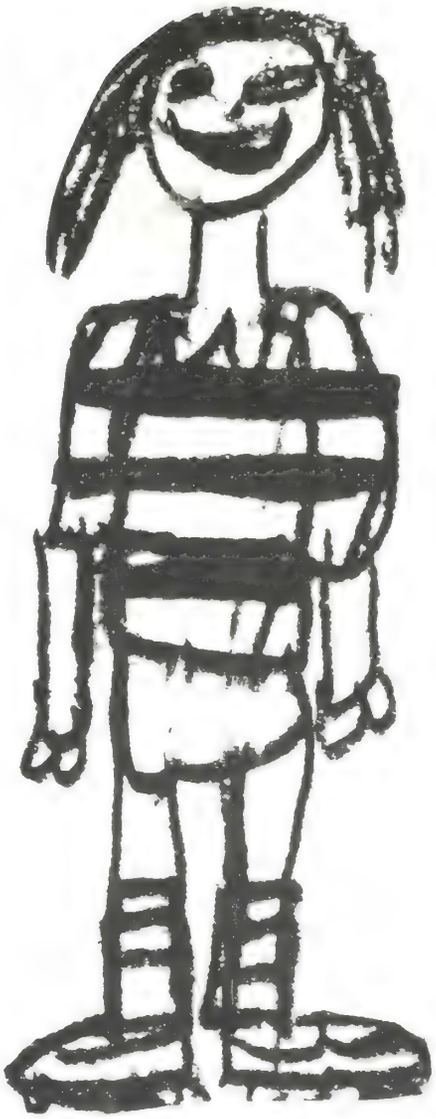


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drawing by Cass Anderson, age 7

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RED BADGES OF COURAGE

In the euphoric years that followed the Russian Revolution, fervent young idealists created a brave new world of art

By Rosemarie Haag Bletter

VLADIMIR TATLIN AND THE RUSSIAN AVANT-GARDE
By John Milner
Yale University Press, 252 pp., $29.95

RUSSIAN CONSTRUCTIVISM
By Christina Lodder
Yale University Press, 328 pp., $40

In the wake of recent major exhibitions in Paris, Los Angeles, and New York on Russian avant-garde art of the early twentieth century, the informed public is by now well aware that Russia was one of the most productive centers of experimentation during the teens and twenties. But getting at the information has not always been easy. After Social Realism became the official artistic style of the Soviet Union in the thirties, the wild, tumultuous years just after the Russian Revolution came to be seen as embarrassingly subversive.

The wintry silence that settled over the art of the revolutionary period proved to be quite enduring. Even contemporary Soviet historians who write about it risk not having their work published in their own country. And when the Pompidou Center in Paris organized its collosal *Paris-Moscow* show in 1979, the Soviet Union would consent to a large loan of avant-garde works only if Social Realist paintings were included as well. As a result of this interference, some subsequent exhibitions have been organized exclusively around holdings from Western collections. Together with these restrictions, the most obvious factor that has limited our perception of Russian art of all periods is the strong language barrier. The two richly illustrated new books by John Milner and Christina Lodder help to bridge our linguistic gap.



Varvara Stepanova's designs for revolutionary sports clothing, 1923

The early twentieth century produced a great efflorescence of often contradictory movements, from Suprematism to Constructivism, as well as great artists such as Kasimir Malevich, the founder of Suprematism, and the architect El Lissitzky, who moved freely back and forth between several of the groups. Russian artists had contacts with the French Cubists and Italian Futurists before World War I had provided the initial stimulus toward modernity and abstraction. During the war and particularly after the October Revolution of 1917, isolated from the larger European context, they led courageous forays into uncharted, experimental fields. The revolution catalyzed even formerly apolitical artists into eager participation: it produced a state of euphoric expectations. In Russia, where much of the rural population was still illiterate, images were used to disseminate political information: posters, painted trains, ships, and kiosks became means of revolutionary sloganeering. One artist, Gustav Klutsis, designed a series of "radio-tribunes" and "cinema-photo stands," kiosks that incorporated several easy-to-understand media. The poet Vladimir *(Continued on page 68)*

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A grand synthesis of the arts was sought, and the division between art and everyday life was to be annihilated

(Continued from page 66) Mayakovsky wrote in 1918: "The streets are our brushes! The squares—our palettes!"

Street theater, some of it of monumental proportions, was also part of the post-revolutionary propaganda program. One such mass festival, *Struggle and Victory,* directed by Vsevolod Meyerhold in 1919–20 with sets designed by the architect Alexander Vesnin and the artist Lyubov Popova, was to depict the death of the "Fortress of Capitalism" and the birth of the "City of the Future." This political morality play called not only for military bands, but also for two hundred cavalry riders, several thousand foot soldiers, armored trains, guns, and motorcycles (for the destruction-of-the-fortress portion), while gymnasts were to enact discus-throwing and sheaf-gathering citizens of the future. The whole event was to be capped with fireworks, searchlights, airplanes, orchestras, and choral groups. It was logistically too ambitious and was therefore never performed.

Struggle and Victory, with its aura of gigantic participatory theater, pinpoints the fervent attempt of Russian artists to escape the confines of conventional art forms. A grand synthesis of the arts was sought, if not always achieved. The even stronger division between art and everyday life was also to be annihilated. Under the influence of Marxism, art for art's sake came to be seen as thoroughly bourgeois. Therefore the practical usefulness of art needed to be justified. Or, as the writer Osip Brik stated, "The bootmaker makes boots; the table-maker makes tables. But what does the artist make? He does not make anything; he *creates* in a way that is obscure and shady."

In response to such criticism, many artists, including Vasily Kandinsky, tried to turn art into a more scientific enterprise. He proposed to find the "general law" for all the arts. Yet others wanted to establish a direct link between art and the factory. And artists such as *(Continued on page 70)*



Alexander Vesnin's design for the Monument to the Third International, 1921; like Tatlin's scheme (see page 70) this one also remained unexecuted. Vesnin dedicated this gouache drawing to Le Corbusier.

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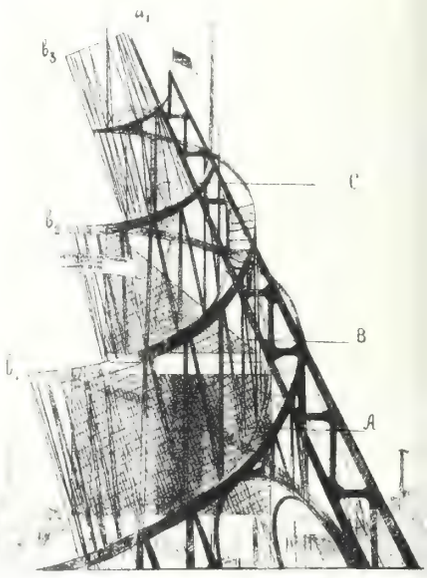
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(Continued from page 68) Vladimir Tatlin, Popova, and Varvara Stepanova did indeed make designs for factory production. Brik, one of the most radical theorists, went so far as to suggest that artists actually *become* factory workers.

One of the central figures in the change from Western-oriented art to an independent Russian expression was Tatlin. Milner's book on this crucial figure unfortunately falls short of expectations. *Vladimir Tatlin and the Russian Avant-Garde* is filled with out-of-date information presented with numbing relentlessness. The author is totally unaware of new private archival material discovered by Vassar art historian Gail Harrison Roman and discussed in her 1980 dissertation on Tatlin. Even within the range of published sources he is hardly thorough. For example, talking about Tatlin's visit to Picasso's studio in Paris in 1913, Milner simply repeats what Ca-



Vladimir Tatlin's design for the Monument to the Third International, 1920. Never built, it would have stood 1,312 feet high.

milla Gray wrote in her then-path-breaking *The Russian Experiment in Art* (1962). In her version the two got on famously using only gestures to communicate. But according to later Russian publications, Tatlin became highly agitated with excitement on seeing Picasso's sculptural reliefs of musical instruments. Picasso, not understanding Russian, must have thought he was being confronted by a madman, *(Continued on page 72)*

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(Continued from page 70) for he threw Tatlin out of his studio.

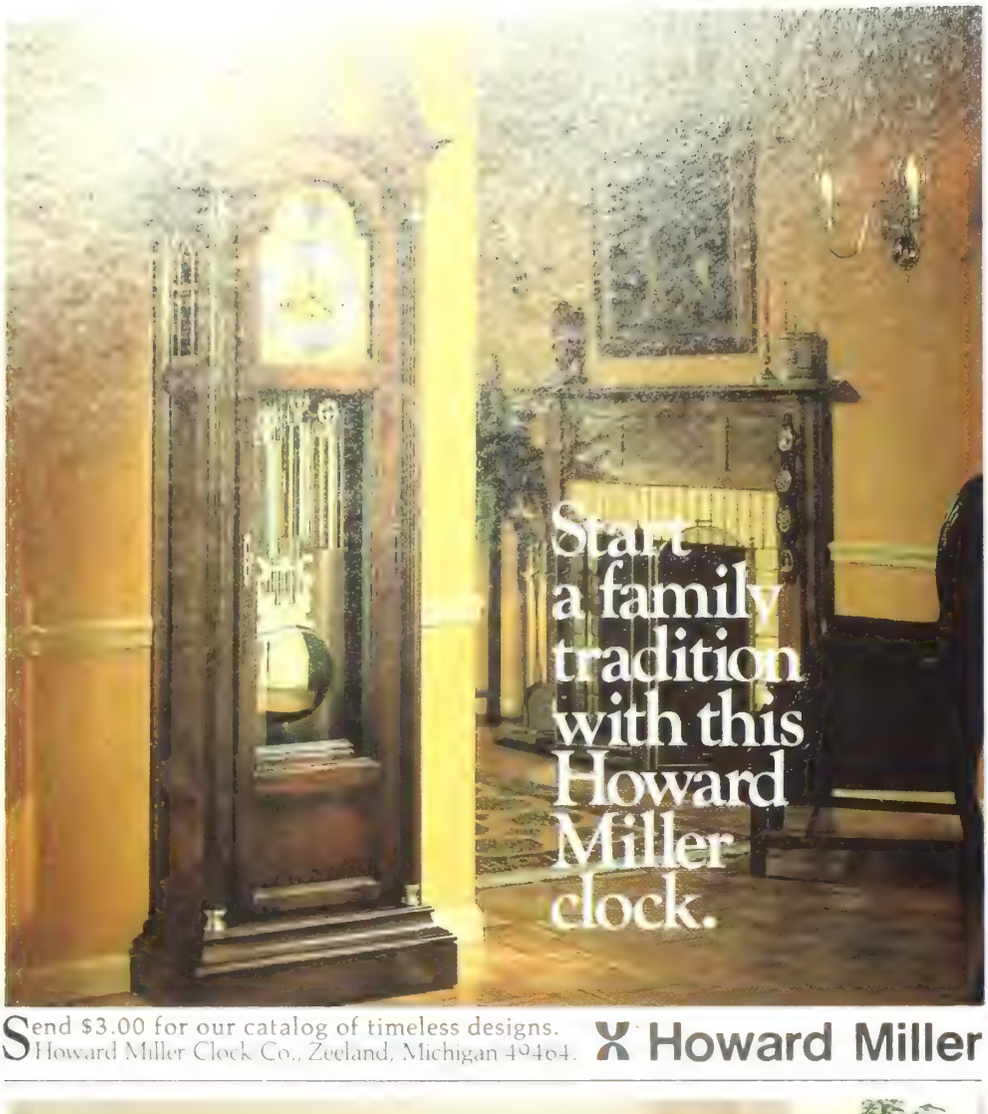
As a young man Tatlin had worked as a sailor and more briefly as a clown, wrestler, and a restorer of icon paintings. All of his jobs undoubtedly contributed to his later career as a mocker of conventions and as someone who simultaneously struggled with assumed artistic roles. Here Milner makes a risky imaginative leap. He suggests a connection between Tatlin's work on ships—the canvas of sails flapping in the wind—and his later manipulation of the painter's canvas into sculptural forms. It should be pointed out, nevertheless, that Tatlin in all likelihood worked on a steamship.

Tatlin is best known for his famous unexecuted project for a tower to commemorate the Third International (the world Communist convention) in 1920. It consisted of an open iron frame in the form of an ascending double spiral with a forceful, diagonally inclined axis. Inside, a large glazed cube to be used as a meeting hall was suspended at the lowest level; it was to revolve on its axis once a year. Above this was a pyramidal form intended for administrative functions; it was to turn once a month. This was followed by a cylindrical space, a propaganda center with its own radio tower; it was to turn once a day. At the very top, a small hemispherical shape with filmed projections was conceived as an extension of the propaganda center below; it, of course, was to turn once an hour.

Although (Continued on page 75)



Fabric design sketch by the artist Lyubov Popova, c. 1924.



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The Constructivists saw theirs as the only proper Communist art, but the reactionaries gained the upper hand and have maintained it ever since

(Continued from page 72) today we are all too familiar with rotating restaurants, this scheme must have seemed like pure science fiction in the Russia of 1920. Whether or not it could actually have been carried out is almost beside the point. It was a fantastic, futuristic machine—perhaps suggestive of the energetic forces of the revolution—that was expected to advertise the underdeveloped country's technological up-to-dateness. Mayakovsky called the tower "the first monument without a beard."

For Tatlin the design was also an allusion to the Tower of Babel. But this tower, unlike its biblical prototype, would unite all people, not divide them. Milner has extensive suppositions on the meaning of the tower, some good, some weak. But because he is not familiar with all the documentary evidence, he is unable to offer more than speculations. Most of Milner's chronology of the Russian avant-garde is a strung-together list of exhibitions and their participants. Some of his sentences are like cats chasing their own tails. Talking about Russian artists, he announces superfluously, "Their investigative approach to creative activity was committed to exploration and discovery."

The treatment of the Soviet Union's early unruly history, its politics, art theory, the formation of the Vkhutemas (similar in scope to the Bauhaus), and just about everything else is unquestionably superior in Lodder's *Russian Constructivism*. She uses the term "Constructivism" to describe a phenomenon larger than the movement actually was. In her text she details the infighting and backbiting engaged in by the myriad groups and organizations wrestling for official recognition To be labeled a "romantic" or "utopian" by a rival group during these heady years might be equated with being accused of un-American activities in the U.S. during the McCarthy era. Nevertheless, Lodder makes it clear that conservative artists remained active throughout the post-revolutionary period. And though the Constructivists saw their own work as the only proper Communist art, in the end the reactionaries, whose style was castigated as bourgeois by the avant-garde, gained the upper hand and have maintained it ever since.

Lodder's book is a most welcome contribution for those of us without access to the original Russian texts. There is, however, one theme on which she might have elaborated: the unusually high proportion of women in Soviet revolutionary art. This has considerable political importance. Equality of the sexes is officially sanctioned in



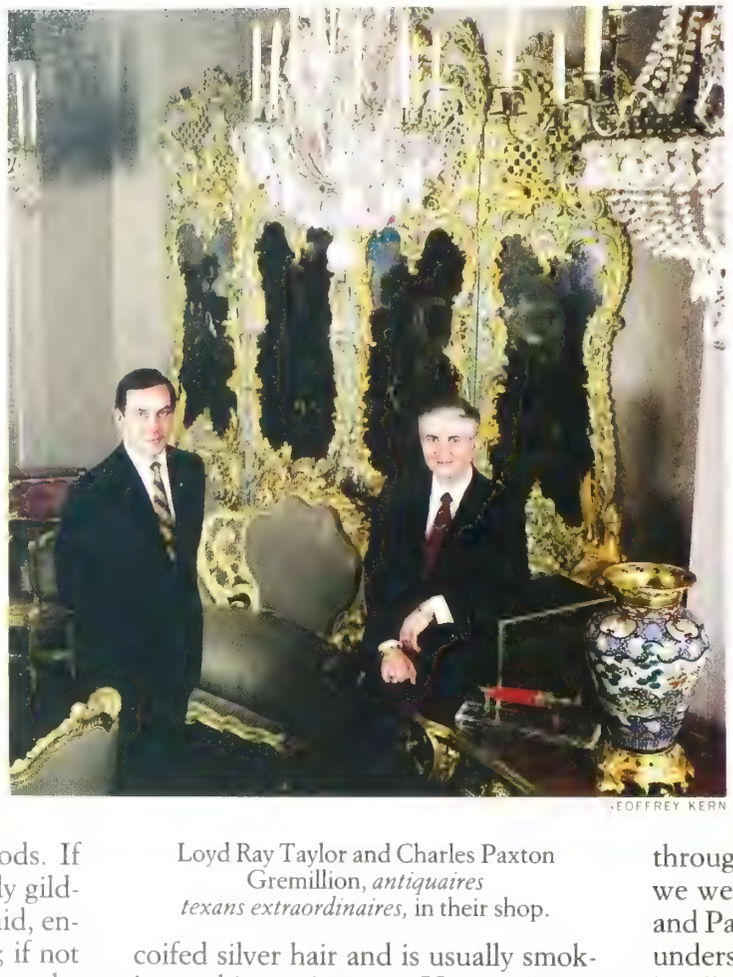
Lyubov Popova's 1918 painting, *Painterly Architectonics* suggests novel spatial relationships. It is now in the Yale University Art Gallery.

Marxist ideology: to help women achieve full-time careers of their own and to win independence from child-rearing and household tasks, nursery schools and communal kitchens were decreed during the twenties. But backsliding occurred almost immediately, and has only intensified since then. Today women in the Soviet Union have the right to full-time work but are also expected to cook and clean. Some traditions die hard, even among revolutionaries.

TWO TEXAS GENTLEMEN

Dallas's Loyd-Paxton is an antiques shop that's both fine and fancy

By Alice Gordon



GEOFFREY KERN

Loyd Ray Taylor and Charles Paxton Gremillion, *antiquaires texans extraordinaires,* in their shop.

For sixteen years now, the fanciest antiques shop in Dallas's Decorative Center has belonged to a couple of very friendly, eminently stageworthy Texas gentlemen, Loyd Ray Taylor and Charles Paxton Gremillion. Owners of Loyd-Paxton, they are renowned in international antiques circles as dealers of "very high style" things. High style only begins to describe their collection. In each of the several rooms of the shop are elaborate, mostly eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French and Oriental furniture and objects, with a smattering from other countries and periods. If one of these pieces is not heavily gilded, it is heavily inlaid; if not inlaid, encrusted with jewels or minerals; if not encrusted with jewels or minerals, carved to within an inch of its life; if not that, then otherwise exotic. In a state that favors Chippendale and Queen Anne, Loyd-Paxton sticks out like an azalea among bluebonnets. This has been to their advantage, but not always.

Even in the early days, when the two young men couldn't afford to deal in expensive merchandise, Loyd-Paxton was different. Their first shop was on Sale Street, Dallas's antiques row, formerly two residential blocks. "We have always wanted high-style things, and we do love the exotic," says Loyd, who is tall and dark and grew up in Bonham, Texas. "But our style evolved into the big look we now have." Paxton, who is from Texas City, has neatly coifed silver hair and is usually smoking a skinny cigarette. He continues: "At first we had some wonderful Dutch country painted furniture, some Spanish Colonial, French Provincial, early Italian. We also brought African primitives to Dallas. The other antiques shops were basically English. ("If you did something French it was considered flashy or outlandish," Loyd puts in.) They looked on us as if we had arrived from *Mars.*"

Though the going was slow in the first few years, the Martians prevailed. There were several mentors in those days, including Mr. and Mrs. Elton Hyder, prominent Fort Worth citizens. "Another person who recognized our talents and became a patron of ours in the early days was the absolute number-one designer—John Astin Perkins," says Paxton. "He had wonderful taste and a sophisticated eye. Slowly, more designers came to the shop, and word got out." Loyd takes up the story: "As our style evolved into a very big look, very decorative, we had a good following on Sale Street. But we were in a small house. As more and more of our clientele appeared to be the decorator/trade people, we decided to orient ourselves in that direction," which is when they moved to the Decorative Center, in 1968. "We had to sell our things through somebody else's taste because we were just kids," Loyd continues, and Paxton adds, "It took designers to understand the placement of the object."

Loyd and Paxton also had ideas about placement, which they contend is not every dealer's concern or talent. One of their most spectacular interior design projects (they now take on only one or two a year) was their own apartment in a North Dallas high-rise apartment building, where they moved in 1976. The apartment, staffed by two of Loyd-Paxton's thirteen full-time employees, is essentially an extension of the shop since they entertain many of their clients there. Aptly, it has been called "a galactic retreat"; though it is filled with the most ornate and valuable French furniture and objects, it is as far from Versailles in style as Texas is in miles. *(Continued on page 78)*



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(Continued from page 76) The floors are black marble, unin terrupted by rugs, the ceiling is black lacquer, and the interi or walls are mirrored and hung only with clocks and othe mirrors. One entire wall is glass; the lights of Dallas and its suburbs stretching miles to the north are as integral to Loyc and Paxton's design as the glittering ormolu mounts on thei most-prized commode, which was made for Marie An toinette. In the other interiors they have done (one of which is a penthouse whose domed bedroom skylight had to be put in place with a helicopter), the design is just as strictly inte grated as in their own apartment. "You can't change our work," observes Paxton. "You have to bomb it."

There is a sense of integration in the shop, too, not only because of the degree of ornamentation, but also because Loyd and Paxton, says Loyd, "impart an element of our per sonality into our things." Chandeliers are one of their spe cialties; most of the crystals are entirely rehung according to their design, and sometimes they have to contract an entire vein of rose quartz in Brazil, where their carving is done.

One piece of furniture they have embellished themselves is a secretary after a design by Thomas Chippendale but not made until the nineteenth century. The mirrors on the doors of the secretary "were just *plain* mirrors," says Paxton. "One of the things so popular during Chippendale's period was the glasswork from the Orient, which had paintings on the reverse side of the glass. So I accumulated some Chinese paintings on silk and had them cut and decoupaged to the back of the glass in the eighteenth-century manner and then faced with white gold leaf. I just felt that the secretary need ed it. With certain things, one can take certain liberties. Of course, when you're dealing with things of extraordinary merit and value, terribly important things, then that is a dif ferent story. But, you see, you have to remember that these things basically are decoration—at the time they were fin ished they were made to look as beautiful as they could. So we wash our gilded bronze, polish our woods, and we clean things that are painted. I don't think that there are many dealers who devote as much time and care and expense to restoration on such a refined level. We make *every* possible effort."

During our interview, a tall, smiling, casually dressed man walks into the shop. Paxton makes the introductions. "This is one of our two top craftsmen, and he happens to be my brother," he beams. "He was a rancher cowboy, and five years ago he changed his whole life and became a craftsman. He is responsible for the complete restoration of that clock, which was in process for a *year*." That clock is an Austrian tall-case clock of hand-forged and polished steel, lavishly or namented with ormolu decorations. It is inscribed (in trans lation) by "Albert Milde, Art Metalsmith by Appointment to the Royal and Imperial House of Hapsburg" and was probably part of the redecorations done during the later years of Emperor Franz Josef's reign. "We agonized over that clock for about twelve years," says Paxton. "We knew it was very costly and that the cleaning and the restoration would be an incredible process. The inside is amazing—it's like computerized machinery. All the clocks in the rest of the house were set by it. It disassembles into literally thousands and thousands of pieces. Fine steel was considered much more of a rarity than we think of it now. Therefore you see it combined with gilt bronze. But *(Continued on page 82)*

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Little Prints Charming

Vol. III

Shown here: Rhonda, Basic Plaid, Rhonda's Border. Fabrics: Dainty and Rhonda



Rhonda

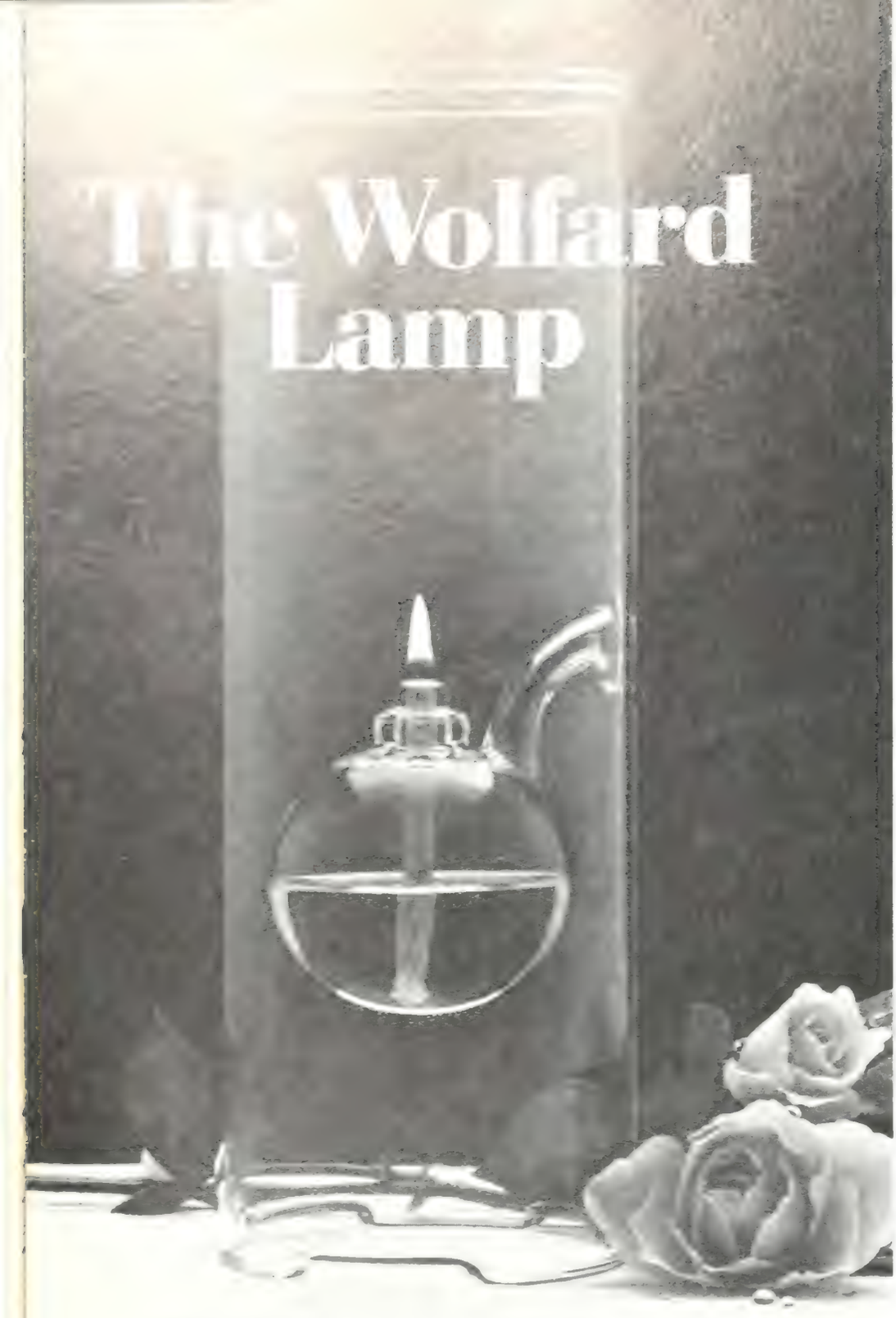
The magic of this collection is that it works in so many ways. It can be sophisticated contemporary, elegantly traditional or folksy country. It can be very masculine or frilly feminine. Which just means that whatever your style, Little Prints Charming, Vol. III is wonderful and practical to live with. Rhonda is one of 29 different designs in 3 to 7 colorways, many with correlated 48" wide fabrics. There are also 28 borders that add to the design possibilities of this beautiful collection. It's scrubbable vinyl coated, pre-pasted, pre-trimmed and strippable.

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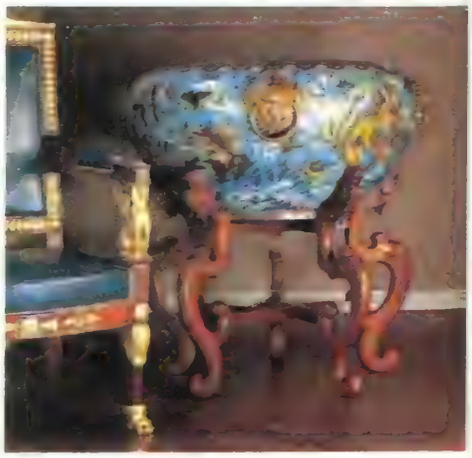
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(Continued from page 78) eventually, exposed steel will rust. The entire thing was rusted when we got it, and all of it had to be hand polished. Now it is returned to the glory that its creator intended. It just came a week ago and we had a party—all the staff came. It was an important occasion."

There have been more than one such important occasion at Loyd-Paxton. "This sounds rather metaphysical, but when a desire is projected, things gravitate to you," says Paxton. ("You never know when or where something will turn up, and that's exciting," adds Loyd, "The old Maltese Falcon syndrome is part of this business.") "There's a set of four armchairs that were made by Louis-Charles Carpentier for Madame Pompadour's brother's Paris house," Paxton goes on. "They are a very important set because they are indicative of a transition—like an early Picasso. They're always pictured in the books on early Neoclassicism. In any event, we acquired two of them about twelve years ago as very cherished things. And then five years ago, *out of the blue*, we received a letter from a woman who had seen our work in magazines and said that she had inherited several things and was moving to smaller quarters. She had a few pictures in the envelope, and one was a picture of these chairs. Well! I mean that couldn't have ever happened to you again. It rejoined them. I'm sure they're just terribly happy about it! I know they are! They just stand up and dance . . . they're so loved!"

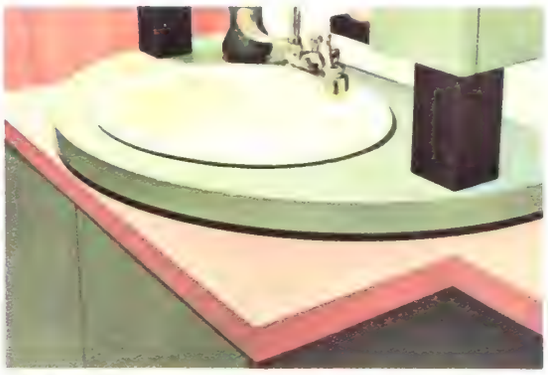
In the last several years, a remarkable new kind of client for furniture masterpieces has been showing up with regularity. *(Continued on page 84)*



A First Empire chair, signed Jacob, near a massive Ch'ing-dynasty fishbowl.

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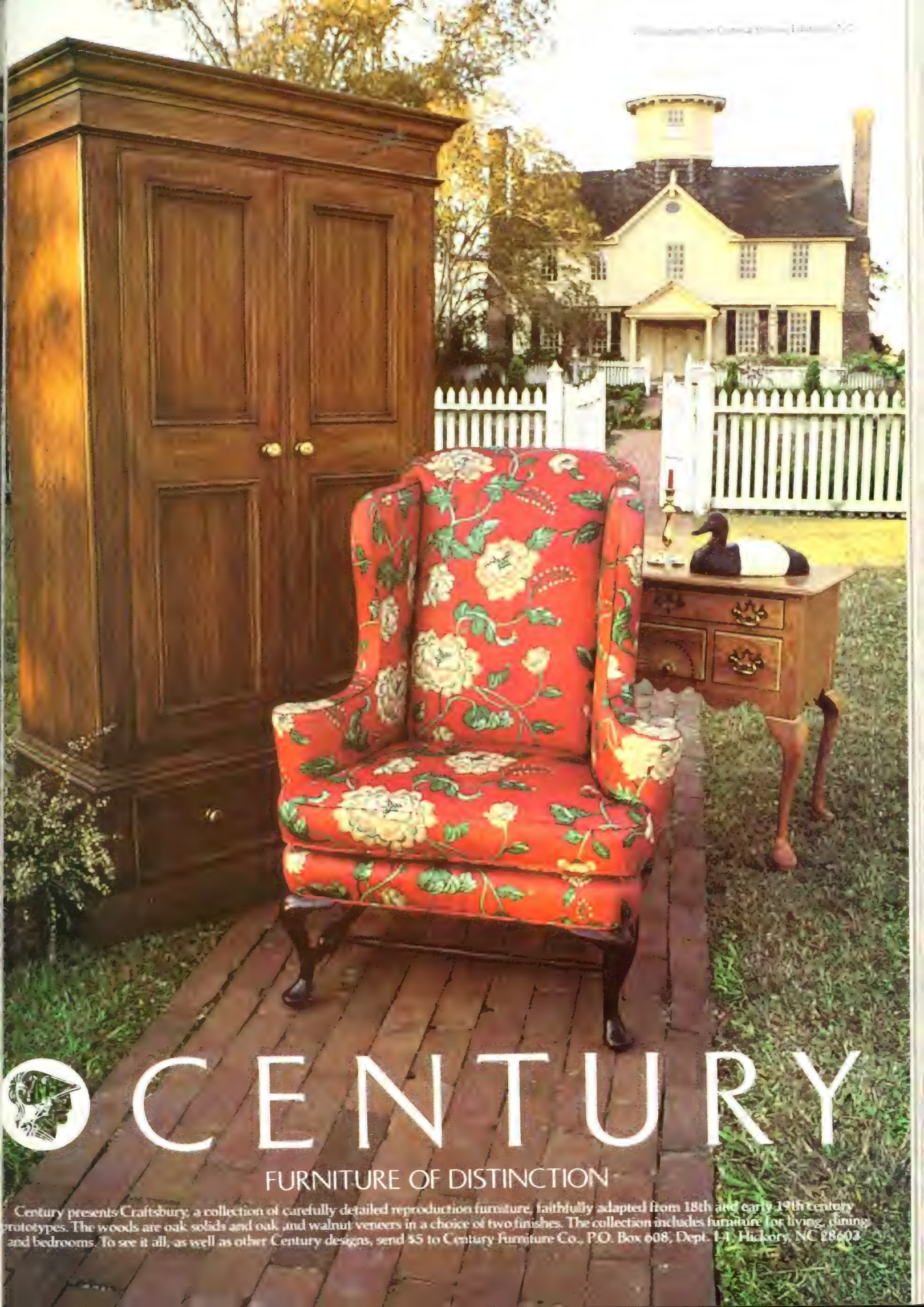
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THE DEALER'S EYE

(Continued from page 82) "Businessmen—very successful businessmen," says Paxton. "That kind of mind usually comes on to this after they've done a lot of extraordinary things. They've built a successful company, they are highly organized and have brilliant minds, and they perceive quality in all their endeavors. Then, when they are finally confronted with quality in furniture and decorations it opens up a whole new vista that they never dreamed about. And then they become your passionate ones." "They're the J. Paul Gettys, the Morgans, etcetera," explains Loyd. "Some of the men come from old ranching families. They want their apartments in the city to have an urban feeling. It used to be a much more casual culture here, but now it's becoming more urban-oriented." "Very, very interesting," Paxton says. "Home is supposed to be the woman's domain. But the decision to purchase a lot of our most fabulous things is either made jointly or at the instigation of the man." Isn't that kind of man uniquely Texan, someone wonders? "Of course!" Paxton answers. "Isn't that what's so divine about this part of the country, that there is so much that is happening new, for the first time? I can't tell you what a turn-on it is to have someone walk in and all of a sudden you see it right in front of you. He looks and wants to know what it is, why does it sparkle? And whether or not he buys anything from Loyd-Paxton you've won over another aficionado. Generally," he continues, "we find so often that the kind of person who is self-made and so-called *nouveau riche* is not afraid to make decisions pertaining to the dispersement of his wealth. A lot of people who have inherited, who have had wealth for a long time, are more blasé and certainly not as desirous of the wonderment of it all. And so thank God for the continual recycling of wealth or I don't think the antiques business would survive."

Loyd-Paxton, it should be clear by now, is bound and determined to survive. Style in Dallas is catching up with them, but they are still one step ahead. "I think that I can say that we're pretty close to our original goal," says Paxton. "And that was to have things that were exceptional and extraordinary. The shop is in a constant creative state. We are always *(Continued on page 86)*


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(Continued from page 84) analyzing and heading in other directions. Our current goal is to bring the shop to more of a gallery environment, where these things are seen as sculpture. That means continuous editing, and that's what we've been doing over the past three years. And now, with the last series of major dispersements, the shop is where we want it." At least in style. "Approximately a year from now we will be in our new gallery. Two years ago we bought a wonderful little Italianate building built in 1946. Soon it's going to be surrounded by a jungle of glass and steel, which is going to make it ever more wonderful. We are doing major renovations and adding a second story, which we'll relocate our residence to. The most difficult decision to make was giving up our apartment." He pauses. "But it's a beautiful building, and it will be *exactly* as we want it to be." In another part of the shop, someone has mentioned a rare Chinese rug, saying she's never seen anything remotely like it. "Well," Loyd replies, smiling. "That's what we like to hear." □



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THE AURA OF CRANBROOK

A major new exhibition captures the spirit of the influential design academy

By Elaine Greene



Originally a flat piece of farmland, the still-maturing Cranbrook landscape contains grand vistas, exquisite details.



For every twenty cultivated, non-designer Americans who know about the Bauhaus, perhaps one knows about Cranbrook. Yet the two institutions have much in common as influential schools of architecture, art, crafts, and technology—unusual schools in which these individual areas are completely integrated. Unlike the Bauhaus, whose members were forced by Nazism to scatter in 1933, Cranbrook still flourishes in its original setting—in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan—and is now optimistically entering its second half-century.

With the arrival of the large and beautiful exhibition "Design in America: The Cranbrook Vision 1925–1950"—which opened at the Detroit Institute of Arts late in 1983, moves next to The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York starting April 18, then goes across the Atlantic to Helsinki and London—Hans Wingler's ubiquitous white Bauhaus book may have to move over and share coffee-table space with the 352-page Harry N. Abrams volume that serves as the catalogue for the Cranbrook show.

Cranbrook began in the early twenties in the imagination of George G. Booth, a wealthy, civic-minded Midwestern newspaper publisher who descended from generations of British craftsmen. He envisioned an institution that would be at once a school, an atelier, and an art colony; that would train artists, produce works of art and handcraft, and serve as an exemplary community of people dedicated to art. He knew that this complex and harmonious population would require a complex and harmonious setting.

In 1923, the Finnish architect Eliel Saarinen appeared at the University of Michigan and was introduced to George Booth by the publisher's architecture-student son. It was a match made in design heaven. Saarinen's personal and national backgrounds suited him ideally to the task of realizing Booth's vision of an institution that would be functional, beautiful, and humane. Within months of the meeting, Saarinen began planning the school. The Academy of Art, focus of the current museum exhibition, was built to his designs, as was a secondary school for boys, another for girls, and an institute for science. The land they occupy was a farm in what has become a Detroit suburb.

The Cranbrook campus is a living demonstration of the interdependence of the arts and crafts that form the academy's curriculum: architecture, landscape architecture, sculpture, painting, metalwork, ceramics, textiles, glassmaking, and wood carving. Every element in the environment, from a chimney cap to a modulation of paving *(Continued on page 92)*

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page 88 patterns, a sculpture group to a gate latch, was considered by Eliel Saarinen as an important design in itself, but most importantly as a part of the total work of art that the Cranbrook campus is.

"A life without beauty is only half lived," says an inscription over a Cranbrook archway. Cranbrook students can live to the hilt, then, but the beauty of their surroundings is educational as well as pleasurable. Pat Kinsella, a 1981 graduate of the academy with a master's degree from the fiber department who lives a busy dual life now as a commercial fabric designer and a fine artist in textiles, says about Cranbrook, "Being in that idyllic setting, surrounded by a considered environment, is something you earnestly wish to live up to when you are studying and working there, and the high standard lasts."

Doug Turshen, a magazine art director who was at Cranbrook in 1977, recalls the "ceremonial feeling" in moving through Cranbrook. "Every passage you make seems so *significant*. You live in a simple monk's cell and work in a glorious studio; you work very well there." Turshen had taught editorial design before he went to Cranbrook and says he has taught differently ever since, with far more awareness of the roots of present-day design.

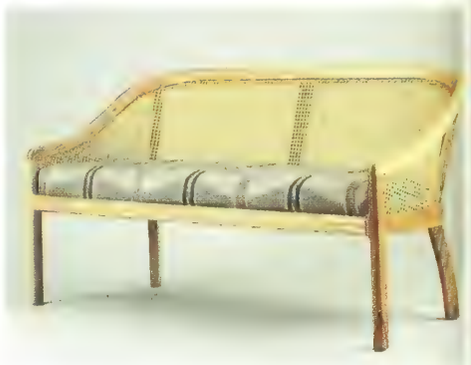
The Academy of Art, a two-year graduate school that grants a Master of Fine Arts degree, opened in 1932. A year before, Eliel Saarinen, who became its president and the director of the Department of Architecture and Design, described his goals. "Cranbrook Academy of Art . . . is to afford talented and highly trained students the opportunity of pursuing their studies in a favorable environment and under the leadership of artists of the highest standing

"[It] is not an art school in the ordinary sense. *It is a working place for creative art*

"Creative art cannot be taught by others. Each one has to be his own teacher. But [contact] with other artists and discussions with them provide sources for inspiration."

Commenting on Saarinen's goals, today's president, Roy Slade, says these words are his bible. "I quote and requote them; we live by this philosophy." Cranbrook, although sensitive to currents of change in design, has not altered its system of education. There are no courses, no classes, just individual student work in individual student studios. Slade says, "The pressure toward excellence comes not from examinations and grades but from critiques by the artists-in-residence (we don't use the word faculty), visiting professionals, and fellow students. Throughout the history of art, the creative person's problem has always been self-motivation, and this is what we work on. The talent is already there."

"I learned how to work at Cranbrook" was a statement made by almost every graduate we interviewed—from the early days to the eighties. Da-



Settee by Benjamin Baldwin, Cranbrook student in the late thirties; ikat fabric by Jack Lenor Larsen, class of 1951.

vid Sterling, class of 1978, runs the design firm Doublespace with classmate Jane Kosstrin. He says, "When I left my academy studio to set up my New York studio, I was already experienced in performing professionally. It was easy to make the transition. I had been in and out of the McCoys' own working studio—they were my department heads—and they were in and out of ours. Sometimes real projects were given to us as 'course' work. Cranbrook is no ivory tower. It is the art and design working world." Sterling also praised the diversity of his training. "I would be asked to design a page of type, then next a lamp, and after that a museum exhibition."

Sterling and Kosstrin are currently preparing a slide lecture on the history of symbolism in the graphic arts, which they expect to deliver at various university design departments. Gerhardt Knodel, fiber artist-in-residence, has observed that many of the students teach. "They *(Continued on page 96)*

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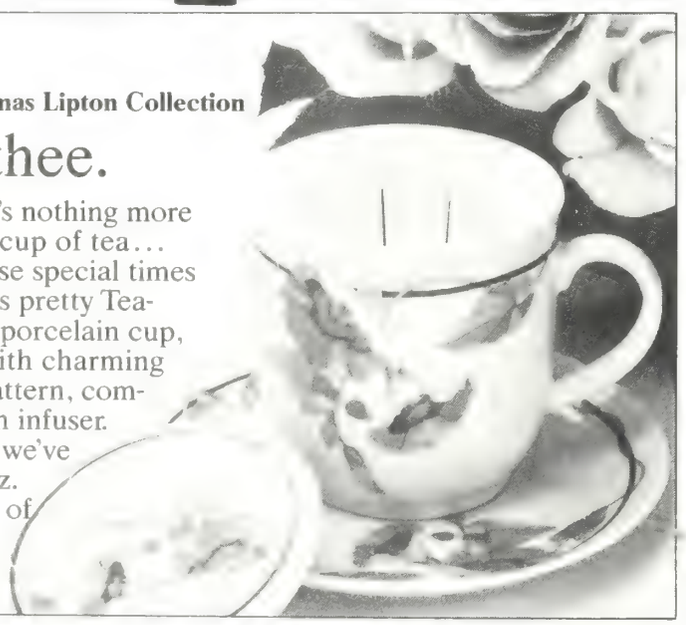
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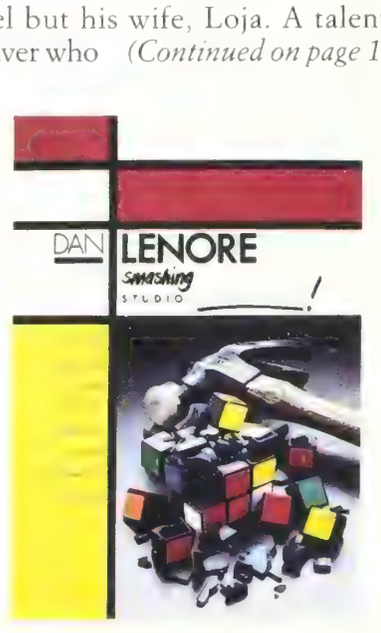
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(Continued from page 92) want to spread the viewpoint of Cranbrook," he feels. In his department, which many consider one of the school's strongest at present, there is a special excitement. Fiber art, until recently closely connected with architecture and interior design, has taken on the independent expressive dimension of works on canvas or paper.

Kay Eddy, director of the art gallery Elements at 90 Hudson Street in New York City, which specializes in works of art in craft media, has been showing fiber art for nearly two years. Only when she was recently preparing a slide show of such works did she realize that three out of four artists she had exhibited were Cranbrook-trained. She says, "The Cranbrook fiber artists' work is consistent in its vitality, expressive in content, and innovative in quality." So much so, that she invited Gerhardt Knodel to serve as curator for a Cranbrook alumni textile exhibition which took place this past winter. (Knodel's work alone will be shown at Elements from April 14 to May 5.)

The Cranbrook restrospective making the museum rounds concentrates on the period of Eliel Saarinen's years there, a tidy quarter-century of time. The 240-odd pieces in the exhibition are convincing evidence of the school's role from the beginning. Names still resounding through the design world—in architecture, art, interior design, industry—are Cranbrook names.

First came the Saarinens: not only Eliel but his wife, Loja. A talented weaver who *(Continued on page 100)*



David Sterling and Jane Kosstrin of Doublespace, Cranbrook 1978, designed this promotional piece for a photographer.



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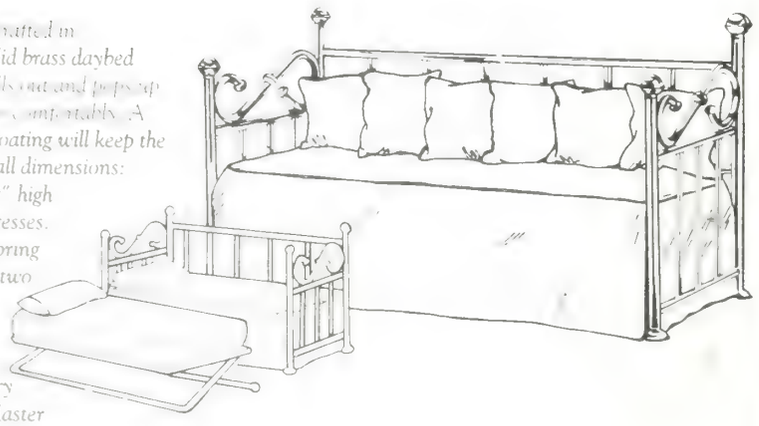


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design innovations

(Continued from page 96) worked on all the textile and carpet designs for Cranbrook 1929–31, she was the first weaving teacher at the academy and founded a large and important textile studio on the premises. Their daughter Pipsan studied ceramics and metalwork as well as textiles, taught costume and batik design at the academy, established an interior-design department at the school with the help of her architect husband, J. Robert F. Swanson, and had a long career designing in many materials. Eliel and Loja's son Eero became one of our country's greatest architects, beginning his career in his father's office in 1936.

Other stars represented in the museum exhibition include furniture designer Benjamin Baldwin; fabric designers Marianne Strengell and Jack Lenor Larsen; Charles and Ray Eames, architects and designers of furniture and interiors; Florence Schust Knoll, architect and designer of furniture and interiors; sculptor and furniture designer Harry Bertoia; and architects Harry Weese and Ralph Rapson.

A remarkable group of architects practicing today passed through Eero Saarinen's office in their formative years, including Warren Platner, Gunnar Birkerts, Robert Venturi, Balthazar Korab, Cesar Pelli, and Kevin Roche. These men, no matter how great or small their formal connection with Cranbrook Academy of Art, came under its influence through proximity to the campus.

One of these office "graduates," Gunnar Birkerts, says that the Cranbrook contribution is not a strict set of forms to emulate, which was the Bauhaus way, but is a humane spirit or attitude toward art and architecture, a benevolence that allows individual talent to work in its own way, cooperatively with other talents.

The Latvian-born Birkerts, whose distinguished buildings begin in his office in Birmingham, Michigan, came to Michigan as a young adult, and says, "I feel I have spent half my life around Cranbrook. When I was in Eero's office, I used to walk around the grounds every Sunday. It's a subconscious way to acquire taste and form, to assimilate the soft, eclectic, ornamental style. But it is a very effective dose." □

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HOUSE & GARDEN, APRIL 1984
LE STYLE
ROTHSCHILD



Beginning a new life in America, the Baron and Baroness Guy de Rothschild bring Parisian splendor to New York

BY JOHN RICHARDSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND



As patrons of the decorative arts, the Rothschilds took over where royalty left off. For over a century their town houses, châteaux, hunting lodges, stud farms, and villas were the envy of western Europe; and to this day, "*le style Rothschild*" signifies everything that is most precious and fastidious in art and decoration. True, the Nazis pillaged many of the family's properties and collections, and in recent years taxation (and, some might add, Mitterand) has been almost as punitive. However, the Rothschilds—the French branch in particular—have not faltered in their patronage of the arts; and if their name still connotes a combination of taste and *faste,* this is largely thanks to Marie-Hélène de Rothschild, the charismatic and infinitely discriminating wife of the Baron Guy.

Over the last twenty years Marie-Hélène has presided over the beautification of one great house after another. Soon after she was married she did up a sixteenth-century house, Le Manoir de Meautry, outside of Deauville as a weekend retreat. With the help of Victor Grandpierre, she redecorated her husband's ancestral château, Ferrières, with consummate tact and style. And when Ferrières was deeded to the Université de Paris, she and François Catroux masterminded the building and decoration of a small (by Rothschild standards) modern house romantically situated by a lake in the park. Back in Paris, she called in Henri Samuel to do over an *hôtel particulier* on the rue de Courcelles. A few years later she set about remodeling the interior of what is probably the finest seventeenth-century house in Paris—Le Vau's Hôtel Lambert, the pride and, thanks to its situation, the prow of the Île Saint-

LE STYLE MARIE-HÉLÈNE

Above: Marie-Hélène de Rothschild in a Valentino at the Hôtel Lambert. *Preceding page:* Nineteenth-century terra-cotta bust by Albert Carrier-Belleuse is in Marie-Hélène's bedroom.

SHADES OF FERRIÈRES

Opposite: In the salon, busts of Roman emperors on their original ebony stands from the Great Hall at Ferrières. Between them a seventeenth-century Italian cabinet of ebony and *pietra dura* recently found in the *garde meuble* at Ferrières. *Overleaf:* Voluptuously upholstered furniture evokes a Second Empire mood. Above the door, a portrait of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, grandfather of Guy, by Aimé Morot.











THE SALON

Opposite: A Boulle clock from Ferrières flanked by two seventeenth-century silver gilt goblets made in Augsburg. *Above:* Urbino apothecary jars over doors. On the wall, the four outside dishes are Hispano-Mauresque as is one on left table. Armorial, allegorical, and Istoriato Italian Renaissance dishes in the middle. Lamps are Kang-xi, late seventeenth century. *Overleaf:* Ebony mirror over the mantel and brass chandelier are seventeenth-century Dutch. Curtains from the Ferrières lace collection. Portrait to the right is of Baron Saloman de Rothschild, Guy's great-uncle and Marie-Hélène's great-grandfather.

Louis—which the Rothschilds had acquired in 1975. This time Marie-Hélène entrusted the execution of her plans to Renzo Mongiardino; and between them they proved that lilies can take any amount of gilding, if taste, imagination, and craftsmanship, not to speak of great furniture and works of art, are in abundant supply.

On the score of sheer sumptuousness the Hôtel Lambert would appear to be an impossible act to follow, let alone equal. But trust Marie-Hélène to bring off the impossible. She conjured up a Xanadu—an Orientalist folly of incomparable magic—in an oasis outside Marrakesh. And her most recent project—the decoration of an offbeat apartment on New York's Upper East Side—is also a triumph, albeit of a very different order. Not only has Marie-Hélène succeeded against all the odds in transplanting her own inimitable Parisian style and atmosphere to Manhattan, but in so doing she has, quite unwittingly, beaten décor-obsessed New Yorkers at their favorite game of one-upmanship. For this, the first manifestation of "*le style Rothschild*" (or should we say "*le style Marie-Hélène*"?) on our side of the Atlantic, we have to thank the French government, whose Draconian decision to nationalize the Banque Rothschild has obliged Baron Guy to reestablish himself and his family business over here.

When the Rothschilds set about house-hunting in New York, friends automatically assumed that Marie-Hélène would settle for a conventional Park Avenue or Fifth Avenue apartment. Not on your life. Everything she was shown she found "banal, characterless, or low-ceilinged." Finally she was offered an unconventional duplex in an unconventional landmark building (architect: Charles Adams Platt). "A modest front door opening off a modest hallway hardly prepared me for the great space within," she says. "The living room had a twenty-foot ceiling and as much light as an artist's studio. *C'était le coup de foudre*. What a relief to find something with character and scale. At last I had the feeling of being in a house instead of an apartment. My New York friends said I was crazy to buy it."







THE LIBRARY

Above: A sofa, leather armchairs from Ferrières, and a late-eighteenth-century English writing table add to the coziness of the room. A Mahal rug was put on top of a faded Ziegler, which is used wall-to-wall. Ziegler was a German Swiss whose Manchester-based firm had particularly large rugs with big designs woven in the late nineteenth century in the Mahal and Feraghan areas of Iran especially for the English market.
Right: A view from the library to the salon. The doors and walls in the salon are trompe-l'oeil marquetry stenciled in imitation of various woods after the marquetry room at Hever Castle. The small brass gueridon was one of a series made by the contemporary French bronze worker Carcassonne.





The friends have had to eat their words. For with the help of Geoffrey Bennison—canniest of decorators when it comes to reading a client's mind—Marie-Hélène has succeeded in creating what, those who have seen it feel, is the most spectacular apartment of its kind in New York today, a landmark in modern decorating to the extent that it is the quintessence of contemporary "High Style." Intentionally or not, she makes us forget that we are in America and transports us in imagination to a comfortable château somewhere in the Île de France, one that has remained unchanged since the turn of the century. Not that there has been a self-conscious attempt to re-create Ferrières, its style or period. However, the prodigious château that Paxton built for the Baron James is inevitably evoked by the idiosyncratic mixture of a nineteenth-century Renaissance look with furniture and objects of the *haute-époque*, and that blend—peculiar to the Rothschilds—of splendor and luxury tempered with coziness. For confirmation of these parallels we need look no further than Mario Praz's *History of Decoration*, which reproduces Eugène Lami's watercolors of Ferrières as it was at the height of the Second Empire.

Marie-Hélène knows just how to set the stage for herself. Her subtle sense of drama is exemplified by the way she has played down the entrance hall (intricate arrangements of eighteenth-century engravings are the only concession to decoration), the better to stun you with your first glimpse of the spectacular salon that opens off it. Despite its vast height and grandiose contents (not least the palatial busts from Ferrières), despite the flamboyant "paneling" that Bennison has painted in imitation of the marquetry room at Hever Castle, the salon turns out to be warm and wonderfully welcoming.

The same is true of the library, which one is lured into by a glow of light emanating from behind heavy portières in the salon. This is not the sort of bookless TV den that has brought the noble word into disrepute in this country, but a library that lives up to its name: burnished rows of calf-bound books and a desk complete with inkstand, pens and nibs, and sealing wax. The walls are painted a wonderful reddish color—"don't you dare call it cantaloupe," Bennison says, "it's more like sanguine crayon"—and are covered with drawings, among them a family portrait by Ingres.

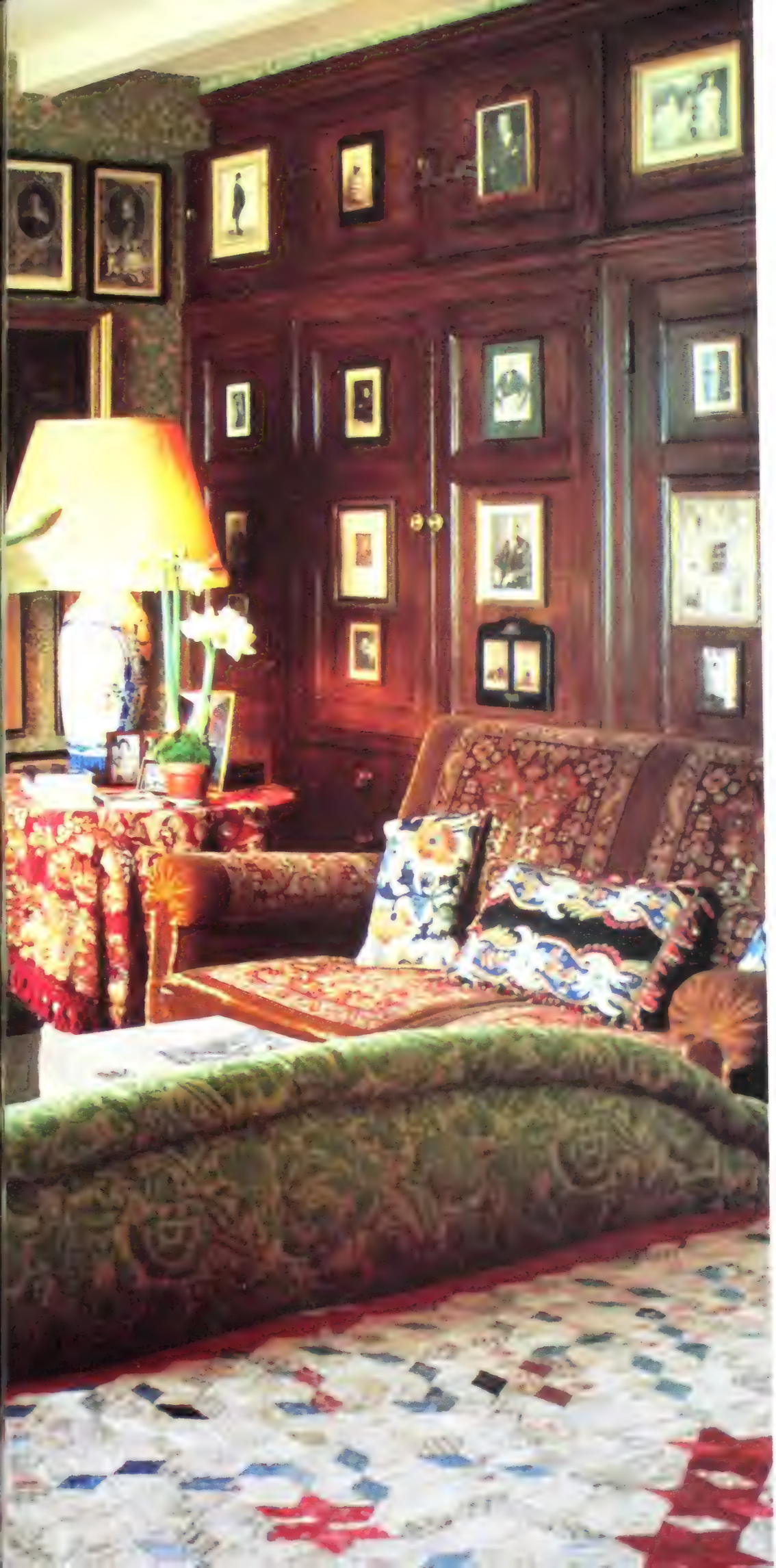
Off the library opens a dining room lined with antique panels of Indian crewelwork hung like wallpaper and held in place by a wide *galon* studded with lozenges of bronze. So eye-catching is the effect that one almost overlooks the marvelous pair of unsigned Louis XV consoles.

Elsewhere on the ground floor is a separate guest suite: a smallish bedroom and an *(Text continued on page 225)*

THE DINING ROOM

Victorian button leather chairs flank one of two unsigned Louis XV console tables. The metal horse under the nineteenth-century English needlework picture of a tiger, though it looks Renaissance, was probably a trade sign used by a blacksmith. The tablecloth and wall hangings are early-nineteenth-century Indian crewelwork.





THE BARON'S BEDROOM

Against one of Geoffrey Bennison's printed linens is a collection of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century English prints. Family photos and memorabilia hang on the mahoganized closet doors. Sofa is covered in Turkey carpet and a mid-nineteenth-century English patchwork quilt is on the bed. In the upper left-hand corner, a German sixteenth-century clock from Ferrières over a Louis XVI secrétaire.

THE BARONESS'S BEDROOM

Overleaf: Walls and curtains of a floral linen Bennison copied from a nineteenth-century document. Floral needlework panels cover the sofa, and the gilt bed is Second Empire in the Rococo style.







LABYRINTH OF LIGHT AND COLOR

A timeless house by architect Luis Barragán in Mexico City

BY MARIE-PIERRE TOLL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLEN CARTER

A special music, born of walls and water, flows through the rooms and spaces of an early Barragán creation in the southern reaches of Mexico City. The Chimalistac home of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Galvez and their seven children was built in 1955, immediately after Barragán completed remodeling the Tlalpan chapel, which influenced the silence and filtered light of the corridors and the mood of certain second-floor rooms. The Galvez residence is the fourth house the architect built after finishing his own, and some window treatments, for example, reflect similar details of Barragán's own house in Tacubaya.

Businessman Galvez met Barragán coincidentally when a mutual friend took him to the architect's house. While they waited for Barragán to appear, Galvez absorbed the silence and the poetic, mysteri-

Gilded by the sun and Mathias Goeritz's gold-leaf painting, the narrow stairwell leading to the second-floor bedrooms.



Above: No windows open to the street from the whitewashed façade of the Galvez House. A pink-painted wall and canopy shade the front door five steps up from the Taxco red-stone sidewalk. *Right:* Just inside, a long covered pink passage leads to a small entrance hall, with a narrow wooden bench set against wooden walls adding a different texture. The jars, for fermenting pulque, are from Michoacán.

ous qualities of the place. Though he had already made final plans for the land he had just bought, he invited Barragán to visit it. When Barragán saw the eucalyptus and ash trees, he took them as his motif and point of departure for his design.

"When you live in a Barragán house, your whole life revolves around it," Emilia Galvez explains. "For example, the glass you choose, or the napkins . . . it can be difficult at times, but finally it is a real pleasure. I had Boulle furniture and Persian rugs in my old house, but I left it all." She only kept *Nieves*, a magnificent Diego Rivera nude, which hangs in the study. The Galvezes were conscious that living in such a rich architectural environment would develop their children's sensibilities. Today, each of them is involved in some form of creative exploration.

Barragán was free to do what he wanted. The owners didn't interfere, though at times they would ask





Above: Light pours into the main sitting room from a glass wall and door to the terrace. In contrast to this exuberance of light and color—ocher ceiling, an unseen bright pink wall, the immense Pedro Coronel painting—the furniture is monastic in its simplicity: two sofas in handwoven cotton, a long lattice cabinet for music equipment, bleached wood tables, Mexican leather-and-wood chairs. The fireplace is in one corner—Barragán dislikes symmetry—and grand piano in another. Floors throughout the house are varnished pine boards with woven straw *petates,* or mats, piled one on top of the other. *Below:* The enclosed reflecting pool and fountain form one wall of the small sitting room and fill it with the sound of running water. The painting is again by Pedro Coronel. *Opposite above:* Barragán works within the same palette outdoors and in. The patio's volcanic stone paving is dampened to a gloss. *Opposite below:* Sun pours from the fountain enclosure into the passage between the entrance hall and the small sitting room.







"Architecture, besides being spatial, is also musical. That music is played with water. The importance of walls is that they isolate one from the street's exterior space. The street is aggressive, even hostile: walls create silence. From that silence you can play with water as music. Afterwards, that music surrounds us." —LUIS BARRAGÁN

rectangular units, squared to make a patio and opened onto a relatively large garden. He even designed the garden and became involved in its execution. "In the creation of a garden, the architect invites the vegetable kingdom to cooperate with him," Barragán has said. "A beautiful garden contains the permanent presence of nature, but nature in this case is transformed by human hands and put to the service of mankind, wherein man creates for himself the most efficient refuge against the adversities of contemporary life." He never separates landscape from architecture; for him they are one.

He also loves screens, which break a perspective, add surprise and *(Text continued on page 222)*



A 1960 Coronel painting, *above,* hangs over the pale pink dining room's narrow console. Barragán designed the table; the chairs are traditional to Taxco. *Right:* A deeper pink wall bounds the garden side of the house. Children play in the boarded space beside the ash tree.







The tranquil but visually rich living room extends across the full width of the bay-viewing rear of the McGuires' house. Walls of a color that decorator Andrew Delfino likens to "buildings in Rome faded by the sun"—especially warming on foggy evenings—lend a glow to natural silk sofas, black marble chimney piece, various woods and ceramics, a rare and very early Chinese rug.





Preceding pages: John and Elinor McGuire spend many of their leisure hours in this upper-story library/guest room. This is their highest and broadest view, with an extra corner of glass. Japanese tiger screen is eighteenth century. Low table before sofa, a Japanese antique bamboo piece in the cracked-ice pattern, inspired a McGuire furniture group. Two other tables are English Regency. *Above:* Thomas Church's knot garden of boxwood, tree roses, primrose. *Opposite:* Stair curves around a Sung-dynasty granary jar. Black marble floor is set in long wedges.

As New York City sometimes seems to be the western edge of Europe, so San Francisco might be the eastern edge of Asia. "We face the Orient," says John McGuire. "We are deeply influenced by the Far East—we San Franciscans, we McGuires. My wife, Elinor, and I often cross the Pacific for pleasure, for study, for shopping, and for our work." The couple's connection with the Orient is reflected in many aspects of their small, perfect house: in its serenity, its color palette, its art objects, and much of its furniture—Oriental antiques and new rattan, bamboo, cane, and wood designs by the McGuires, who own and run The McGuire Company, makers of furniture.

A well-known California architect, the late Gardner Dailey, designed the house in 1940. On a lot merely thirty feet wide, Dailey created rooms of simple grandeur, carefully proportioned and meticulously detailed. When the McGuires bought the house in 1965, it was to them the last of many, "and the last in our lives," they say with obvious delight.

The McGuires called in architect Joseph Esherick, a man whose first professional assignment had been to supervise the construction of this very building, to accomplish some minor updating and a major reorganization of the entrance, which yielded space for a solarium off the dining room. The illustrious Thomas Church was commissioned to design a fourth garden for the McGuires, this one not for living in but for looking into from narrow balconies at the rear of the house. The third expert to help the McGuires with their forever-after house was Andrew Delfino, the interior designer who has decorated nine other McGuire houses. When this design couple forms an aesthetic judgment, they stay with it, refining as their ever-mellowing taste dictates. And ultimately every decorating detail and overall effect succeeds, glows, resonates. □ *Editor: Marilyn Schafer*







The hall table on the main floor *left* is a white lacquer Ming-dynasty antique. It is flanked by a pair of X-chairs in oak with brass fittings, designed by Elinor McGuire. An eight-panel Japanese painted screen shows herons on a weeping-willow limb. Echoing the tree form is a branch of blooming Oriental magnolia in a Korean box of black bamboo. All flowers by Donald Ohlen. *This page,* Rare Han-dynasty horse has lost his wooden legs, leather ears, and sisal tail, but retains a regal beauty.



[illegible] especially warming on foggy evenings—lend a glow to natural silk sofas, black marble chimney piece, various woods and ceramics, a rare and very early Chinese rug.

ART AT ITS BEST

A rare look at the visionary modern collection of Emily and Burton Tremaine

BY MARY ANN TIGHE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM BARTOS

"Like great painters and writers, great collectors are a rare species," reflects the distinguished art dealer Leo Castelli. "What makes Emily and Burton Tremaine's collection great is that it is so cohesive. But, more to the point, they made the perfect choices. They never made the mistake of choosing something secondary. They have incredible examples of every important painter from Cubism through the mid sixties. No collection has those standards and that range except The Museum of Modern Art!"

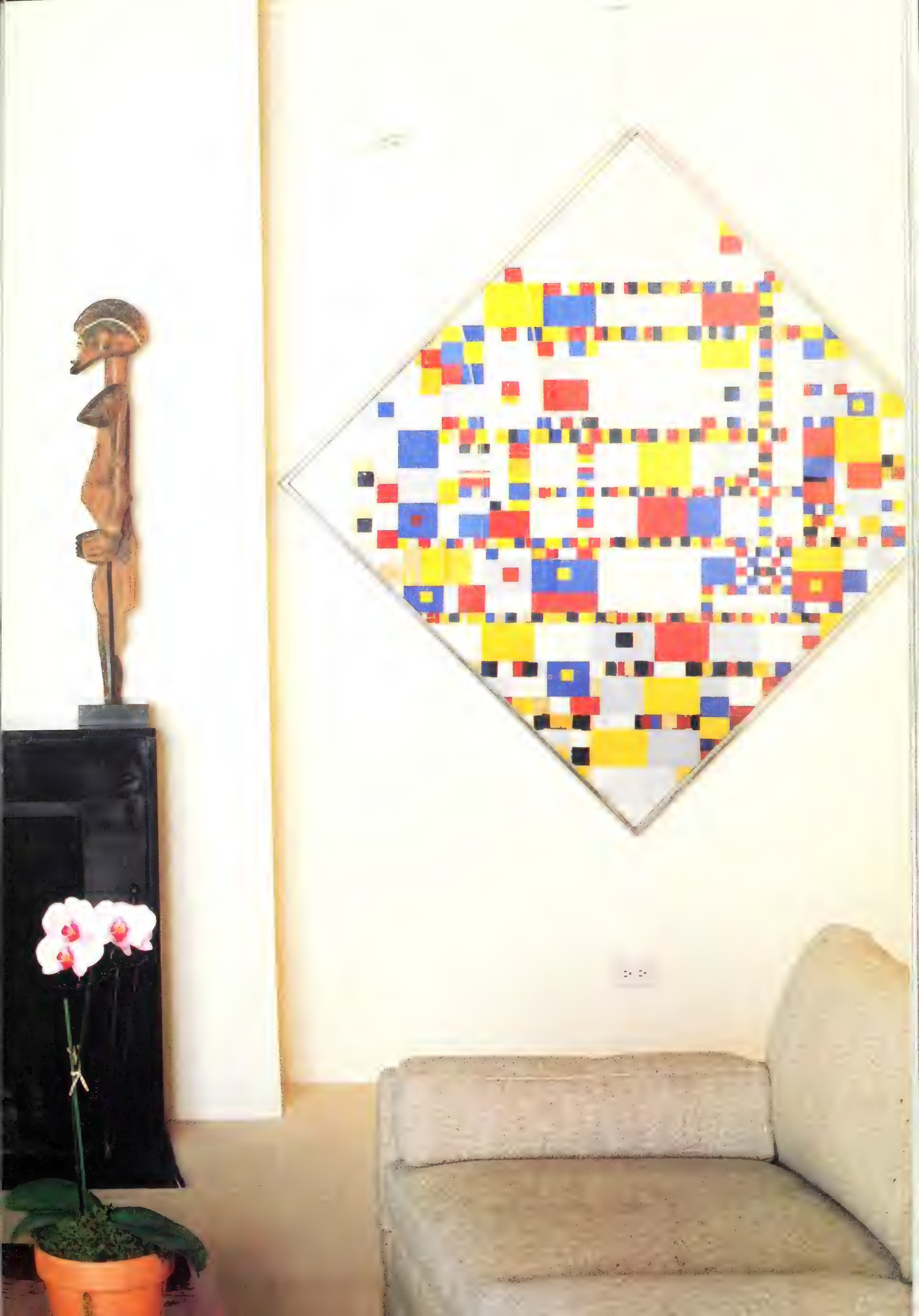
The reputation of the Tremaine collection would seem to be adequate preparation for visits to their city apartment and Connecticut estate. Since the sixties, when they first entered the art world's consciousness as major collectors of Pop Art—in 1961 alone they bought four Oldenburgs, three Rosenquists, and three Wesselmans—the Tremaines have become celebrated for buying the best and for buying it early, before critical appraisal



Over a glass dining-room table supported by a pair of Austrian Baroque putti can be seen Jackson Pollock's *Frieze* of 1953–55. "We bought it just before he died," Mrs. Tremaine recalls. "We wanted more, but before we could visit him again, the accident happened."









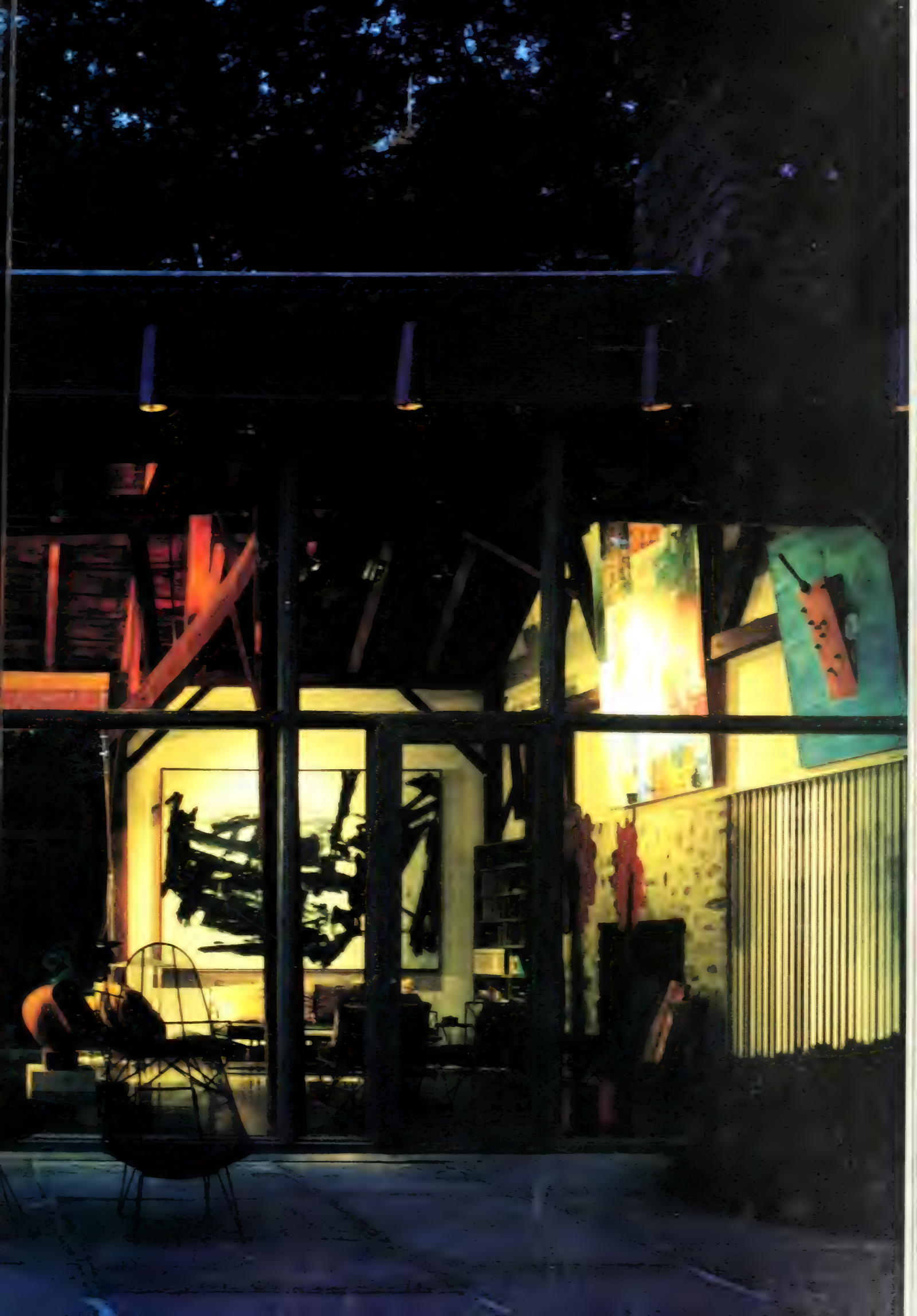
In a vignette from the apartment's bedroom, *opposite*, a 1914 Mondrian hangs alongside Bruce Robbins's painted ladder, the side Emily Tremaine prefers facing the camera. *This page:* Inside the Connecticut barn, a horizontal wood piece by Raoul Hague floats beneath paintings by Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, and Dine.



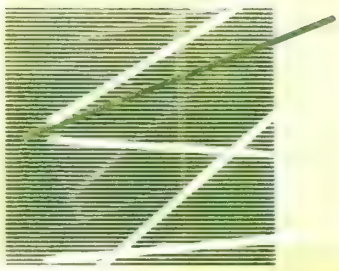
the first room after the entrance, their dining area, one sees that the reality is literally breath-taking. A fresh and vivacious [illegible] Jackson Pollock, one of Barnett Newman's earliest "zip" paintings, Picasso's 1911–18 *Lady with a Fan*, and then, near the Pollock and the Newman, leaping several generations, a small maroon-painted sculpture made in 1979, of the moment but at ease in such grand company, the work of a young artist named Bruce Robbins. This is the experience of seeing raised to its highest level.

The dining room flows directly into a large, simple living space created in a 1955 renovation. Friend and architect Philip Johnson thoughtfully suggested eliminating moldings, mantels, and several doors, details that might distract from the Tremaines' art. Here, too, it requires a deliberate effort to keep from staring. "I'm so glad the Mondrian is back," Emily Tremaine remarks, as she gestures toward the historic *Victory Boogie-Woogie* of 1943–44. "The entire time it was on display at the Modern, we left the space empty—in my mind nothing else is so companionable with the Delaunay." Her reference is to another landmark of twentieth-century art, Robert Delaunay's 1912 *Premier Disque*, balancing the Mondrian on the far side of the fireplace. In between are two African figures, a Senufo female form next to an antelope head from Upper Volta, and—always the contemporary touch—a recent purchase, one of Brice Marden's painted marble series from 1981. The rest *(Text continued on page 204)*

Philip Johnson transformed the old Connecticut barn into a music room and art gallery by giving it glass walls. The space has wonderful acoustics, the sound from the powerful stereo system reverberating off the glass and old timbers. "It's like being inside a Stradivarius," says Mrs. Tremaine. A Franz Kline, a Matta, and the kachina-doll collection are just a few of the treasures within.











THE CLASSICAL GARDEN GOES WEST

Created in 1916 near San Francisco, Filoli fuses the traditions of Mediterranean garden design with the vitality of early-twentieth-century California

BY SUSAN S.H. LITTLEFIELD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL MACMASTERS

In fall finery, a Camperdown elm marks the end of the Bowling Green, flanked by a row of Irish yews and a line of pleached and pollarded London planes.

One might say that Filoli is a garden built on California gold. In 1850, William B. Bourn, already a successful merchant, left Boston for San Francisco and invested his East Coast fortune wisely—in the Empire Gold Mine, which proved to be one of the state's largest. His son, William B. Bourn II, took full advantage of his family's position, studying at Cambridge and traveling extensively in England and Ireland before returning to settle in San Francisco. Like his father, Bourn seems to have had keen foresight: in 1888 he built a winery in the Napa Valley, joining other entrepreneurial Californians in planting the great grape varieties that had been ravaged by phylloxera in European vineyards.

Later Bourn became president of the Spring Valley Water Company, which supplied San Francisco. On the peninsula south of the city, near one of his reservoirs, Bourn found a piece of land that reminded him of the estate in Ireland where his family had spent summers, and he decided to build a country house. He named the place Filoli, after a favorite credo: "Fight for a just cause, Love your fellow man, and Live a good life."

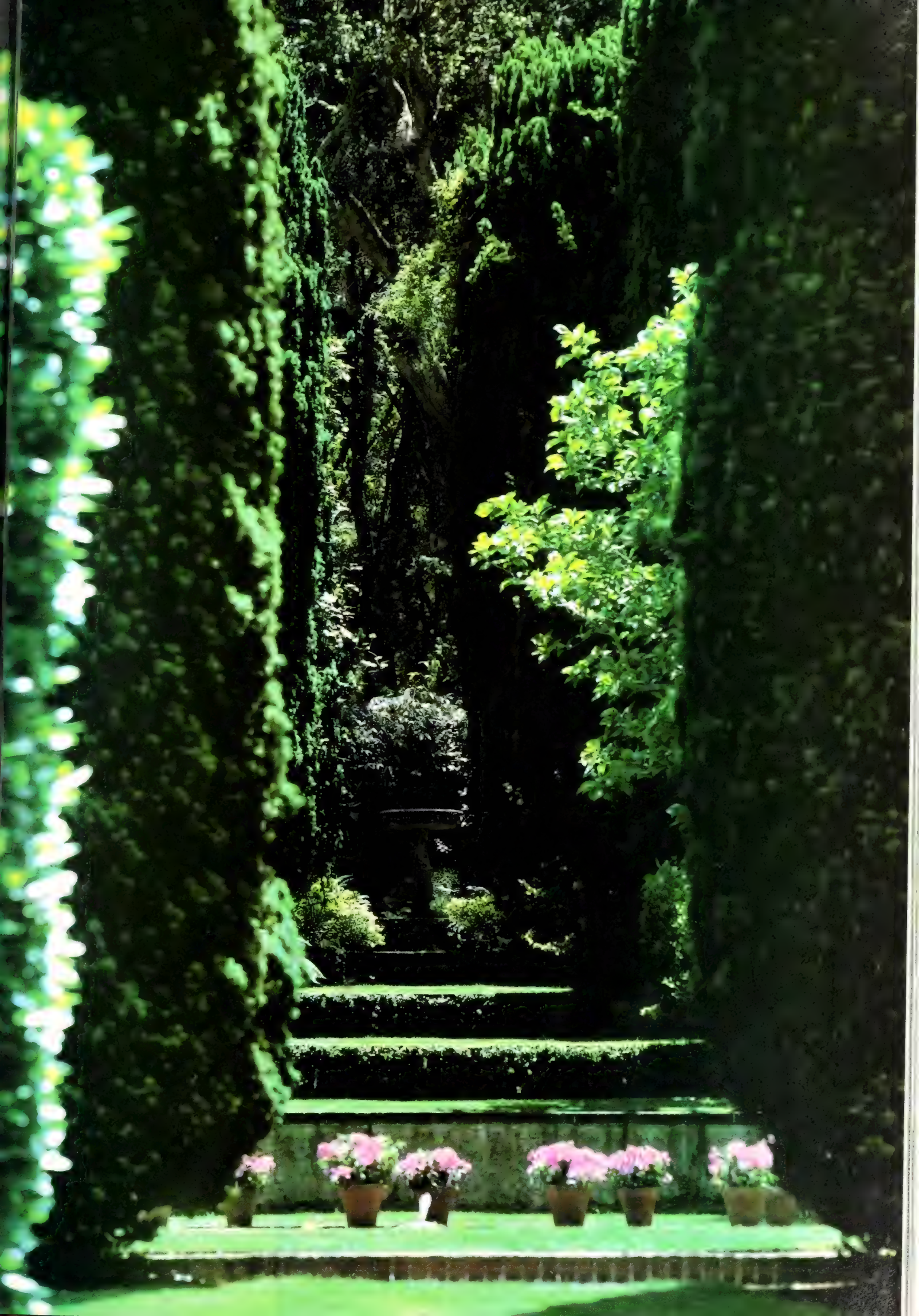
In 1915 Bourn chose the site and hired Willis Polk as his architect. Twenty years earlier, Polk had belonged to a group of artists known as Les Jeunes, who advocated the development of a Californian style that would take inspiration from the beauties of the Pacific Coast environment while remaining firmly rooted in the artistic traditions of European civilizations. Bourn hired Bruce Porter, also a former member of Les Jeunes, to design Filoli's sixteen-acre garden—at Polk's suggestion, presumably. Porter was a painter who dabbled in various decorative arts, from flower arranging to bookbinding; and by 1915 he was actively involved in garden design. He came to Filoli in 1916 and worked for seven years, consulting with Isabella Worn for horticultural advice. Miss Worn, a successful designer and consultant to San Francisco society on everything from flower arrangements and party *(Text continued on page 220)*



Broad terraces surround the main house, punctuated here by gnarled wisteria limbs supporting a canopy of exquisitely fragrant lavender blossoms. In summertime, when the wisterias become mounds of leafy green, the stone balustrade is dressed with swags of pale blue plumbago, bright vining lantanas, and great white stars of clematis.
Overleaf left: Pink-and-white snapdragons fill box-edged beds in the Walled Garden, creating brightly colored patterns reminiscent of Oriental carpets. *Overleaf right:* In a corner of the Walled Garden called the Wedding Place, grass terraces step up the hillside to a stone fountain. Towering trees in the Woodland Garden beyond terminate the *allée* of Irish yews.









Above: In a less cultivated part of the garden, a stand of native coast live oaks offset by the dark, delicate limbs of a Japanese maple ablaze in fall foliage. These evergreen oaks reminded some Californians of a Mediterranean cousin; along with other similarities in vegetation, topography, and climate, such parallels inspired many villas and gardens in the Mediterranean style. At Filoli, designer Bruce Porter applied principles of classical gardens—Italian, in particular—to order California's exuberant horticultural palette.









Above, clockwise from top left: Three fat topiary boxwoods and drums of clipped bay surround a central sundial; flamboyant ginkgos relieve the geometry of the parterres, dropping a carpet of yellow leaves on the path below; a parterre inspired by a window at Chartres, with lines of box articulating panes of pink petunias and standard roses; box hedge with columbines, cherry trees beyond. *Overleaf:* A knot woven in santolina, dwarf lavender, hyssop, and a red-leaved barberry that echoes the color of the copper beech hedge beyond.









A LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

Patrician bohemians Barbara and Stanley Mortimer look back on a charmed circle of family and friends

BY STEVEN M. L. ARONSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD



Barbara and Stanley, Stanley and Barbara—they are a plural being. They met half a century ago on the high seas, on the *Ile de France* in the first-class lounge, and ever since, they have been each other's luck. He, of venerable age but quite undated: a gentle institution—his bearing, his stature, his unassertive security of place, his casual, perfect manners; with his immense height, a leaning post for *her*. She, a light, free spirit, with a sprightly youthfulness persisted in. He was born into one of New York's oldest families; she hails from the plains of North Dakota. Both of them are working artists, both exist in perfect harmony with their surroundings. Together they have made a place for themselves in the best part of the lives of their many friends.

"Joy is a choice," says the Duchess of Bedford, "and in Barbara and Stanley Mortimer's house it is everywhere." The Duke adds: "The Mortimers' is always a place I long to get back to. One knows one is going to be able to *completely* relax, that no one's going to bug you to meet the neighbors."

"It's just one of the nicest places to be," Kenneth Jay Lane affirms. "Fried bacon, wonderful barns. It's cozy, deliciously cozy—you know, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford in the kitchen."

In the hills behind Litchfield, an eighteenth-century Connecticut village that has kept its quiddity, Barbara and Stanley Mortimer have ingeniously pared away all the complications of ordinary human existence. It may be a simple idea, but it's one that hasn't been arrived at without a great deal of elemental complexity: to live totally in today's world, with all the charm of the Old World. "We've had Filipino chefs, German cooks, English butlers, and Japanese gardeners," Barbara laughs—she has a nice laugh and she laughs a lot. "And when we were first married, Stanley had a valet, Claud." Today the Mortimers have servants come only when they need them; they don't "retain" anybody.

Picture Barbara, then, in her "chestnut Romney loveliness" walking with her corgi in the orchard; picture Stanley, sweet-tempered and stubborn-hearted, clambering about in the old Gothic sheep barn. But were they always the Arcadian figures of our imagining?

"Litchfield was not a 'safe harbor' for the international set, and Barbara and Stanley came upon the town almost by accident in the late thirties," recalls their friend and weekend neighbor S. Dillon Ripley II, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

"We looked everywhere," Barbara confirms, taking the opportunity to tell just how she and Stanley happened to make their lucky strike in the Litchfield hills. "We were driving by and saw red turrets on a big house way in the distance. We asked the real-estate person we were with what it was, and he said that the house, a late-Victorian house, was

Far left: Stanley Mortimer. *Center:* Posing for photographer Peter Powel before the Quatz Arts Ball, Paris, 1925 (left to right): Harry and Caresse Crosby, Stanley Mortimer, Gretchen Powel, and an unidentified man.
Left: Barbara Mortimer with her corgi, Chico.

ple and Japanese pines."

old house for our terraces—in fact, we wound up buying a lot of the old beams from the wrecker and using them for the terrace railings. Then we made a smaller house for ourselves inside the foundations—one more suitable for modern living. A Norman house, with white stucco walls and a peaked gray roof. My sister Edith—we called her 'Tookie,' I guess because she took everything," he slyly smiles—"had a Normandy-style house in Oyster Bay, designed by one of her husbands, Count Mario di Zoppola. It was while Cole Porter was spending a weekend in Tookie's house in 1937 that he had his dreadful riding accident. Anyhow Barbara and I had visited old inns in Normandy—we both had ancestors there and we even found our coats of arms. So we called our house Normandy Farms."



"My father had a polo pony called 'Rondo.' It was the fastest polo pony in America—never beaten in a race. My father was so crazy about him he called me after him."

"Litchfield had a smattering of summer people in those days," Dillon Ripley continues, "but most of them came from no farther away than New York, or nearer spots of urbanism such as New Haven or Waterbury. There was a thin veneer of traveled or internationals—the Mortimer Singers, who lived in Biarritz, and nearby the Zalesskys—but really Litchfield was a conventional summer town. Barbara and Stanley proceeded to find all sorts of delightful new and old friends from the surrounding hedgerows, much to everyone's surprise. While Stanley continued his painting, learned in France over the years after World War I, Barbara made their house the setting for lively parties, weekends of New Yorkers, and suddenly we all found ourselves bathed in the warm glow of their eclectic circles from near and far, lending a flavor of Majorca, Brioni, or St. Tropez to the sylvan landscape. Everything seemed to fit together: art, furniture, food, and a fascinating mixed salad of guests. Their parties became legend, and we all reveled in their warmth and spontaneity. Really, 45 years seems but a moment in time, thinking of the fun and pleasure of having the Mortimers in our town."

A fascinating mixed salad of guests, indeed: Florence Eldridge and Fredric March ("He was an absolute dream," Barbara says. "Fun and warm. He'd talk about the films he'd made, and tell marvelous off-color jokes. Florence was more the actress than Freddy was the actor. Sometimes she'd dance for us, always with scarves—beautiful classical dancing."); art dealer Betty Parsons; collectors Burton and Emily Tremaine; Feliks Topolski, brought by Robin Hambro; Calder; Stokowski ("He was quite silent."); Mary-Lou and "Sonny" Whitney; Mary McFadden ("She was tennis champion of our place."). "Everybody always brought at least three changes, and we had spur-of-the-moment costume parties. We'd go up to the attic and get dressed up and come down all outdoing one another. Maxime de la Falaise once dressed up as a lotus—she had a stem and petals. And we would make home movies out by the pool."

The pool in question, fringed by arborvitae and set in a knoll overlooking the meadow where guests' helicopters used to land, was the first salt-water pool in Litchfield County. "I had heard that the Aga Khan had one in Cannes," says

Above: Stanley with his father, Stanley Sr., on "Rondo" around 1899 in Roslyn, Long Island. *Opposite, top row:* William Dutterer's *Barriers* in upstairs hall; eighteenth-century English gilt and red-lacquer secretary in living room; in Barbara Mortimer's bedroom, her own painting of canvas bolted with steel strips and a bronze sculpture by Alexander Liberman. *Center row:* Photographs of friends in the powder room; a Venetian chair sits in front of a Coromandel screen in front hall; in Stanley Mortimer's office a tapestry of a Flemish landscape hangs behind Louis XV–style desk and a tapestry-covered chair. *Bottom row:* In the hall a sixteenth-century Crucifixion in tempera and gold on parchment hangs over a marbelized urn on one of a pair of Italian black-lacquer and gilt console tables; a bell-like instrument sits on the mantel in the dining room under a painting by Barbara Mortimer; Barbara Mortimer's painted wood sculpture of 1975 is behind English-style oak table in the dining room.













"Everybody always brought at least three changes and we had spur-of-the-moment costume parties. We'd go up to the attic and get dressed up and come down all outdoing one another"



Above: Edith and Stanley Mortimer with their mother around 1920. *Right*: Brown Swiss cows graze in front of the barn in the late forties.

Stanley, "so I thought I'd like to have one, too." Nearby, embedded in myrtle, is a steel-and-bolt sculpture of Barbara's that gives off light in three dimensions. The powder room off the entrance hall at Normandy Farms bears playful witness to these poolside romps. Photographs of guests, down all the long years of the house's life, cover every inch of wall. Two successive dukes of Alba and Stavros Niarchos—friends from the Mortimers' St. Moritz life (in 1932 Stanley was a founder of the Corviglia Ski Club there)—gaze with forbearance on the likes of Warhol drag queen Candy Darling, whose photograph is inscribed, "To Barbara and Stanley—until we meet again, a thousand blood-red roses from Candy." "I like to *see* them all," Barbara explains. "I like to go in there and say hello."

The prize photograph of the powder-room collection is that of a bull by the name of Barbette. "We went to an auction in New Milford, and this great big thing stared at me from the ring, and I just couldn't resist him—I jumped right up and bid on him. He was a half-brother to the famous one, Colonel Harry. We built him an eight-foot-high pen outside the barn, and every day I'd go down there and rub his head and give him fresh grass to eat. He was a great huge pet—he easily weighed a couple of tons—a beautiful animal, beautifully made. One time I took ten people down to see him and he was so excited he jumped the fence. Some of our guests ran behind trees and some ran *up* trees but most of them ran in the manure pit—several of them had new suede shoes on, too, I remember. Yep," Barbara laughs, ignited by her own story, "a lot of suede shoes were ruined that day.

"We had seventy Brown Swiss cattle on the place in those days—beautiful big fawn-colored things. And after we sold the cattle, the sheep came in, Corriedale sheep, from New Zealand—big white sturdy purebreds. Stanley looks after them with our shepherd, 'Rabbit.' When he came to work for us, we asked him what his name was. He said, 'Call me "Rabbit"—everybody else does.' We never knew why.

"When we first moved to Litchfield we gave a series of charity balls in the old granite barn, with the money going to the local horse show. We came to call it the horse-show barn because we always had a ball after the horse show in the barn. One year when we were planning a carnival ball, I was in New York and saw some big papier-mâché horses in the window of Bonwit's. I went in and said please tell me who did the windows, and they gave me the address of these two window dressers, who were Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns—they had a studio together then, down on Pearl Street, and I had them make me a big papier-mâché clown. Years later I asked Jasper if he'd sign it and he said no way,



hat it was just for a party. He was yellow and red clown-color, eight feet high, polka-dotted and holding a little bunch of violets—with a pink hat and great big shoes. He was divine. I don't know *where* to put him now. I like him but he should go someplace where there are other clowns."

Barbara applies this same kind of inspired common sense to her table. The cooking at Normandy Farms is not done from effete recipe books but from experience and instinct. There are always compotes made of the plums, peaches, blueberries, raspberries, and cherries that Barbara cans in the summer. ("I start canning as soon as the fruit is at its peak—it has to be very very sweet and very very good and I just buy it up by the crate.") The greens come from her own vegetable garden. Meals are served at Spanish hours: two-thirty for lunch outside in summer or in the dining room in winter as the sun slants over the silvery Litchfield hills. Sunday lunch particularly never disappoints: chicken broiled in a tarragon sauce, topped with greaseless maple bacon ("done with a bacon maker to make it nice and crisp") and served with parsleyed potatoes.

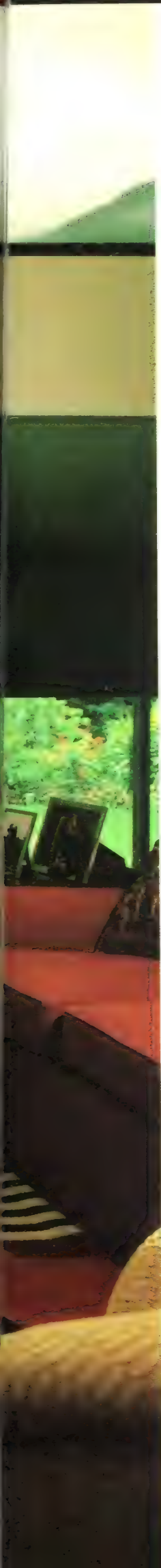
The French have a saying: *Les gens heureux n'ont pas d'histoires*—happy people don't have any stories. Well, these two do. Stanley Mortimer (not to be confused with his cousin, Stanley G. Mortimer of Tuxedo Park and New York) was born in 1897 into a family already well-charted in American society. His great-grandfather had made his fortune in New York real estate. Stanley's father, Stanley Mortimer Sr., was a portrait painter who exhibited in Paris, where he maintained a studio; he was also a well-known horseman and introduced fox hunting on Long Island.

He nicknamed Stanley "Rondo." "My father had a polo pony called 'Rondo,' " Stanley explains. "It was the fastest polo pony in America—never beaten in a race. My father was so crazy about him he called me after him. When the animal died he had one of his hoofs mounted in brass on a horseshoe and made into an ashtray. It says in gold plaque: 'Rondo—the best ever.' I keep it on my desk."

Stanley's mother was Elizabeth Livingston Hall, a direct descendant of Chancellor Livingston, and the sister of Eleanor Roosevelt's mother, who had died young. As surrogate mother to her famous niece, she would know fame herself as Eleanor's "Aunt Tissie."

"Eleanor often came to Litchfield to stay with us," Barbara recalls. "She spoke at our Women's Forum; she was a very liberated woman, you know—full of charm and full of U.N. She liked everything and everyone, except—I remember—I had a marvelous German maid I had to get rid of because Eleanor thought she *(Text continued on page 230)*

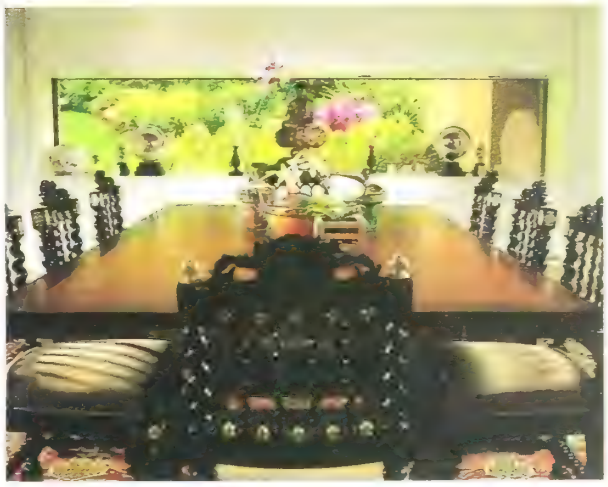

PABLO PICASSO: A RETROSPECTIVE
monumentos coloniales



ATYPICAL TROPICAL

Caracas architects Diquez, González and Rivas design a bold contemporary house, decorated by Parish-Hadley

BY MARGARET MORSE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO



The house is called "La Cañada," for the brook that runs through the property. The splash of its small rapids and the tropic chorus of tree frogs and birds infuse the rooms with such peace it is hard to believe that the apartment towers of downtown Caracas are just a block away. Gustavo and Patty Cisneros asked the local architectural firm of Diquez, González and Rivas to design a very contemporary house—bold, sleek, devoid of any interior ornamentation that would compete with the views of the lush tropical landscaping by Fernando Tábora of Tábora and Stodard. Once the plans were done, they asked interior designers Albert Hadley and Mrs. Randolph Williams of Parish-Hadley Associates in New York, who had done other family houses, to turn the bright, airy shell into a comfortable, inviting milieu for living and entertaining.

It is a house that fulfills many wishes. Mr. Cisneros wanted a shower tank with an hour's worth of water; Mrs. Cisneros, a romantic canopy bed curtained in shell pink. The children wanted lots of room to ride their bikes—so the driveway is a concrete mosaic of smooth small beach pebbles.

Left: The library overlooks majestic hills and, through an interior window, the living room one story below. Regency easel holds a Vasarély. *Above:* In the dining room nineteenth-century ebony-and-ivory chairs from Goa and a garden background for modern ceramics, antique mercury glass, a Buddha from a forebear who lived in China.







In the stark white living room, *preceding pages,* a Tabriz rug provides a warm, traditional counterpoint. Ram's-head chairs are Directoire. A Calder mobile and Soto construction frame the fireplace, its Giacometti andirons, and a sculpture by Niki de Saint Phalle. On the chair in the foreground, a Fortuny fabric. *Above, left:* The stained-glass-and-steel door to the solarium-foyer was designed by González-Bogen. An Irish table holds lilies and "emperor's staff" arranged by Sophie-Eve Hocquard and Annick Presles. On the wall, a sixteenth-century Japanese screen. *Opposite:* In the master bedroom, the walls are covered in "Dahlias" chintz by Zumsteg. The bed is curtained with cottons—a Brunschwig & Fils *faux bois* lined with a Lee/Jofa geometric.

The museum-white walls of the rooms called for furniture with strong sculptural shapes—an eighteenth-century Irish pine table in the foyer, a Japanese lacquer trunk, a Biedermeier vitrine with sunburst fretwork, and Art Deco tier table—all with sufficient character to hold their own alongside a distinguished collection of contemporary paintings and sculpture. In the living room, vitality also emanates from richly patterned Oriental rugs and the antique ikat and toile fabrics that cover the sofa pillows and ottoman.

Patty Cisneros takes pride in seeing to the flower arrangements, the meticulous housekeeping, in collecting various china patterns for the table. Rustic surprises add warmth to the polished presentation: a handmade necklace from a trip to the Amazon is displayed on top of a polychrome chest. Wooden hibachis lined with metal are pressed into service as planters; and, by the steps to the terrace, an Indian stone mortar and pestle is now a birdbath.

As is the South American custom, Mr. Cisneros often comes home for lunch. He frequently holds business meetings at home as well—sometimes as many as three at once, in different rooms. Entertaining is a daily event. In a typical week Mrs. Cisneros will organize three or four breakfasts, three luncheons, and two dinners. And when Venezuelan specialties are on the menu, an exemplary dinner might be potatolike *apio* soup, *pabellón* (shredded meat with rice, black beans, and plantains), *arepas* (cornmeal patties), local cheeses, and sugared guavas. □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray





Cascading ferns screen the terrace, as light-filtering grillework bordering the caoba-wood ceiling gives the hanging baskets a convenient perch. A long made-to-measure table holds a Thai altar step in the shape of a goat, and heirloom rattan furniture set around a bleached teak table provides an island of calm. A witness to the family's devotion to Venezuelan art is the bronze nude by Cornelius Zitman.





HIS HOUSE WAS HIS STORY

Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin was more than a place to hang his famous hat: it was the embodiment of his eventful life and indomitable creative spirit

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM BARTOS

Early on the morning of April 9, 1959, a 91-year-old patient at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix suffered a sudden coronary thrombosis. Though he had been recovering nicely from abdominal surgery a few days earlier, in the words of his nurse he "just sighed and died." Thus quietly ended the tumultuous life of Frank Lloyd Wright. Within a few hours, members of his Taliesin Fellowship in nearby Scottsdale had placed the architect's body in the back of a panel truck, and then, driving in nonstop relays, made the two-thousand-mile journey north and east to Taliesin, Wright's home in Spring Green, Wisconsin.

Though Wright had made Taliesin West in Arizona his winter headquarters for the last two decades of his life, he continued to live at the original Taliesin for the rest of the year; there was never any question that his final resting place would be in the verdant farming valley that had given him spiritual sustenance as no other place ever had. When he was buried at sunset on the following Sunday in the graveyard of Unity Chapel—which he had helped build when he was only nineteen—Frank Lloyd Wright returned forever to his roots: not just to his numerous Lloyd Jones kin buried in that place, but also to the very

IN HIS OWN IMAGE

Opposite: Pedro E. Guerrero's 1953 portrait of Frank Lloyd Wright at an exhibition of his work held in a temporary pavilion on the future site of his Guggenheim Museum in New York. He contemplates photos of his Larkin Building of 1904 in Buffalo. *Above left:* A ceramic tile signed with his initials by Wright and set into a wall at Taliesin, his home in Spring Green, Wisconsin. *Overleaf:* The view southeast from the living room at Taliesin. Stained glass is from his Heath house of 1905 in Buffalo.









STRUTS AND FRETS

This page: Dramatic wood trusses support the ceiling of the drafting room at Taliesin. *Opposite:* One of the oak dining chairs designed by Wright in 1937 (see following pages).



his deepest convictions about architecture.

High among those principles was Wright's belief that a building must be an inseparable part of its setting. In his autobiography Wright decreed, "No house should ever be *on* a hill or *on* anything. It should be *of* the hill. Belonging to it. Hill and house should live together each the happier for the other." That is the essence of Taliesin. With the possible exception of his famous Fallingwater in Pennsylvania, Wright never devised a more skillful integration of architecture and landscape than he did at Spring Green. He achieved it not by dominating the hill as a European architect would have but by deferring to it as would the Japanese, thinking of his house not as a crown, but "as the brow of that hill." Thence also came its name, from that of the legendary druidic bard, Taliesin, meaning "shining brow" in Welsh, the language of Wright's forebears.

But in the 25 years since Wright's death Taliesen has become mechanically outmoded and is now in urgent need of conservation. To help raise capital for the extensive project, the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation last year authorized the sale of a hundred drawings of Wright projects—some by the master himself, most of them by his workshop—through the Max Protetch Gallery in New York. Though the unprecedented move raised an outcry from some members of the architectural community who feared the scattering of Wright's remarkably complete archives, the keepers of Wright's flame (including his octogenarian widow, Olgivanna) feel there was no other possible choice, averring it to be "a sacrifice that we . . . are willing to make in order that this unique monument in architecture may be preserved forever. . . ."

One can readily appreciate their sense of priorities. Though relatively few buildings by Wright have been destroyed, among those that have been torn down are several works of surpassing importance, such as his Larkin Building of 1904 in Buffalo and Midway Gardens of 1913–14 in Chicago. Yet not even those lost landmarks approach the significance that Taliesin commands in any thorough understanding of Frank Lloyd Wright as architect and man. Taliesin is nothing less than the central chapter of his built autobiography. It is the material evidence of his phoenixlike spirit, which like the great house itself rose triumphantly from the cinders of seeming extinction not once but several times during his long life and epochal career.

By the end of 1910, the 43-year-old Frank Lloyd Wright seemed a burnt-out case; it *(Text continued on page 208)*



RAISE HIGH THE ROOF BEAM

The living room at Taliesin had a strong influence on American house designs of the forties and fifties, which widely copied its stone walls, wood detailing, and cathedral ceiling. The Sui-dynasty standing figure of Kuan-yin at far right dates from about 600 A.D. Wright designed the rug in 1957.







A POCKET OF CALM

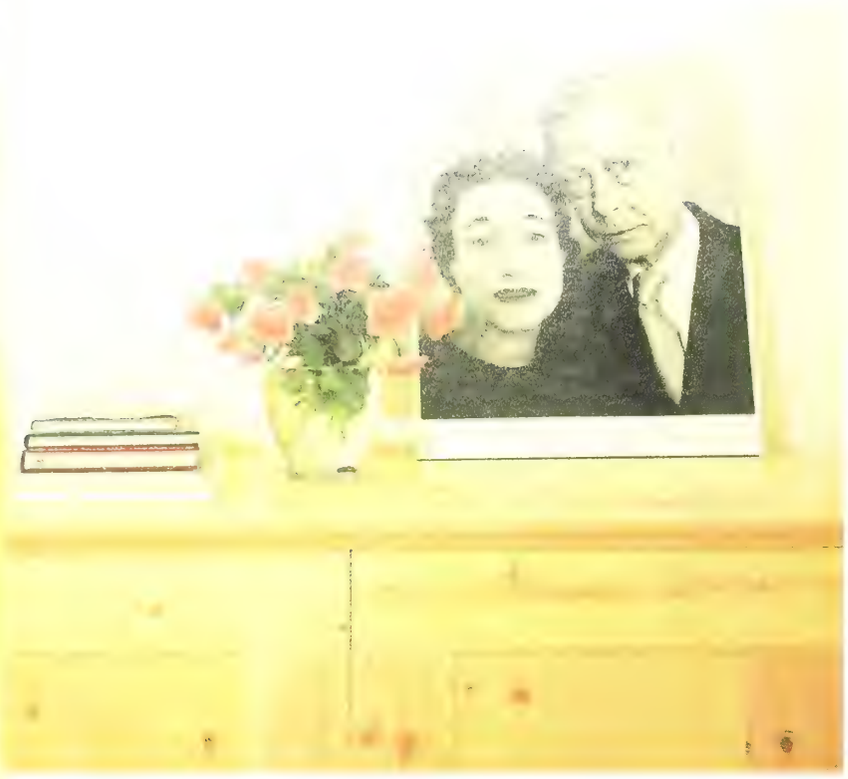
Charles Swerz and Jerry Van Deelen
[illegible] a deceptively simple apartment for busy
[illegible]bion designer Jeffrey Banks

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



Preceding pages: In the living room, Banks's collection of black-and-white photographs complements the colorless urban view through undressed windows. *Opposite:* The carefully lit column in the hallway is reflected in a mirror that is the back of Banks's walk-in closet. *Above:* The left wall in the dining room was originally a window, now hides the air-conditioning unit. Table designed by Swerz and Van Deelen; chairs designed by John Dickinson for Randolph & Hein, Inc. *Below:* Jeffrey Banks framed in his kitchen.







When you deal with color, fabrics, and swatches all day, you really want something peaceful to come home to," says Coty Award–winning men's fashion designer Jeffrey Banks. It's a point well taken. No one wants the office to come home with him—at least not physically.

New York designers Charles Swerz and Jerry Van Deelen began their work on Banks's five-room Manhattan apartment by adding simple elements of "grandeur"—classically inspired detailing, molding, new doors and windows. "You cannot dress a room unless you have a room to dress," says Van Deelen. Mr. Banks's requests were simple: high-gloss white lacquer walls (the painting of which took over a month) and lots of natural pine. Swerz and Van Deelen hunted for antiques, but the scale of the apartment necessitated much larger furniture, so they also designed their own pieces, including a 42-inch-square pine coffee table and an eight-foot-long sofa. With Banks's wardrobe in mind (he was recently named to the best-dressed list), the designers converted the two bedrooms and small closets into one bedroom, a study, and a large walk-in closet.

Clothes are not the only thing Banks collects. Photographs are his "narcotic," and until now he has "never had the kind of place scalewise" to exhibit his collection of over fifty black-and-white photographs, including works by Hoyningen-Huene, Avedon, Horst, Penn, and Bruce Weber.

By day, the apartment is pure white. At night, however, when the rheostat lighting is in use, each room acquires a subtle touch of color. Van Deelen, who designed the system, says, "A cubic white room is almost like a piece of sculpture you can light in different ways." Colored fluorescent lights add pink to the bedroom. A warmer incandescent light around the top of one of the columns creates, as Swerz says, "a floating capital."

Banks is a self-proclaimed perfectionist in clothing design and decorating. The brass doorknobs, the quilts, and the rocking horse he "had always wanted as a child" were carefully chosen. How do his fashions compare with his furnishings? Both have classic ideas "with a move into the future." □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

Opposite: In the pink-hued bedroom, pine doors create an armoire façade for Banks's walk-in closet. The sofa is covered in white cotton canvas. Soft grosgrain-bordered Roman shades are on the windows. Both bed quilts—white-on-white and patchwork—are from America Hurrah. *This page, above:* Avedon's portrait of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor was a gift from Banks's staff on the day of the 1982 Coty Awards. *This page, below:* Closed, the rubbed-pine pocket doors add an "element of surprise." Opened, they disappear. The dressmaker's model from Banks's student days at Parsons School of Design is sometimes dressed to match the current holiday.







ISLAND COMPOUND

Linda Garland and husband Amir Rabik transform a neglected Bali house into a year-round tropical enchantment

BY [illegible]
PHOTOGRAPHS BY [illegible]

Preceding pages: On the veranda of the main building in the Rabiks' compound in Bali is a Regency-inspired Indonesian settee in the Raffles style. *Right:* In the master bedroom a Chinese wedding bed is draped with Dutch lace curtains, which are drawn at night against mosquitoes. Silk bolster cushions and bedcover were woven in the Indonesian provinces to Linda's designs. In foreground is a Dutch planter's chair. Totem poles are from Borneo. *Below:* The entrance to the main building is populated by figures from Indonesian and local mythology.





Away from the southern coast of Bali the winding road ascends between terraced rice paddies, waterfalls, occasional forests, and ancient Hindu Darma temples to the cool hills of Ubud. Renowned as the center of the island's vivid art, Ubud led the revival of primitive Balinese painting in the thirties, attracting a number of European and American painters who now reside there permanently. But despite the foreign influences brought by the peaceful invasion, the cheerful pace of life in Ubud and the ancient Balinese traditions, rooted in magic and mystery, have remained unchanged.

Here, perched on the edge of a deep ravine still quarried for volcanic *paras* stone, is the compound of Irish designer Linda Garland and her Indonesian husband, Amir Rabik. The gateway rises from the grassy rice fields, a pair of richly carved pillars flanking the entrance to the profusely tropical garden and buildings below. Linda and Amir had found the house while out walking one day; built in the early seventies but deserted for nearly a decade, it had fallen into great disrepair. In the moist Bali climate, the aging process is accelerated, and the simple





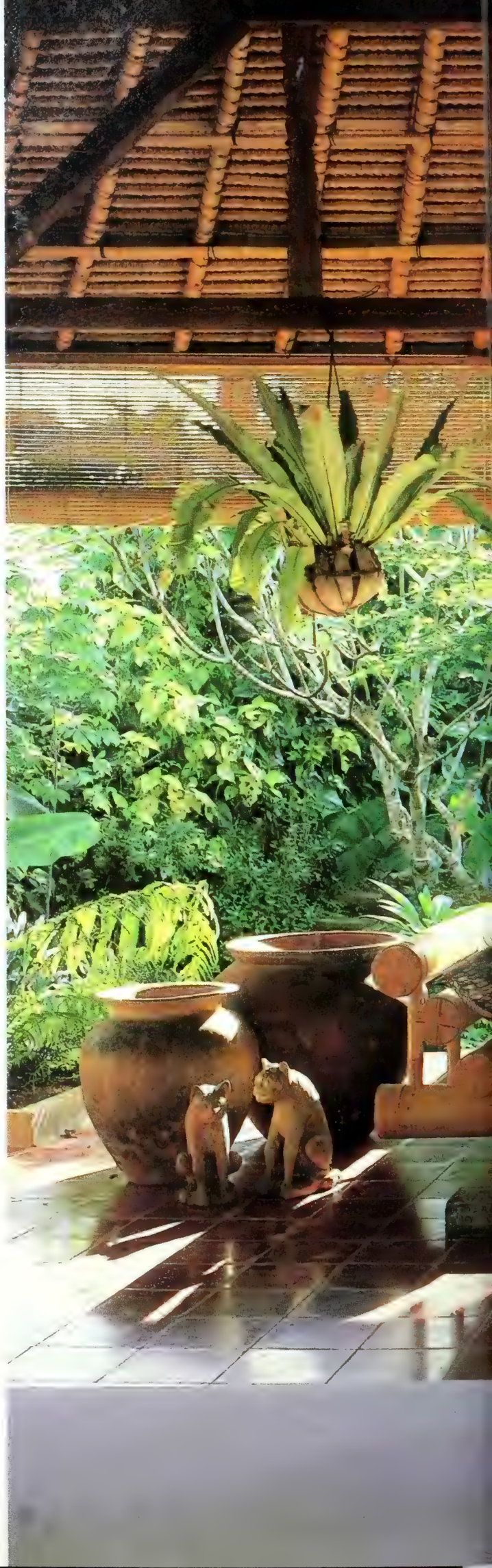


Preceding pages, left: Through stone architrave and door carved in traditional Balinese style can be seen the guest bedroom. *Preceding pages, right* An antique Balinese wooden figurine is used as a tieback in the master bedroom. *Right:* The traditional "baley" is an airy, open-sided pavilion. Oversized sofas and chairs were made to the Rabiks' design from giant bamboo specially selected from the Balinese forests. *Below:* A Buddha marks the entrance.

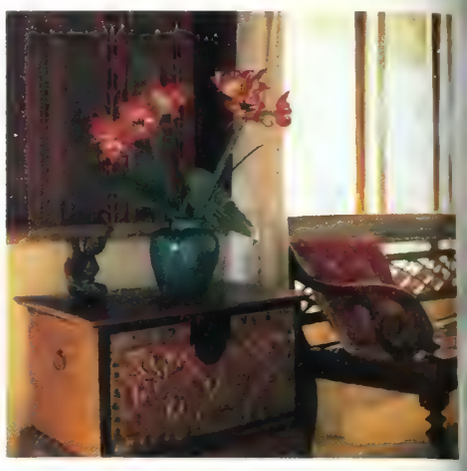


traditional buildings are soon plagued by termites and damp rot. Linda and Amir saw great potential in the compound, however, and they set out to save it.

One of the first tasks was to take out the plaster ceiling, exposing the beautiful traditional Balinese bamboo and thatch hidden underneath. Then Linda and Amir felled walls to enlarge the space and reveal its inherent Balinese architectural qualities. Built from local red bricks, carved *paras* stone from the nearby quarry (greatly favored for its manipulable yet firm qualities), and thatched roofs, the compound of buildings takes on the colonial Indonesian style. The main building, which houses the living room and master bedroom, is solidly constructed and surrounded by wide, clay-tiled verandas supported by columns of coconut palms on stone bases carved into fantastical animals from Balinese mythology. The kitchen, guest quarters, and open-sided "baley" pavilion are separate units, typical of the regional architectural tradition of using separate buildings for sleeping, eating, cooking, bathing, and living. The wide-open spaces provide a perfect background for Balinese and Indonesian naive art and furniture collected *(Text continued on page 202)*







Above a richly carved and painted dowry box from the neighboring island of Madura is an ornate silk sarong from South Sumatra, embroidered with gold thread and sequins.

(Continued from page 200) from all over Bali and the surrounding islands.

Linda, who had worked as a designer in London and Japan before coming to Bali, has always had an affinity for fine crafts, and the Balinese people are artistic by nature, their skilled handcrafts the work of clever, sensitive fingers. Both Linda and Amir work together with craftsmen and women from all over Bali refining ancient crafts and techniques to produce furniture and accessories for export worldwide. Using rare hardwoods and materials from all over Asia, the Rabiks like to concentrate on decorative items that "breathe life" into a room, such as their massive carved fruit bowl in the shape of a giant clamshell (used as the base for a coffee table in the Rabiks' "baley"). Linda's special love is the rich antique Indonesian fabrics, which she quilts onto backing, giving them extra life and adding strength to the fine handweaving.

In the Balinese language, there are no words for "art" and "artist" because almost everyone on the island makes the former and therefore answers to the description of the latter; to these people, art is a part of everyday life, a duty to the gods and to themselves to weave a constantly changing fabric of beauty. Working so closely with the Balinese artists, Linda and Amir are acutely sensitive to their character and traditions, and the by-product of such respect for the island they live upon is two off-islanders' daily exposure to a life of enchantment. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*







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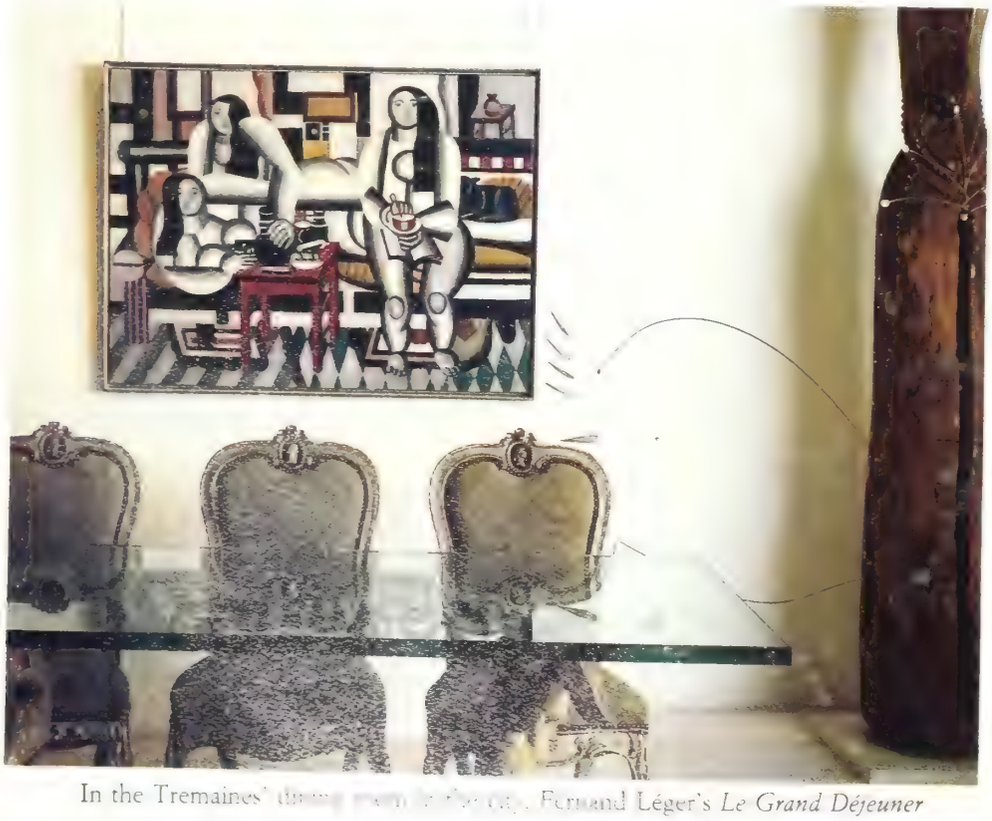
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Frank Stella, one of his finest works, hangs above a Carl Andre floor sculpture of alternating magnesium and aluminum squares. A graceful 1945 Calder mobile bobs and dips in the air alongside a luminous Robert Irwin disk. There is a radiant 1952 Rothko and a funky Lichtenstein ceramic head.

An exhibition of the Tremaine collection organized by the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut, is now on display through April 29, and it is the reason the Tremaines have permitted this intrusion and consented to talk about their acquisitions. Though wary of personal publicity, they are ebullient when the subject is their art. "When we first saw the *Victory,* Valentine Dudensing, the dealer, had just taken it from the easel in Mondrian's studio, where he'd left it, unfinished, when he died," Mrs. Tremaine remembers. "Valentine didn't want to sell it. He said he was holding onto it until it appreciated enough to buy him a château in France. Burton and I talked it over, and we decided to meet his price. At the time, it seemed a lot for a Mondrian—though not for a château—but I'm grateful that we did it."

Her glance now turns to the Delaunay. "You know we got the *Disque* because of the Mondrian. In 1953 in Paris we visited with Michel Seuphor, who wrote the Mondrian catalogue raisonné. He wanted to talk to us about the *Victory.* While we were there he said that Madame Delaunay had asked him to bring us by her studio because she too had questions on the painting. So we went and had a marvelous time, and, at the end of the afternoon, she went off into another room and brought out her husband's *Premier Disque.* Burton and I were so impressed with it. I told her I felt it was the beginning of Modernism, that so many things start in that painting, even to eliminating the frame—everything. Then Madame Delaunay looked at us and said, 'Would you like to own it?' But of course! 'Well, I would like it to be with the Mondrian,' she said. 'I feel that Robert started it and Mondrian took it as far as it would go with the *Victory,* even to leaving the piece unfinished, the final enigma.... Always keep the two together.' And Burton and I promised that we'd try—and we have."



In the Tremaines' [illegible] Fernand Léger's *Le Grand Déjeuner*

When they were married, in 1945, it was Emily who introduced Burton to contemporary art collecting. Raised in Europe in a cultured milieu that included frequent museumgoing, Emily regards her purchase of a 1927 Braque as her debut as a serious collector of contemporary art. Today that painting hangs in a small room in their apartment, a handsome piece but not so prescient a selection as later purchases they made together. (Emily notes, however, "That was 1936 and I was living in California, so that made Braque seem pretty avant-garde.")

In the duo, the elegant Mrs. Tremaine is the more academically oriented. She was also the scout, visiting museums, galleries, and studios during the week, setting aside things for her husband to see on weekends. As friend and fellow collector Agnes Saalfield describes her, "Emily was always out looking for those who were going to be true leaders, making a serious attempt to find the next wave. She put in time, energy, effort, and, in the beginning, not a great deal of money. Emily had a good eye to start with but she put time into learning, a lot of reading, listening, and looking. She talked not just to the big dealers, but to curators, gallery staff, other collectors, even asking the artist who else to see. And, of course, Emily and Burton learned about art from living with it.... The nice thing is that they both love it. They couldn't have made such a good collection if they both hadn't had the desire."

A perfect complement to his wife's more scholarly approach, the courtly Burton Tremaine responds to painting and sculpture with instinct and a natural intelligence. He was an amateur painter, and his feel for art is grounded in his emotional and visual reaction to a work. He freely admits, "I'm still confused about which period comes before the other," and when asked to identify the artist of a particular piece, he shrugs it off with, "Oh, I don't know." Yet it was Burton who spotted Barnett Newman's *Euclidian Abyss* at an exhibit in Chicago and purchased it in 1948, *(Continued on page 206)*


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Continued from page 204 the first Newman painting ever sold. What must this minimal work, a single stripe on a solid field, have looked like back then? What did Mr. Tremaine see in it? "It has texture, color, vibration, strength," he replies, polite yet clearly uncomfortable at having to state what is, to him, the obvious.

But if analysis comes reluctantly to Burton Tremaine, enthusiasm, almost childlike in its freshness, and a down-to-earth sense of easiness are his principal means of communication about their possessions. When a visitor approaches a mysterious Lucas Samaras box, Burton calls out, "Wait! Let me get it started. I want to surprise you." His long, lean frame loops over to the sculpture and he begins to tinker with the back of it. (Mr. Tremaine is the keeper of all the kinetic or electrified pieces in the collection, like the Pol Bury, Marcel Duchamp, Jean Tinguely, and Op Art items that occupy a bookcase in their city library.) When his preparations are over, Burton steps back and begins to unfold a series of progressively smaller and smaller doors each opening into the next, like a stack of Chinese boxes, until, at least half a dozen doors later, we've arrived at its center, a tiny liquid whirligig of color, "a tornado I caught in a box," Mr. Tremaine announces gleefully.

Both Tremaines look with great care even at objects that have been in their home for decades, their appreciation undiminished by familiarity. The bedroom in the apartment contains a rare work that exemplifies the intensity of their interest—the rarity, in this case, due to the fact that this is a work of art about which Emily and Burton disagree. The piece is a ladder by Bruce Robbins, literally a wooden ladder subtly painted on one side in shades of palest pink, blue, lavender, the colors rubbed into the wood so the structure seems to be all white. On the reverse, however, the ladder is practically unfinished but for the cross pieces, which are black. Both Emily and Burton agree on its placement, leaning on a wall next to an oval 1914 Mondrian, the plus and minus signs of the early painting miraculously echoed in the





Picasso's *Femme au Chapeau,* dated the day the Germans marched on Paris.

Robbins sculpture. But Burton is convinced the side with the black paint should face out, that it serves the Mondrian better and vice versa. Emily, however, says, "Nonsense. It's just the opposite." And so the Robbins ladder is occasionally in motion, turned to one side or the other, depending on which spouse last placed the piece.

When the Tremaines are not in the city they are often at their place in the Connecticut countryside. That house, too, is a haven for their collection. Through a long corridor on the way to the large glass sitting room, one's peripheral vision picks up glimpses of major pieces, one after another, appearing and receding from view on the left and right. A great Jasper Johns target. An early Claes Oldenburg papier-mâché of a strong man's arm. Warhol's *S & H Trading Stamps.* A Stuart Davis from the thirties. A Roy Lichtenstein send-up of postcard art, plugged into an electrical socket and undulating. (Mrs. Tremaine describes it as the "campiest picture ever made.") A gentle Kuniyoshi.

Once one enters the modestly furnished glass room, the shape of the property reveals itself. The house occupies one end of a corridor of spaces and renovated buildings designed by Philip Johnson. Sited amid the outdoor spaces between these structures there is sculpture. This time Burton Tremaine is the tour guide. "Stan back while I walk up to this so you ca see the scale," he suggests when en countering an outdoor metal piec However, he leavens the absorptio with aesthetic concerns with glimpse at other aspects of their life. "Let m divert you from art to show you the Ja cuzzi," he suggests at one point. Some how the ease with which he can g from presenting a New Hebrides tom tom, their first primitive acquisition, t a description of a skiing trip or talk o sailing or riding only heightens th awareness of how inseparable fro regular existence this remarkable as sembly of objects is to the Tremaines.

Despite the differences in their ap proach to art, and, in some senses be cause of those differences, they hav enjoyed an absolute meeting of th minds about the selection of thei pieces. Together they tell a story that i lustrates the point. "There was a sho at the Modern that we both wanted t see, but we couldn't manage to get to gether," Emily explains. "So we eac got a catalogue and made notes." A this point, Burton picks up the tal "When we got home and compare our comments, our top four picture were the same, and Em's number on was my number two and vice versa."

Perhaps it is the strength and sup port that comes from this fusion of sen sibilities that has enabled th Tremaines over and over again to lea into the unknown, to buy before artist were recognized and to choose exam ples of such consistently high calibe Robert Irwin, an artist admired by th Tremaines for his difficult, minima constructions as well as for his aesthet ic and philosophical concerns, remem bers their purchase of a large whit disk painting that now hangs ("floats is really more accurate) in the entr room of the Connecticut house.

"They bought the disk paintin about twenty years ago, the last of m non-site works. No one wanted to bu them. I guess they were too theatrical not Greenbergian enough. The Nev York criticism was very negative. Bu they didn't wait for a ground swell or t become part of a position. Like all th greatest collectors, they were willing t

ust their own eye. They bought early, the beginning, on faith."

It is important to realize that this ioneering spirit also involved mis-ikes and some deliberate decisions to xclude certain artists and types of ork from their collection. "Oh, we ade a few errors," Burton remem-ers. "We skied a lot in those days, and ometimes I recall a few things we ought and I think maybe we stayed on ne mountain too long."

When questioned about the absence f color field painters like Jules Olitski r Helen Frankenthaler in the collec-ion, Emily is quite specific. "I find it erribly boring, verging on the decora-ive. Really I feel it's just more of the ame, not saying anything new." And a assion for what is new is the corner-tone of the Tremaine collection. To uy what has, in Emily's words, "been igested . . . it would only just be aes-hetics and perhaps a little nostalgia hat makes me want to own it."

One of their most famous acquisi-ions, Jasper Johns's *Three Flags,* was urchased right out of his studio at the ime of the young artist's first show in 1958, for $900. In 1980 it was sold to he Whitney Museum for one million dollars, then one of the highest prices ever paid for the work of a living Amer-can artist. Whitney curator Patterson Sims defends this controversial acqui-sition by citing director "Tom Arm-strong's and the museum board's commitment to acquiring the master-pieces of American art. If it hadn't come to the Whitney, it would have gone to Japan or England, and a pic-ture of that kind of iconic power be-longs in this country."

The Tremaines' reason behind the sale was to raise additional monies for the various charities they support. As Emily regards the transaction, "The Whitney got the painting—and by their paying a million dollars for it we felt sure they'd keep it on permanent exhibition and not in the basement, so the public will get to see it—Planned Parenthood got a good deal of help, and, as far as I can tell, I'm the only loser."

For the Tremaines, their collection is a living thing. They have no plans to keep it together, because they can't bear the idea of it being shut up in some museum storage area. What has it been like, being surrounded every day by paintings and sculpture as superb and intense as these objects? Each answers characteristically. For Burton, "It just seems normal, like the woods." And for Emily, "It is like living with books. I never sit in front of art that I don't get ideas. It's a catalyst, I guess."

Together their very different viewpoints combine to form a fairly complete sense of what it means to appreciate art. As with their collection, the whole is greater *because of* the sum of the two parts. ☐ *Editors: Babs Simpson and Carolyn Sollis*



(Continued from page 180) was no mere midlife crisis, but a matter of personal and professional survival. Wright had spent the preceding year in Europe supervising the preparation of the famous Wasmuth portfolios of his work to date, and the richness of their contents was as impressive as his prospects seemed bleak. Despite the pretext of the publication project, Wright had actually fled to Europe as a refugee from the domestic debacle that had caused serious repercussions in his practice of architecture.



The overlapping roofs of Taliesin recall those of a traditional Japanese village

In 1909 Wright had left his wife Catherine and their six children to take up with Mamah Borthwick Cheney, a neighbor and the wife of Edwin Cheney, for whom he had built a house in Oak Park, Illinois, in 1904. Though the clients who had commissioned the houses of Wright's Prairie School period were highly enlightened aesthetically, they were still for the most part resolutely middle-class in their social attitudes. In cutting his ties with his family, Wright was simultaneously severing his life line to future work in his home community.

Not that the break was clean. Though one cannot doubt the sincerity of Wright's love for Mamah Cheney, he seems to have vacillated more than once in making the decision to abandon his family. During their sojourn in Italy, the wayward couple had contemplated settling in Fiesole, with Wright going so far as to make a design for a house and studio there. But in the summer of 1910, Wright reported to his friend the English architect C.R. Ashbee, "I am going back to Oak Park to pick up the thread of my work and in some degree of my life" Mrs. Cheney returned to Oak Park, too, but joined neither husband nor lover: Edwin Cheney had moved out of their Frank Lloyd Wright house, and Frank Lloyd Wright moved back into his.

Whatever the intention of Wright's reconciliation with his wife, he soon began making arrangements for a permanent split. Apparently at his behest, his mother, Anna Lloyd Jones Wright, gave some two hundred acres of land (which she had most probably inherited) to Wright at Spring Green, twenty miles southeast of his birthplace at Richland Center and adjacent to farms settled by her family more than half a century before. For Wright himself, the hillside property was "one of my favorite places . . . as a boy. . . ." With disarming simplicity and characteristic self-centeredness, he later recalled his decision to build a new home on that land in terms devoid of the turmoil of the actual events: "When family life in Oak Park . . . conspired against the freedom to which I had come to feel every soul was entitled, I had no choice, would I keep my self-respect, but to go out a voluntary exile into the uncharted and unknown I meant to live if I could an unconventional life. I turned to this hill in the Valley as my Grandfather before me had turned to America—as a hope and haven."

In fact, there was a good deal of secrecy about the exact nature of the construction that began in May 1911 on the hill overlooking the Helena Valley. According to the local newspaper, Anna Wright was building a new house for herself; not a word about her son the architect and certainly nothing about what was known in those days as a "love nest." The 730 townspeople of Spring Green were no more tolerant than the citizens of Oak Park, and many were Wright's relatives, who were typically outspoken. His uncle Jenkin Lloyd Jones raged on about "that blinded egotist in the 'Haven of Pleasure' " and the " 'Palace of Folly.' "

Three months after Taliesin began to rise majestically, Edwin Cheney received a divorce from his errant wife (and custody of their children). With stunning architectural symbolism, Wright erected a brick wall between his Oak Park house and its interconnecting office-studio, consigning his family to the former and himself to the latter. (The long-suffering Catherine Wright, who vainly believed he would someday return to her, was reduced to taking in boarders.)

By the first days of winter Taliesin was habitable, and only then was any pretense of conventional propriety finally dropped. With his genius for self-dramatizing (and often self-destructive) publicity, Wright chose Christmas, of all days, to call a press conference at Spring Green at which he announced (Continued on page 212)

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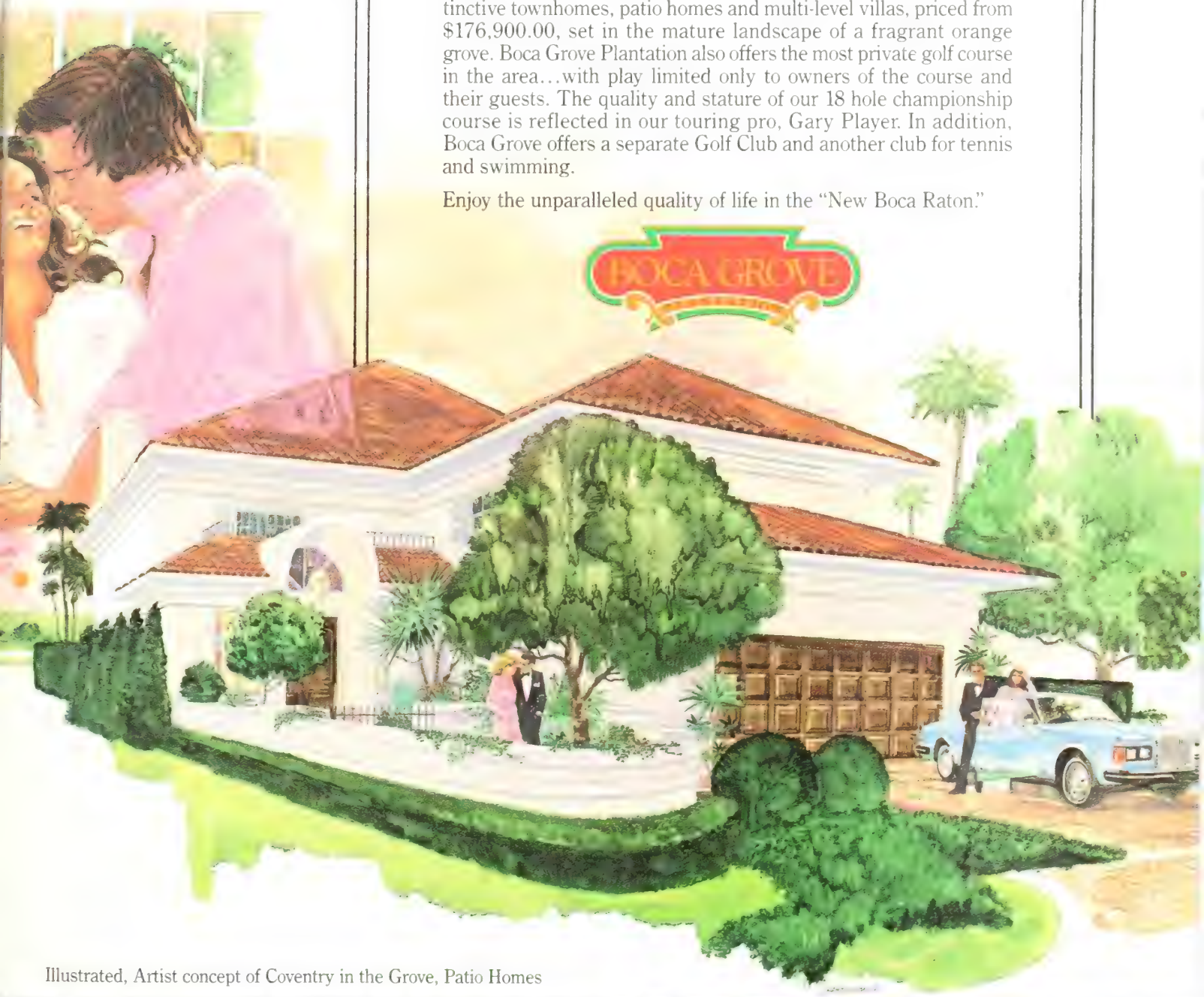
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(Continued from page 208) his intention of living openly with a woman he could not make his wife.

Wright's withdrawal from his secure but ultimately stifling suburban existence was in part a result of his dwindling artistic inspiration. He had played out his hand with his famous Prairie houses several years earlier; after he completed his superb but atypical Coonley house of 1907–09 in Riverside, Illinois, Wright's domestic designs were pretty much a law of diminishing returns. Whether or not his radical resolution of his personal problems was the major factor behind Wright's new creative impetus, his scheme for Taliesin took the master back to the very top of his form. It was but the first of the vigorous comebacks in which Wright was deluged with fresh inspiration after a daunting artistic drought.

In contrast to the upheaval that prompted the construction of Taliesin, the finished house itself was all repose, the calm and comforting place its maker dreamt it would be. "Truth against the world" was the old family motto that Wright resurrected for his own use; Taliesin was his secure retreat from an outside world that he felt was inimical to truth as he saw it.

Architecturally, Taliesin was a further development of the concept that Wright had first employed in the Coonley house: "zoning," or separating by function the various parts of a building into discrete but connected pavilions, as opposed to the more solid masses of the early Prairie houses. Also like the Coonley design was the way in which Taliesin was arranged around a series of courtyards and pools, integral parts of the overall scheme that stemmed from Wright's intimate knowledge of Japanese architecture.

Deriving from that tradition just as directly were the roofs of Taliesin, which attained an importance presaged by Wright's earlier house designs, many of which had strongly horizontal roof lines. Here Wright went all the way in exploiting the deep-seated imagery of protection inherent in the overhanging roof. To be sure, American houses in the Shingle Style



Taliesin is set into, not on, the hill

and English houses of the Arts and Crafts Movement had roofs unusually expressive of shelter, but Wright took that motif farther than it had ever gone before. His emphasis of the roofs at Taliesin was so strong that the walls beneath their deep eaves appear to be mere supports for the massive forms above them. As one looks down on the roofs of Taliesin from the crest of the hill behind the house, they seem remarkably like those of a Japanese village, juxtaposed in a manner that (like the most sophisticated Oriental art) seems at once absolutely spontaneous and totally controlled.

For years before he designed Taliesin, Wright had been obsessed with making architecture "break out of the box," his bid to end the orthogonal rule that had dominated Western architecture since the Renaissance. He had already demonstrated his ability to create highly inventive interior spaces in such works as his Martin house of 1904 in Buffalo, and equally exciting plays of external form in his Robie house of 1906 in Chicago. But if the Robie house showed Wright at his most sculpturally dynamic, then Taliesin saw him at his most sensitively unassertive. Wright's careful siting of the structure was not lost on even the untrained eye. After the obstreperous critic Alexander Woollcott visited Taliesin in 1925, he quite charmingly noted, "Why, if a lovely tree was in the way of that house, the house just doffed its cap respectfully and went around it."

It has been frequently said that Taliesin seems almost to melt into its surrounding setting, making it difficult to determine where the house ends and the landscape begins. What impressed Woollcott was "above all how pliantly the unpretentious home would meet halfway the participation of the countryside." This Wright accomplished in several ways. The principal cladding material was a rich yellow sand-limestone, quarried on another hill about a mile away. With the instinctive ecological wisdom that was one of his greatest gifts, Wright knew that the native stone, much more than brick (which he had used brilliantly elsewhere), would make Taliesin seem to be an emanation of its place. Then there was the sympathetic embracing of Taliesin by terraces, low walls, planters, and embankments in the same tawny stone as the walls, all lovingly crafted by masons whom Wright described "as interested as sculptors fashioning a statue." The finishing touches were provided by nature, and the passage of time and the growth of trees and shrubs have only added to the illusion that this house grew out of the earth itself.

When Taliesin was completed, there could be no argument with C.R. Ashbee, who found it "altogether a rather splendid establishment, quite unconventional, and very beautiful in its bohemian and original way." Frank Lloyd Wright and Mamah Borthwick (who had resumed her maiden name) settled into a quiet domestic routine. From the outset, Wright intended this to be a private universe with a life all its own, self-supporting if not totally self-sufficient. In Wright's vision, "Taliesin was to be a complete living unit genuine in point of comfort and beauty, yes, from pig to proprietor," including everything from his architectural studio to (in a Wright phrase at once biblical and Rabelaisian) "grunting sows to turn all waste to solid gold."

Getting gold of a more negotiable sort continued to be a problem for Wright, however. His number of new jobs had not returned to the level of his Oak Park heyday, but fortunately he began to receive offers for buildings on a scale much larger than that of the suburban house. In January 1913, Wright and Mamah Borthwick traveled to Japan at the invitation of the new emperor, *(Continued on page 216)*



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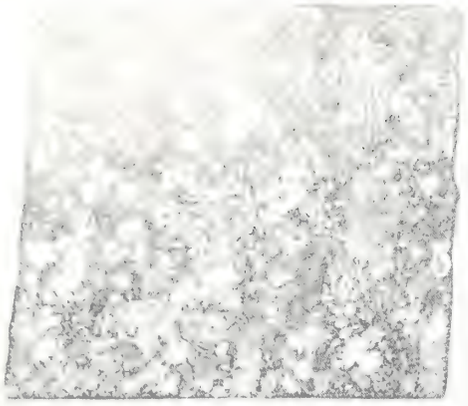
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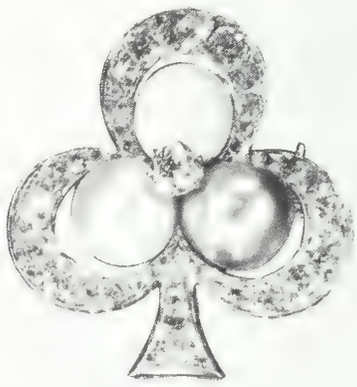


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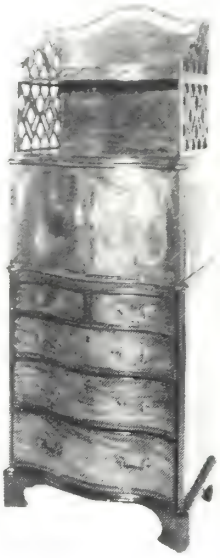
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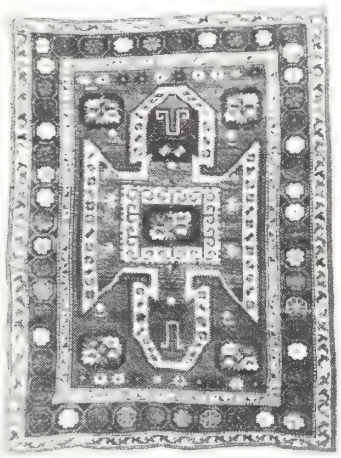


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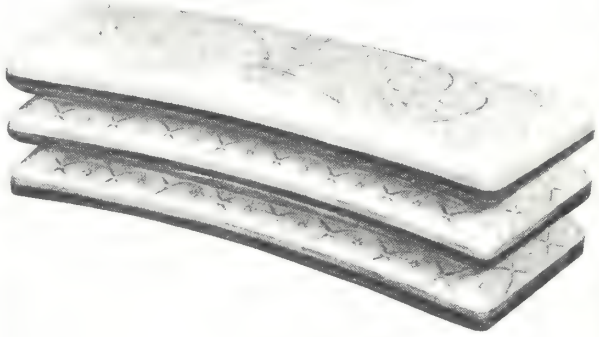


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[illegible] that Wright accept the commission to design the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. Back home, Wright was asked to plan an ambitious entertainment complex in Chicago, Midway Gardens. He seemed well on his way toward recouping the bright promise of his earlier career.

Then, with devastating suddenness and stunning brutality, everything changed. On August 14, 1914, while Wright was in Chicago working on Midway Gardens, the Barbadian cook at Taliesin ran amok: while Mamah and her two children (who were there on a visit) took lunch with their playmate and several Taliesin employees, the demented servant locked the door to the dining room, set the house on fire, and axed to death those who managed to escape the conflagration. Seven people were killed, including Mamah and her children. The mass murderer committed suicide in jail several days later, and any explanation for the deed died with him.

Only one wing of Taliesin escaped destruction, and though Wright was in a tremendous state of shock, he began almost immediately to think about rebuilding the rest of his shattered dream house. Taliesin II, as the architect referred to it, was finished by the end of 1915, but as brave a gesture as it was for Wright to put such renewed faith in the future, the house saw rather little of him over the next decade. At the end of 1916, Wright left for Tokyo to supervise construction of the Imperial Hotel; with him went Miriam Noel, a striking but erratic divorcee whom he eventually wed in 1923, a year after his own divorce from Catherine. But Miriam provided neither the emotional stability nor domestic tranquility Wright craved, and she left him five months after their marriage. Wright was much like Picasso in that his personal living arrangements were almost invariably reflected in his work. It is significant that while Catherine Wright's and Mamah Borthwick's influences can be easily discerned in the houses Wright built for them, Miriam Noel passed virtually without a trace.

A chance meeting at a ballet performance in Chicago brought Wright face to face with the last great love of his life, Olga Ivanova Lazovich, a beautiful 26-year-old Montenegrin with mystic as well as artistic tendencies. Olgivanna, as she was called, was ardently pursued by the still-married 57-year-old architect. At his urging she took up residence at Taliesin and in late 1925 gave birth to a daughter.

Only a few months after Olgivanna rekindled Wright's romantic embers, another real fire broke out at Taliesin. Faulty wiring was the cause this time, and though no lives were lost, the damage was extensive, estimated between $250,000 and $500,000. Wright, underinsured and as always short of cash, was driven closer to the brink of bankruptcy by the vindictive Miriam, who turned into an avenging fury, delaying divorce proceedings and washing their dirty linen for the benefit of an all-too-eager press.

But at last Wright had a muse again, and he took up the task of rebuilding Taliesin for her with a philosophical equanimity that is palpably present in



Taliesin was quarried at a site about a mile away

Taliesin III, the one we know today. Each time the house had burnt, parts of the surviving structure were incorporated into the new one, but Wright never lost an opportunity to improve upon the old. He movingly described how "I saved many stones not destroyed thus, dyed by fire; built them together with the fragments of great sculpture I had raked from the ashes, into the new walls adding a storied richness to them unknown before."

In the fall of 1932, as America edged toward the nadir of the Great Depression, Wright founded the Taliesin Fellowship, a kind of personal Bauhaus in which he would systematically teach the principles of his "Organic Architecture." By his own admission, Wright was no teacher, and his strong personality was more likely to condone imitation than it was to inspire original departures. But his impulse was more than didactic: he was desperately hard up, and the prospect of the $1,100 which students would pay for tuition (and the pool of free domestic labor they would provide) was a strong inducement. Wright's "School of the Allied Arts" was set up in the Hillside Home School (which he had built for his Lloyd Jones aunts in 1901 and later inherited from them) on land next to Taliesin.

Thus stood Wright's estate two decades after he first began to raise the walls of Taliesin. Over the years it had more and more come to resemble not so much an artist's hideaway as a feudal demesne: the manor house and its dependencies, the foundation for schooling the monkish brotherhood, the chapel and its burial ground, and even the windmill which Wright had built in 1897 all served to claim this fiefdom for its owner. It is ironic that America's two greatest architects, Thomas Jefferson and Frank Lloyd Wright, espoused the most egalitarian of philosophies and yet lived in the lordliest of manners. But seigneurial splendor is not the predominant feeling that Taliesin ultimately conveys. In his autobiography, Wright summed up the essential quality that this house still radiates when he wrote, "It was intensely *human,* I believe."

□ *Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac*

(This is the first part of a two part article. In next month's issue, Taliesin West.)



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The sunken garden, with pots of Japanese iris, blocks of clipped teucrium, and in the distance, the dusty gray heads of pruned olive trees.

(Continued from page 158) decorations to garden planting, had no formal training but was the daughter and granddaughter of horticulturists. She would continue to advise successive owners of Filoli until her death in 1950.

Porter was a native Californian, but he had studied in Italy and seems to have been steeped in the contemporary notion of California-as-Mediterranean, for his garden is clearly classical in inspiration. Perhaps he had read Captain John Charles Frémont's popular *Geographical Memoirs Upon Upper California,* written in 1848, which described California in terms of Italy—comparing everything from the size and shape of the state to the configurations of its hills and bays. Even the plants were strikingly similar: the oak and the bay, pines, cypresses, oranges and lemons, olives and almonds all had their Italian counterparts. The many journalists, travel writers, and artists who latched onto the Mediterranean analogy after Frémont (including author Mary Austin and the inimitable Isadora Duncan) could hardly have escaped Porter's attention.

In terms of garden design, Porter particularly appreciated the Latin legacy of the Californian missions, with their formality and agricultural order; and he admired classical gardens for their well-organized structure. He dismissed the natural style of the English Landscape School, pointing to "a certain dowdiness in the idea that art has to simulate nature in her least artful moods." Although he appreciated nature and embraced the beauty of the Pacific Coast, he found the lushness of the Californian environment a bit overwhelming.

Gardens of quality, Porter suggested, depended on ordered schemes that carried the design of the house into the garden, creating outdoor spaces scaled for people to live in comfortably. "The tendency of great places," he complained, "is constantly to increase, rather than wisely to limit, the area of cultivation; lawns encroach upon woodland; flowers incongruously appear where they do not belong; the place gets out of hand and one finally can't administer an intimate affection over half a county."

At Filoli, establishing scale and order presented a challenge, for the gardens were set to one side of the house on land that sloped uphill as it receded from the building. To shape an organized plan, Porter used walls of brick and boxwood, a teahouse and a carriage house, three hundred Irish yews grown from cuttings collected at the Bourn family's summer place near the Killarney lakes, and stone pines from seed gathered along the Appian Way.

Yew *allées* articulate the garden's main axes, with the longest running uphill, parallel to the back of the house. Glossy hedges of box and ilex define separate gardens, with topiaries, standard roses, and espaliered trees as accents. The framework of the garden is evergreen and dark, creating a handsome foil for the many silver- and gray-leaved plants that are so well-adapted to California's Mediterranean climate.

Porter's geometry is relieved by choice deciduous trees that mark transitions and terminate the evergreen axes. There are dawn redwoods, copper beeches, magnolias, a sunburst locust, hawthorns, olives, and Camperdown elms and native oaks. From every path and along every axis, views are channeled out to the hills that rise around the garden's perimeters, creating enclosure and fostering the sense of intimacy that Porter felt was essential to a successful garden.

As Porter saw it—and as his efforts at Filoli reflect—his responsibility as a designer was to establish an impeccably ordered plan, leaving room for the natural environment to speak for itself. "Nature finally has her way," he acknowledged, "but I think she plays the more beautifully when man has set his early thought and art upon the boundaries within which she shall play. . . ." Speaking not specifically of Filoli, but of the many great estates being built in California during the early years of the 1900s, Porter added: "And so, these gardens wait the consummation of their beauty and mystery, conferred by Nature herself wherever gardens are permitted to grow old."

Fortunately, the gardens at Filoli have been *(Continued on page 222)*


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CLASSICAL GARDEN GOES WEST

(Continued from page 220) permitted [illegible] they are right on the San Andreas fault—and because of the interest and generosity of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Roth, who purchased the property from the Bourn estate in the thirties. The Roths lived at Filoli, and Mrs. Roth particularly loved the gardens. She nurtured them and added to them a bit—introducing camellias, rhododendrons, roses, and magnolias, for the most part—but she was always respectful of Porter's original scheme. In 1975, Mrs. Roth donated the central portion of Filoli to the National Trust. Today, both the house and garden are open to the public from mid February through mid-November. □

Editor: Marilyn Schafer

LABYRINTH OF LIGHT AND COLOR

(Continued from page 130) mystery, both inside and out. Mystery provokes intimacy, which in this house is joyful and sensual, thanks to the use of textures and colors: pink, ocher, and white, the colors of Mexican candies and tissue papers. They are enhanced by black volcanic stone floors in the patios, corridors, and terraces, which are swept clean and often watered so they gleam—another Barragán signature.

Looking out a window or standing on the volcanic-stone terrace, the eye is stopped beyond the lawn by a screen of clinging yellow jasmine. One walks beyond it to find yet another screen, of purple bougainvillaea and clumps of banana trees, punctuated by the eucalyptus so dear to Barragán. Behind the bougainvillaea, one discovers a brick terrace resembling a theater stage, a heavenly labyrinth for seven children. The element of surprise is always present: a shocking pink wall runs all along the southern end of the property.

The land is 2,640 square yards (just over ½ acre), the house covers half that area. A whitewashed, sixty-foot-long wall separates the street from the privacy of the yellow patio and the family life within. The façade of a Barragán house never gives an indication of that world. No windows open onto the street. The few windows there are look inward to the patio or the garden. The street is paved with cobblestones. The sidewalk, however, is already part of Barragán's world. Made of red stone, it required special artisans from the mining town of Taxco and took months to complete. The white wooden entrance door opens onto a covered, shocking-pink passage leading to the small entrance hall. A wooden bench, twenty feet long against a wood wall, offers another texture and extends the colored area, preparing one to enter the house: an initiation, a timeless moment to shed the aggression and noise of the city and to come into a peaceful harmony.

Eleven fermentation jars from Michoacán (objects always present in Barragán houses) link the entrance with the yellow patio. Walls are white and tall: the floor is the same Taxco red stone. An ocher low square wall frames a planting of yucca and fig trees. An ocher bench continues the line. The smell of eucalyptus is everywhere. Behind the tall wall, there is the mystery of a reflecting pool and running water, also ever-present in Barragán's work. Captured between two pink walls, the water is heard and seen mostly from the small sitting room to the right of the entrance hall. It is also the first thing the Galvezes see in the morning when they come down from their living quarters on the second floor.

"A fountain brings us peace, joy, and restful sensuality and reaches the epitome of its essence when it is able to transport us into other realms" said Barragán. Barragán likes "packed" fountains and "packed" architectural spaces. No elements are left floating or unattached. He unites one element with another. A natural canvas screen shelters the relatively small, high-ceilinged sitting room, which opens onto a larger sitting room in the shape of an "L." The smaller part is used as a study, where the Diego Rivera nude hangs.

Barragán believes that one should not discover all areas at once: the mystery continues and a tall, shocking-pink screen (Continued on page 224)



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LABYRINTH OF LIGHT AND COLOR

(Continued from page 222) brings privacy to the study and creates intimacy and comfort. A high and thin window running along one wall just below the ceiling lets in light and the view of eucalyptus in the yellow patio. A wall six feet high, added at a later date, is followed by a white screen and leads to the main sitting area. Doors are eliminated whenever possible.

The walls and ceilings of the dining room are pale pink, with a slightly stronger tone for shelves holding white ceramic plates from Puebla and sugar animals from Toluca. There is a classic Barragán rectangular table. The windows run from wall to wall with unlined white cotton curtains filtering out the sun. Adjoining is a long and narrow breakfast room accentuated by a long and narrow table. The window and the consoles run from wall to wall. The room faces east and receives the early morning sun; here the family meets for the traditional Mexican breakfast. Emilia Galvez does special fruit and vegetable arrangements: she lines carved wooden bowls with bright tissue papers and piles them full of artichokes, eggplants, and mangoes.

Upstairs, there are three bedrooms and a library made into another bedroom when the youngest son was born. The bathrooms are small by modern standards and plain, simple with their white tile walls. Texture, proportion, circulation, materials: in Barragán's work their relationship is always a whole, not to be seen as individual elements. Barragán limits himself to a strict language: he works with stucco, wood, glass, and iron, rectangular or quadrangular, even triangular spaces, and a palette of colors, which he also limits.

Luis Barragán believes that spaces should give the impression of dreams, environments with Chirico-like perspectives and empty squares. To be successful, a house must be atemporal; it should not fall into any specific fashion or period. Its harmony and simplicity of lines will render it timeless. If it is new, it should look as though it has always been there, and it will still look modern in two hundred years. In this timeless conception, this house joins the poetic with the mysterious, for as one Mexican architect Max Cetto has said, "It is poetry sung out loud." □

(Continued from page 119) enchanting sitting room whose walls Bennison has covered in sepia striped velvet, "*gauffré* on linen, not silk," he says, "so as to look matte and unnew." The furniture is upholstered in Turkey carpet and string-colored fringe—"very Pierre Loti"— and opposite the window hangs a group of fanciful watercolors by that rarest of naturalists, Aloys Zotl. These *recherché* works are a source of special pride to Marie-Hélène because they are not, like so much else, Rothschild heirlooms. The discovery, in her early twenties, of this cache is a measure of Marie-Hélène's connoisseurship.

Upstairs are the *chambres de maitre*. One of Bennison's floral linens covers every surface except the floor of the Baroness's characteristically *cossu* bedroom, not least her extravagant Second Empire bed which looks like a Rothschild heirloom but turns out to have an American provenance. Thanks to mahoganized paneling cluttered with memorabilia, the Baron's room is as masculine as his wife's is feminine, but both rooms look as if they had been brought over lock, stock, and barrel from one of the family's French houses. Between them, Marie-Hélène and Bennison are past masters at endowing a room with instant patina, instant nostalgia.

Easy enough, you might say, for a Rothschild to come up with a magnificent apartment. Has not Marie-Hélène the advantage of an ancestral *garde meuble* whose contents are on par with the Musée des Arts Décoratifs? Can she not take her pick of signed commodes, Renaissance bronzes, some of the finest lace in private hands, and much more besides? True, most of the *objets de vertu* have the rarity and richness we expect from the Rothschilds. But anyone who studies the contents of this apartment will find that family treasures are the exception rather than the rule. Marie-Hélène has a prodigiously sharp and acquisitive eye, and many of the things that look like heirlooms—for instance, the beautiful Flemish chest ornamented with jewel-colored flowers—turn out to have been acquired specifically for this apartment. The same goes for most of the carpets.

And then take the voluptuously upholstered furniture—half the battle when it comes to evoking the atmosphere of the Second Empire. Some of the pieces, it is true, were made for Ferrières in the nineteenth century, but a lot has been executed to Marie-Hélène's or Bennison's specifications by Hervé de Larue, the *tapissier* she brought over from Paris. Likewise most of the antique textiles and the ubiquitous Victorian needlework actually comes from Bennison's unique stock. In the absence of anything suitable in his London emporium, the decorator adapted stuffs from old documents: for example, the faded-looking floral linen in the bedroom, which looks as if it had been there forever, was inspired by a fragment discovered in a noble nursery.

Bennison and the Baroness are at pains to give one another credit for the beauty of this apartment. Rightly so. Theirs is an exceptionally close and creative collaboration, based as it is on mutual understanding and affection. "Marie- (Continued on page 226)

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lène is a joy to work for because, unlike so many women, she knows exactly how to achieve it." As for Marie-Hélène, she allows that she derives the greatest satisfaction from working with Bennison: "sometimes we fight like cat and dog, but we always end up seeing eye to eye—the best of friends." And unwittingly she echoes Bennison: "You see, he knows exactly what I want. . . ."

It is no coincidence that Marie-Hélène has a preference for decorators who have been trained as stage designers. Thanks to studying under Vladimir Polunin (one of Diaghilev's scene painters), Bennison knows how to





framed German clock.

scale, and how to take advantage of the way certain colors and textures register when vast spaces are at stake. Look, for instance, how cleverly he has played up the great height of the living room by hanging a seventeenth-century ebony mirror of gargantuan proportions way above the fireplace.

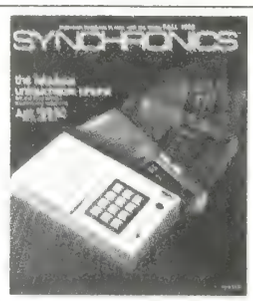
Theatrical, too, is the vast scale of the pattern that Marie-Hélène discovered and Bennison adapted for the "filling"—the space between dado and cornice—in the living room. This is wonderfully evocative and effective when seen from a distance but, as Bennison points out, "would look impossibly big and heavy on a plane that was any closer to you."

Bennison's eye for light and color and tone matches his feeling for scale. I particularly like the way he has dealt with the big north window: using acres of Marie-Hélène's superb lace framed by gigantic William Morris curtains to soften and contain the harsh light that streams through it; and the way he has used colors that are rich, warm, and resonant to take the chill off things. To the same ends considerable ingenuity has gone into the lighting: the library's golden gleam comes from minute bulbs concealed in the thickness of the bookshelves and strategically adjusted lamps make for incandescence that recalls Georges de la Tour. That is why this apartment, for all its grandeur, is so *intime,* so flattering to the occupants. "Marie-Hélène and I like rooms that look welcoming and lived-in," says Bennison, "never intimidating, showy, or cold. You can be as grand as you like provided you know when to play things down."

The only problem, according to an American admirer of the apartment, is that you need a lot of style to live up to these rooms. There is some truth to this observation, and it explains why the Rothschild apartment is such a tempting and impossible model to follow. Tempting, because it represents the quintessence of a look that is currently the height of fashion; impossible because it sets standards of quality and craftsmanship that in this day and age and in this country are virtually unattainable. Also because the relationship between this charismatic patron and charismatic designer is too intuitive to

Editor: Babs Simpson

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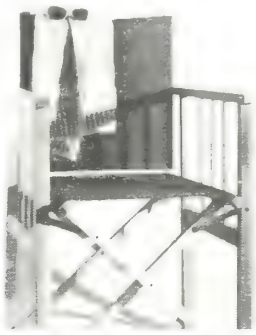
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JOURNAL



Philip Johnson, that indefatigable sorcerer of architecture, has pulled yet another trick out of his ample sleeve. While many of his younger colleagues struggle to create architecture that draws upon the historical past in meaningful new ways, Johnson has craftily eliminated the middleman and gone directly to the source: in this case Claude-Nicolas Ledoux, the revolutionary eighteenth-century French architect whose strikingly simplified Classical forms have had a notable influence on such contemporary architects as Michael Graves and Arata Isozaki.

For their design for the $18-million College of Architecture Building at the University of Houston, John Burgee Architects with Philip Johnson (as their office is now called)—working in collaboration with the Houston firm of Morris ★ Aubry Architects—harked back to Ledoux's unexecuted



Ledoux's House of Education, Chaux, 1773–79.

money, two for the Chaux—but closer inspection reveals important differences in scale and proportion that are no improvement. These small but significant departures could well be used to teach the school's students the meaning of details. Even more telling, though, is what such wholesale appropriation says about the state of contemporary architecture. Now that the role of history in building design is honored once again, a special responsibility rests with those who would have us learn from the past. Ledoux's strength was his vision of a new order, not the attempted re-creation of an old one. On a clear day, he could see forever, both backward and ahead. So might we, if we view history as a lens, not a mirror.

Martin Filler



College of Architecture Building, University of Houston, 1983



THE NEW FEDERALISM

The Governor's Room of New York's City Hall, *above,* built in 1811 by Joseph Mangin and John McComb Jr., has been brought back to its Federal Era grandeur by the city's Art Commission and a long roster of donors (including Scalamandré, who gave the curtains and fabrics): a splendid civics lesson.

Events of exceptional interest in the arts, design, entertainment, and living



ITALY'S IMPASSIONED IMPRESSIONISTS

The Macchiaioli, Tuscan Painters of Sunlight. Stair Sainty Matthiesen Gallery, New York. Mar. 14–Apr. 20.

Our habit of looking at the history of art as a smoothly unfolding sequence of stylistic peaks all too often leads us to overlook the quieter achievements of artists who do not fit neatly into the conventional canon. A case in point is nineteenth-century Italy's Macchiaioli school, long eclipsed by its French contemporaries, the Impressionists. Taking their name from the *macchie,* or flat patches of color that characterized their style, the Macchiaioli were spurred by the earlier experiments of the Barbizon School as well as by the nationalistic fervor of the Risorgimento to capture the brilliant sunlight and vibrant colors of their native Tuscany. The revelation of this exhibit, which includes works by such artists as Giovanni Fattori, Telemaco Signorini, and Giuseppe de Nittis (*Passeggiata a Portici, left,* c. 1864), is the surprising strength and originality of a movement that has been all but ignored in this country. *Ann Priester*

SUNNY BOY

The Sun King: Louis XIV and the New World. The Louisiana State Museum, New Orleans, Apr. 29–Nov. 18; The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, Dec. 15–Apr. 7, 1985.

It's come a long way from King Louis, but New Orleans still owes its biggest cultural debt to France. Fitting it is, then, that a glittering show on *Le Grand Monarque* coincides with the opening of the Louisiana World Exposition. More than two hundred paintings, sculptures, and decorative objects on loan from the French national collections remind us of the very personal stamp *Le Roi Soleil* put on the arts of his time, which he viewed not just as pleasures, but as instruments of power. He might well have said, *L'art, c'est moi.*





Above: Louis XIV, c. 1675 *Left:* Bronze doré Apollo mask.



RAJ REVISITED

The India (that's *In*-dja) of a hundred years ago has always been a romantic subject for storytellers, a fascinating mix of poverty and grandeur, Hindu customs and British bureaucracy. M.M. Kaye's novel *The Far Pavilions* has become a good mini-series.

With its breath-taking locations, glittering costumes, and well-orchestrated, massive cast, the series is visually rich. And the plot has all the basics—frustrated love and power struggles, intrigue and war. The more intimately human element is found in the complicated persona of its hero, Ashton Pelham-Martyn (Ben Cross). Raised by an Indian, Ash has an affection for and unprejudiced view of the Indian people. But as he is English by blood, his return to India after a British education finds him caught in social restrictions and unable to follow the desire of his heart—the Princess Anjuli (Amy Irving, *above*). On HBO in three episodes in April. *Gabrielle Winkel*

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[illegible] was a spy. Where was [illegible] and Franklin in the White House we always slept in Lincoln's bed."

"We didn't like Lincoln any better after that," says Stanley.

"No, dear," Barbara corrects. "You mean we liked him *even* better after that. He was a great man." (A second passes; Stanley nods.)

In the 1890s Stanley's father built a sixty-room English Tudor manor house on their 101-acre estate in Roslyn, on Long Island's "Gold Coast." Roslyn House, as the place was called, had Victorian cupolas, Gothic gables, and a bright Spanish tiled roof. In the library there were ornate leaded-glass windows with priceless stained-glass insets imported from Europe. There were della Robbias in the stable— "Father was a famous collector of Renaissance art," Stanley explains.

"We all marveled at the collections of Renaissance paintings that Barbara and Stanley brought with them to Litchfield, from his father's generation," Dillon Ripley adds. The Mortimers have given almost all these treasures away—to the Metropolitan Museum ("The marble medieval Madonna and Child that used to be in our bedroom is now in The Cloisters," Stanley says), Princeton University, the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, and the National Gallery of Art ("We gave them two of the finest busts they have, one by Lombardi and one by Leone Leone—they stand in the upstairs entrance hall."). One work of art that the Mortimers have kept and that hangs above the fireplace in their comfortable, inviting, slightly worn Litchfield living room is Francesco Granacci's densely plotted masterpiece, *The Return of Ulysses,* in which Ulysses puts to flight the importunate men who sought the hand of Penelope during his absence.

In 1919 Stanley's father sold Roslyn House to Francis P. Garvan and bought 4 East 75th Street, completely remodeling it and turning it into a showplace. It was sold in 1935 to Thomas J. Watson Sr. Today it houses the Harkness Ballet Foundation.

Until his marriage to Barbara, Stanley, when he was not away being educated at Groton, Princeton, and the Académie Julian in Paris, lived at home. But he did maintain a duplex studio on the ninth floor of the Hotel des Artistes, where he painted post-Impressionist landscapes and still lifes.

Stanley's studio, apartment 9M, would become infamous when Harry Crosby, 31-year-old Boston Brahmin, nephew of J.P. Morgan, friend of Hemingway, poet, aesthete, rebel, "high priest of pleasure," and one of the most emblematic figures of the Lost Generation, killed himself and his married mistress there on a cold December day in 1929.

"I used to loan Harry my studio so he could entertain his women friends," Stanley recalls. "When I got back that day, the door was bolted from the inside, and the building manager finally had to break it in with an ax. We found the two bodies lying together, their left hands clasped, in the bedroom upstairs off the gallery. Harry hadn't even bothered to leave a suicide note of any sort. Some people say he presumed on my hospitality by killing himself at my place. I suppose it *was* bloody inconsiderate of him. I had to telephone Hart Crane, who'd taken Harry's wife and mother to the theater that night, and ask him to break the news to them.

"People say Harry was obsessed by death. Nonsense. When I first met him, in St. Moritz in 1924, I was drawn to him on account of his boundless enthusiasm *(Continued on page 232)*





Top: Clipped yews frame a view of the house from the pool. *Above:* Looking out from the garden toward the rolling hills of Litchfield.

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(*Continued from page 230*) for *life*. He and his wife Caresse gave marvelous weekend parties at their old mill just outside of Paris, where one could meet all the celebrities of the day in art and literature. He was impulsive and romantic, and I guess he just got caught up in the idea of dying young. Maybe he wanted to go out at his peak. He certainly went out in a blaze of publicity."

It is in Harry Crosby's published diaries, *Shadows of the Sun,* that one catches a glimpse here and there of the young Stanley Mortimer spreading his wings wide in the great world: "Preparations for the Quatz Arts . . . and costumes are being prepared . . . many people undressing and painting for the ball. Ellen B in her garters, C in her chemise, Raymonde in a peignoir while Lord Lymington and Vicomte du Vignaux and Croucher and a Foreign Legion man and two or three students and Mortimer and myself all naked rubbing red ocher all over ourselves. . . . At cocktail hour Mortimer appears with a Lady from Dalmatia known as Ginetta by Gin out of Miss Etta and there was a drinking of absinthe and gin and we all went to the Bal Nègre . . . and afterwards a mad party (censored) on the Barge. . . . Then a fast drive to Chantilly, Mortimer leading the convoy in his Chrysler and drinks at the Manor House and Ukrania wins the Prix de Diane. . . . So back to Paris in Mortimer's car . . . and between Evreux and Nonancourt on that straight straight road we did 88 miles an hour for a short stretch, which was the fastest that anyone of us had ever been in a car. . . . The usual riotous dinner with a magnificent brandy punch manufactured by Mortimer in the most enormous bowl. . . ." And, perhaps most incantatory of all, Crosby's entry for June 21, 1926: "Gray morning and Normandy farms. (My soul is like a farm in Normandy.)"

Today, more than half a century later, at his own Normandy Farms, Stanley Mortimer makes not a magnificent brandy punch but, rather, a deliciously aggressive Bloody Mary. The house's center of gravity, he can still be found from time to time sitting at his father's gold easel, rendering in sure brush strokes—his gift having suddenly flowered again—impressions of a field in bloom. Later he may put his brushes away and go to tend the Corriedale sheep with Rabbit.

Barbara may be busy cutting steel, which she will then subdue until it takes the shape of one of her imposing outdoor sculptures. She has transformed the basement garage into a workshop/studio, and it is here also that she does her figurative pen-and-ink drawings of women running, jumping, dancing, absorbing and reflecting light.

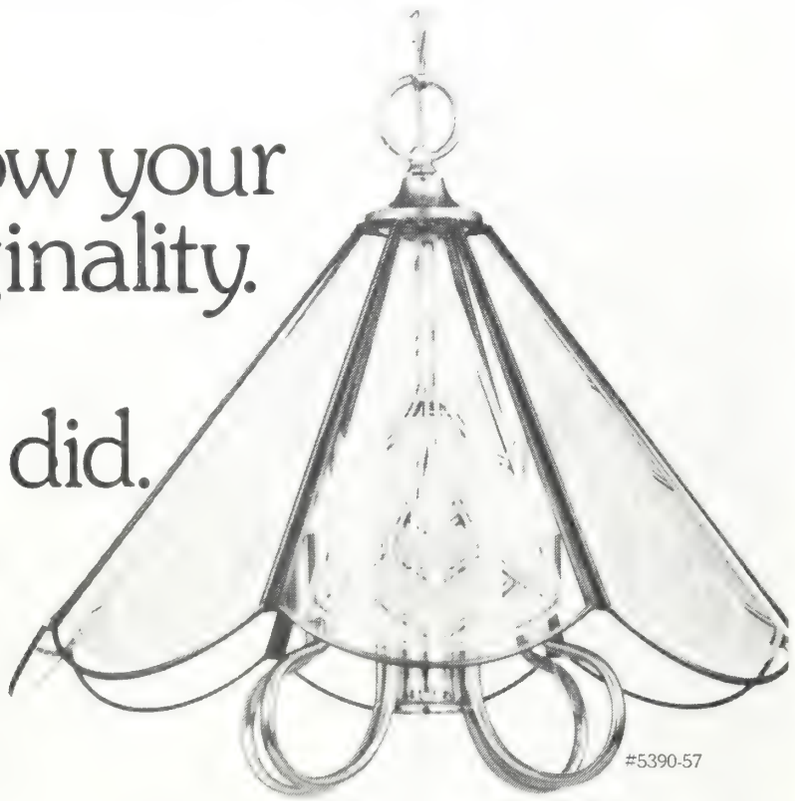
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In the morning one wakes to such stillness. □

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MY KINGDOM FOR A BULB

As the variety of flowers in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Britain increased, so did the competitive spirit of their growers

By Sir John Plumb



A 1798 mezzotint of a painting of tulips by Philip Reinagle from Robert John Thornton's *Temple of Flora.*

In the eighteenth century, Ipswich was a small sleepy English market town attached to a decaying port; occasionally ships went off to fish the Greenland waters but the river had become silted and narrower as fewer went each year. But its sleepiness and air of decay de-

dead of night, a thief slipped into the garden of Samuel Sicklemere and ransacked it until he found what he wanted—a tulip called 'Georgie'. He must have known exactly where it was planted, for the tulip cannot have been in bloom at that time of the year. The bulb vanished. Ipswich was outraged. The Society of Florists met and decided to offer a reward of three guineas (about $500 today) for anyone giving evidence that would lead to the capture and conviction of the thief. Alas 'Georgie' was never found. In the eighteenth century, bulb thieves were not uncommon—not only of tulips but also of hyacinths; and later in the century prize melons or gooseberries or even leeks could be the target not only of thieves but of jealous competitors who saw themselves outclassed by their neigh- *(Continued on page 236)*



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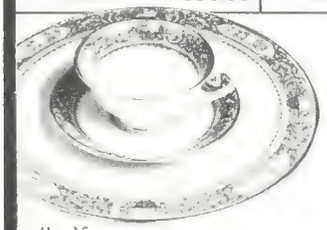
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GARDEN PLEASURES

(Continued from page 234) bors' plants and fruit. In eighteenth-century England the garden became increasingly a competitive battlefield where struggles as intense as those that take place on twentieth-century tennis courts were savagely fought.

Tulipmania had, of course, swept Holland in the seventeenth century, ruining even rich men in their pursuit of the rarest bulbs. Like a fever the mania passed, but it proved not to be all disaster and folly. The love of tulips remained, as did the delight in hybridization, and the flat, silted lands about Haarlem developed a flourishing commercial bulb trade with European sales stretching from Scotland to Russia. Tulips began to appear as decoration on English delft ware by the middle of the seventeenth century. There is no doubt that the succession to the British throne in 1689 of Dutch William and his English wife Mary gave a fillip to the widening interest in tulips. Each year the queen mounted a magnificent display at Hampton Court in specially designed, very large, pyramidlike vases. The passion for tulips and their infinite variety spread: gardeners dedicated themselves to breeding a sport with new colors, new stripes, prettier edges. Up in Lancashire Nicolas Blundell, as passionate a gardener as he was a Catholic, tirelessly and, alas, vainly pursued the black tulip, painting his bulbs with ever deeper lotions of black ink or fruitlessly searching the nursery gardens of the Netherlands when he took his daughters off to their convent in Bruges.

There was also great interest in hyacinths. One passionate breeder, Sir James Justice, Bt., in 1755 grew 86 varieties in his Scottish garden. He was one of the earliest experimenters with microclimates, essential in the harsh conditions of the East of Scotland. Further south, Philip Miller, the greatest horticulturalist of his day, boasted of growing over two thousand varieties, and certainly Voorhelms of Haarlem produced a wealth of varieties for sale, far beyond that of most bulb nurserymen of today either in Holland or America. By the 1750s the passion for hybridizing bulbs was merely a small part of the huge explosion of flower breeding and collecting which had swept England. It became a two-fold preoccupation of horticultur-

alists—the search for varieties of well-known or new plants to breed. Of course, both pursuits had long histories.

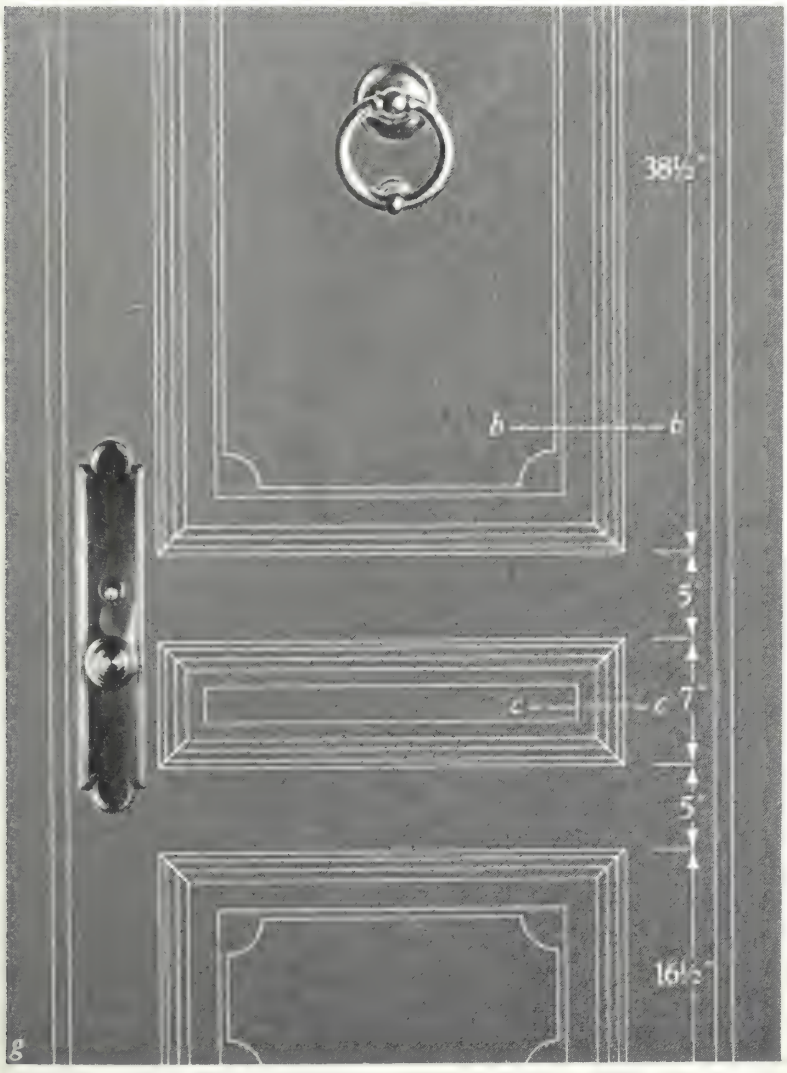
Plants are natural wanderers—the rose, perhaps the most popular of all flowers in Europe for more than a millennium, drifted from Persia. The tulip itself had gotten from Turkey to Britain in the sixteenth century, the daffodil came earlier from the Balkans; but such wanderings were usually fortuitous and unplanned or took place between the small circle of scholarly botanists. It is thought, however, that only two hundred plants were cultivated in the sixteenth century in Britain whereas by the beginning of the nineteenth more than eighteen thousand were being grown: the vast majority of the newcomers arrived in the years between 1700 and 1800.

Indeed, the eighteenth century developed a mania for flowers, shrubs, and trees. The Duchess of Beaufort chose a botanist as her children's tutor to help with her flowers, which grew everywhere in her famous hothouses, cold frames, gardens, and generally rioted throughout her house—no mean feat as Badminton was huge, huge even by the standards of eighteenth-century mansions. She also kept large folios of dried specimens as well as drawings of her varieties. Such passions were common; sometimes it was trees, sometimes variations of trees—a pinatum graced many a park; often it was shrubs, especially the exotic shrubs of China and the East; hundreds were crazed by the camellia—like the Wyndhams of Felbrigg who grew tired of oranges in their orangerie and replaced them with camellias. Agents—often young curates eager to please their bishop, such as Bishop Compton, whose garden at Fulham was one of the most famous in Europe—searched the hills and swamps of Virginia. Sometimes dedicated botanists and plant-hunters like the Bartrams forged strong links with English nurserymen for whom any exotic was a potential gold mine.

> Gooseberries had names like rock groups: Hot Gossip, Early Green Hairy, Hue and Cry, Slaughterman, and Bang Europe

The world was ransacked for plants—New Zealand, Tahiti, Siberia, the Amazon, and the Andes were searched and searched again. If the terrible British climate proved hostile then the rich and the not so rich built glass houses and conservatories to house them, King George III leading the way at Kew.

But flowers were more than a hobby for the rich; they liked them everywhere, carved *(Continued on page 238)*



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Seventeenth-century French gardeners at work.

(Continued from page 237) in wood, gilded on looking-glasses, embroidered on tapestry, rioting on dresses and waistcoats, and even milkmaids and girls of the town had them printed on their dresses and wore them in their hair. City gentlemen were told how to grow them in window boxes, and societies were started to encourage the poor to rear them in their gardens along with the potato. The passion was not confined to Britain—one has only to contemplate Madame de Pompadour's portraits, which show her drenched in flowers; and the prudent Dutch were developing the first industrialized exploitation of plants the world had ever known.

But perhaps the most remarkable and, in the end, the most influential feature of the Age of the Rococo's passion for flowers and plants was the way it gripped in England, first, the imagination and competitive spirit of the middle class and, then, that of the working class. By 1750 there was not a market town of any size which did not have its Society of Florists, sometimes called the Sons of Flora. Atherstone, a tiny market town of less than one thousand people on the great Roman road, Watling Street, which ran like an arrow from London to Chester, had a flourishing society which drew competitors for its twice-yearly competitions from all over the Midlands—Leicester, Derby, Warwick, Northampton. In the spring a competition would be held for the best varieties of auricula; nor were the prizes modest at these shows—at Newport Pagnell, a little town in Buckinghamshire, the prize was forty shillings (in modern purchasing power about $350); at times pieces of silver went to the winner—milk jugs and snuff boxes suitably engraved. The competitors might be gardeners employed by the local gentry, but in the larger towns, like Ipswich, they were craftsmen—wheelwrights, cobblers—or shopkeepers.

Toward the end of the century specialized societies arose such as the Tulip Society of Wakefield, which is probably the oldest still existing. But there were many more and also an increasing number devoted to fruit and vegetables. Melons, for example, were the object of furious competition in Dundee in 1810; cucumbers were another great passion and the glass manufacturers produced long glasses like trumpets to make them grow straight and long. As the nineteenth century progressed the working man developed his own competitive spirit—in 1852 there were over 160 gooseberry shows at which 185 different varieties of gooseberries were displayed. They had names rather like rock groups—Hot Gossip, Early Green Hairy, Slaughterman, Hue and Cry, Bang Europe, Green Snake. . . . The gooseberry growers published their own annual and they closed their meetings with the rousing "Gooseberry Growers Anthem."

Northeastern England was swept by a similar passion for the leek, which was grown to monstrous sizes. Not that they neglected flowers: the sweet pea became one of their favorites along with, by then, the much-loved carnation and the primrose. And like Mr. Sicklemere they were robbed and their potential winners destroyed so that as exhibits were set up, the growers took to sleeping by them to ward off predators.

There is no other country that I know where the passion for flowers, for small gardens, for competitive growing has gone as deep as in England. The rage for flowers and then vegetables swept early-eighteenth-century Britain with an intensity that grew decade after decade for at least two centuries; indeed today that passion is as strong, as competitive as ever.

It is responsible for the great sprawl of London and the Midland towns, for any Englishman must have a patch of garden for his roses, daffodils, tulips, carnations—for his prize leeks or gooseberries. Hence the hatred in Britain of high-rise public housing; many, little more than ten years old, empty and vandalized, are being blown up. □

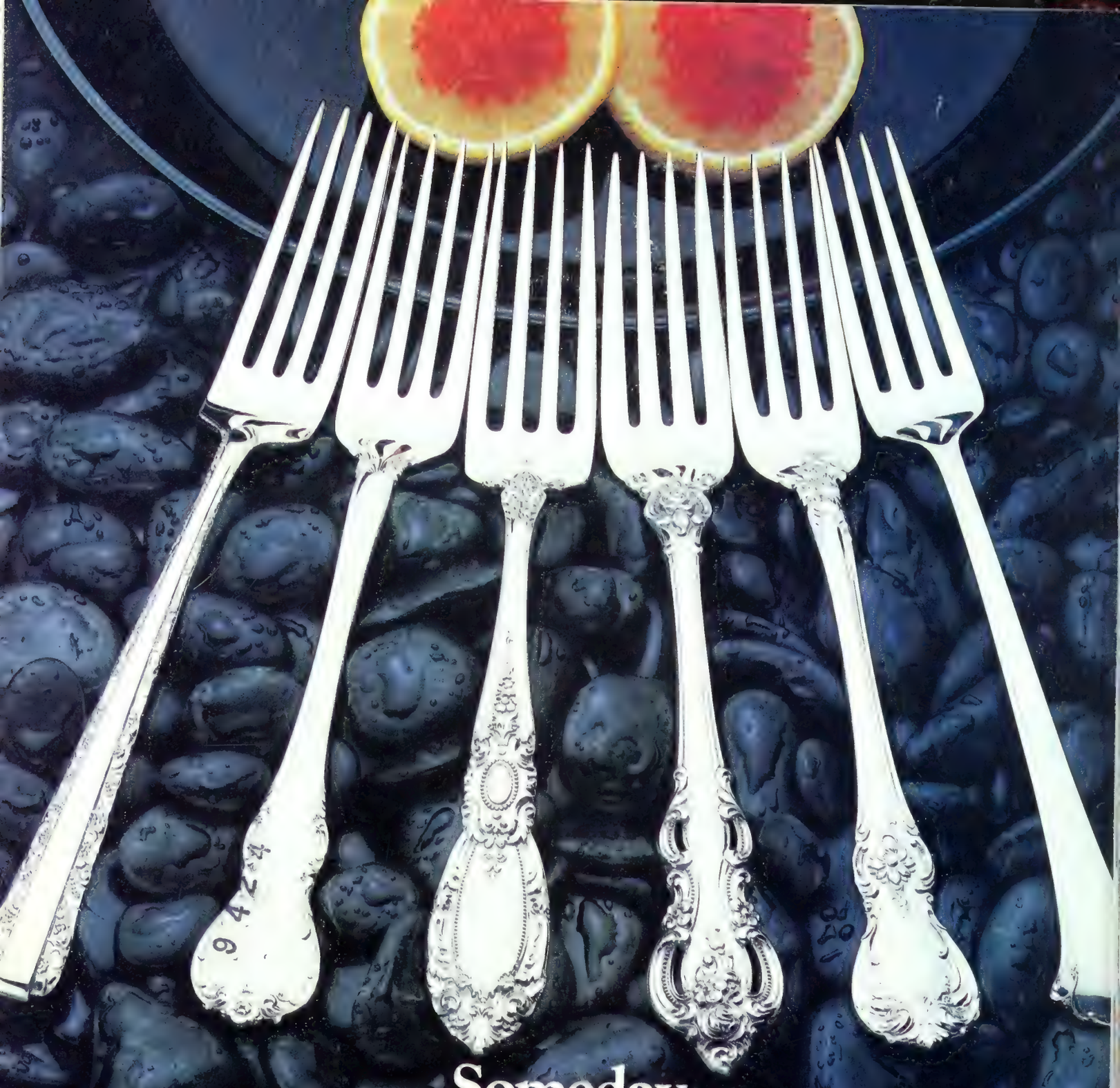
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